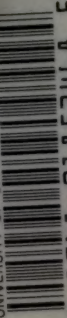


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CICERO

FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT

"GREATEST SPEAKER OF ANY FOREIGN LANGUAGE"

MARCUS TULLIUS ALL THAT ARE THAT HAVE BEEN

THAT SHALL EVER IN AFTER-YEARS BE FAMOUS"

—Cicero, xlix



CICERO

From an ancient statue

"GREATEST SPEAKER OF ANY BORN A ROMAN,
MARCUS TULLIUS, ALL THAT ARE, THAT HAVE BEEN,
THAT SHALL EVER IN AFTER-YEARS BE FAMOUS."

—Catullus, xlix.

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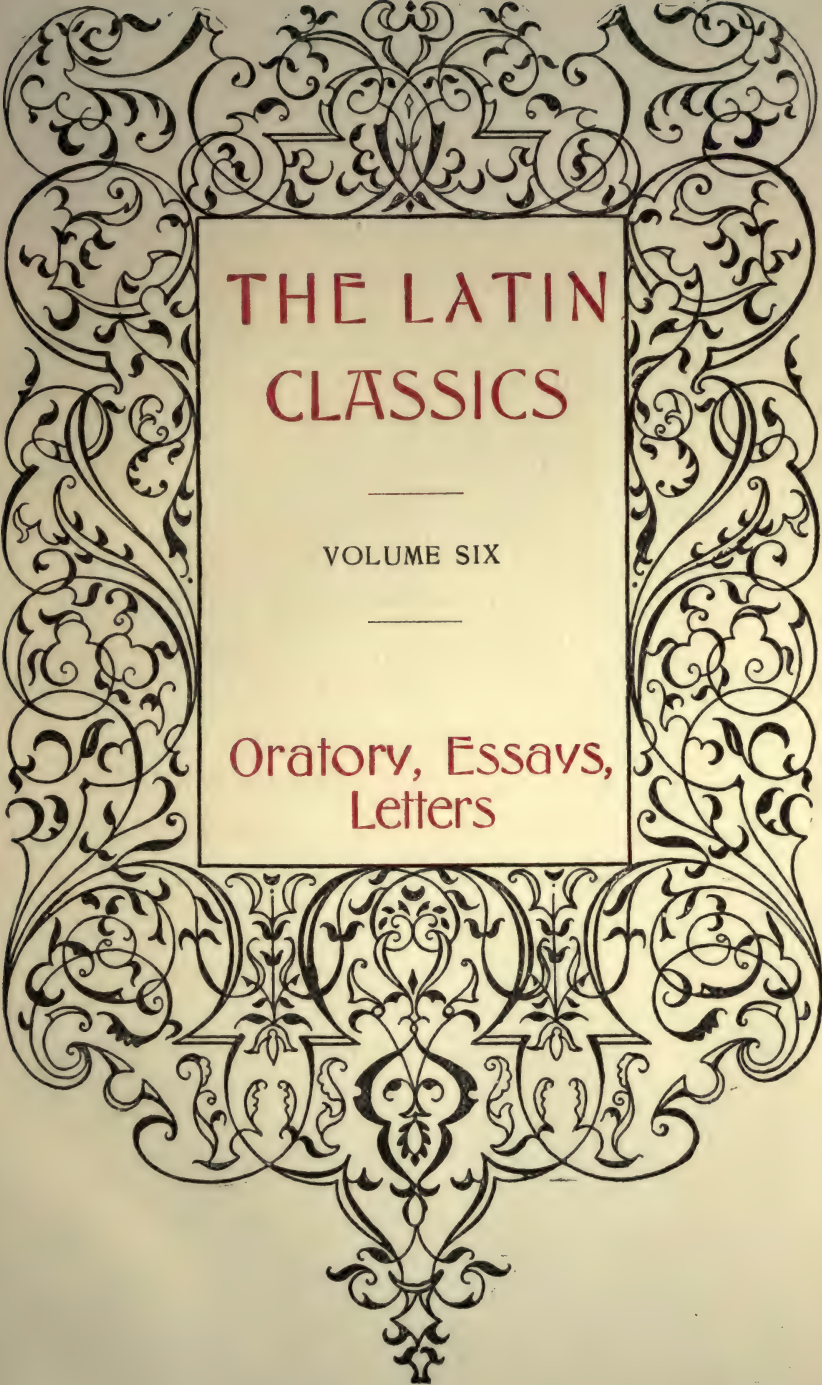
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An intricate, symmetrical decorative border in black ink, featuring elaborate scrollwork, floral motifs, and a central diamond-shaped ornament at the bottom. The border frames the central text area.

THE LATIN CLASSICS

VOLUME SIX

Oratory, Essays,
Letters



CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION :

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CICERO	I
By Charles Edwin Bennett, Litt.D., Professor of Latin in Cornell University	

BRUTUS, OR REMARKS ON EMINENT ORATORS :

Translated from the Latin of CICERO by E. Jones, Esq.	9
--	---

THE ORATIONS OF CICERO AGAINST CATILINE :

Translated by Arthur Murphy, Esq.

THE FIRST ORATION	123
THE SECOND ORATION	138
THE THIRD ORATION	152
THE FOURTH ORATION	167

INTRODUCTION :

THE TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS

By the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A.	183
--	-----

THE TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS OF CICERO :

Translated by W. H. Main

I. ON THE CONTEMPT OF DEATH	188
II. ON BEARING PAIN	233
III. ON GRIEF OF MIND	257
IV. ON OTHER PERTURBATIONS OF THE MIND	288
V. WHETHER VIRTUE ALONE BE SUFFICIENT FOR A HAPPY LIFE	320

INTRODUCTION :

LIFE OF QUINTILIAN	363
------------------------------	-----

EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG ORATOR:

Translated from the *Institutes of the Orator* of

QUINTILIAN by J. Patsall, A.M. 364

INTRODUCTION:

THE YOUNGER PLINY 393

By the Rev. Alfred Church, M.A., and the Rev.

W. J. Brodribb, M.A.

SELECTED LETTERS OF THE YOUNGER PLINY:

Translated by John Delaware Lewis, M.A.

CONCERNING PLINY THE ELDER 398

DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER IN THE ERUPTION OF

VESUVIUS 401

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS 405

PRACTICES OF THE ROMAN COURTS 408

REGULUS, A RASCAL LAWYER 411

A GHOST STORY 420

A NOBLE WOMAN 423

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
CICERO	Frontispiece
From an ancient statue	
CATILINE LISTENING TO CICERO'S DENUNCIATION	124
From a portion of a painting by Cesare Maccari in the Senate Chamber in Rome	
A SUMMER NIGHT IN POMPEII	402
Photogravure	

JUN 27 1957

INTRODUCTION

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CICERO¹

BY CHARLES EDWIN BENNETT, LITT. D.

Professor of Latin in Cornell University



MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO was born January 3, 106 B.C., a few miles from Arpinum, a small town of southeastern Latium. His family was of merely equestrian rank; no one of his ancestors had ever held public office. Cicero and his brother Quintus both evinced such fondness for study that they were early taken by their father to Rome to enjoy the best instruction afforded by the capital. One of Cicero's teachers at this period was the poet Archias, who had come to Rome from Syria in 102 B.C. In the celebrated oration (*Pro Archia Poeta*) which Cicero delivered in 62 B.C., defending the title to citizenship of his former teacher, he gratefully refers to Archias as the source of his interest in the fields of philosophy and literature.

After careful preparation for the profession of the law under the ablest jurists of the day, Cicero made his first appearance as an advocate in 81 B.C., when he was twenty-five years old. The speech, *Pro Quintio*, which he delivered on that occasion was unimportant. Of great significance, however, as revealing Cicero's courage, was the oration *Pro Roscio Amerino*, delivered in 80 B.C. in defence of a young Roman country gentleman wrongfully accused of murder by Chrysogonus, an unprincipled favorite of the dictator Sulla. Few would have ventured to risk incurring the displeasure of Sulla by attacking his favorite; yet Cicero fearlessly undertook the defence of Roscius and conducted it with such success as to establish immediately his reputation and standing as a forensic leader.

¹ See also Plutarch's *Life of Cicero* in volume six of *THE GREEK CLASSICS*.

The next two years he spent abroad, pursuing philosophical and oratorical studies. Returning to Rome in 77 B.C., he resumed his profession of advocate and at the same time began his political career. The most noteworthy event in his life of the next few years was the impeachment of Verres in 70 B.C. Verres had been governor of Sicily and had pursued a career of tyranny and extortion phenomenal even among provincial governors. Cicero's prosecution of this offender was so vigorous that his preliminary statement of the case impelled Hortensius, Verres's counsel, to throw up the defence, whereupon Verres himself withdrew into exile.

In 63 B.C. Cicero held the consulship and signalized his tenure of that office by his energy in crushing the Conspiracy of Catiline. Had it not been for one serious error committed in connection with the suppression of the Conspiracy, Cicero's future would probably have been secure. Roman law provided that no citizen should be put to death without the privilege of final appeal to the people. Cicero had taken the position that men who had plotted against their country thereby forfeited their citizenship and consequently were not entitled to claim this privilege of appeal. His urgency in pressing this arbitrary and unjust interpretation of the law proved his own political ruin. He had begun his public life as a man of the people, but his consulship had marked a profound change of attitude and of political associations. He was recognized now as the official representative of aristocratic interests, and his conduct with regard to the conspirators evoked the severest condemnation at the hands of the popular party, who finally secured his banishment four years later (58 B.C.). Cicero retired to Macedonia. Later he changed his residence to Epirus. But active efforts for his recall began soon after he withdrew from Italy, and in August, 57 B.C., less than eighteen months from his banishment, a bill authorizing his return became a law.

For the next six years he lived comparatively retired from public life, devoting himself largely to the prosecution of his rhetorical and philosophical studies and to the composition of treatises in these fields.

When toward the close of 50 B.C. the struggle between Pompey and Caesar was fast approaching a climax, Cicero

with much hesitation finally attached himself to the senatorial and constitutional party headed by Pompey, but after the Battle of Pharsalus (48 B.C.), convinced of the futility of further resistance, he returned to Italy, where he accepted a pardon at Caesar's hands.

The next few years were spent in the seclusion of private life and were devoted mainly to the composition of philosophical works. He was drawn once more into public life by the high-handed acts of Antony after the assassination of Caesar (44 B.C.). Caesar's death had been hailed by Cicero with no small satisfaction. The event gave him new hope for restoration of the freedom of the republic. Later, as he saw these prospects shattered by Antony's measures, he threw himself, at the age of sixty-three, into the final struggle for the preservation of the old constitution. Never had he shown more energy or greater disinterestedness. With unmeasured bitterness he denounced Antony in his famous Philippics. Yet his efforts were unavailing, and with the formation of the Second Triumvirate in 43 B.C., Cicero's name was put upon the list of the proscribed. He was put to death by emissaries of Antony, near Cajeta, December 7, 43 B.C., when he had almost completed his sixty-fourth year. At Antony's direction his head and hands were cut off and fastened to the Rostra, in mockery of his former triumphs.

Cicero's chief title to fame is as a man of letters. Of all Latin writers, he is the most versatile and the greatest master of style; he is also one of the most voluminous. His complete writings as we have them to-day fill ten duodecimo volumes containing nearly 5,000 pages. These works embrace orations, treatises on rhetoric and philosophy, letters and poems.

Of Cicero's Orations we have fifty-seven preserved entire, or practically so, along with fragments of some twenty others. These cover a period of almost forty years, from the Defence of Quintius, delivered in 81 B.C., to the Philippics, delivered in 43. Their subject-matter is most varied. Many, like the orations against Verres, the orations against Catiline, [which appear in this volume], and the Philippics, are closely bound up with the political life of the day. Others are speeches of defence or accusation in civil or criminal suits.

Oratory was Cicero's greatest province. Nature had endowed him with rare qualifications in this respect. He was easily impressible, had a vivid imagination and a strong emotional nature. Added to this he possessed unusual talent for the presentation of his theme. He was never at a loss for words to give exact expression to his thought, and was clear and logical in the arrangement of his topics. His voice and bearing, too, were commanding and winning. To these natural gifts he had added the advantages of years of discipline and study under the best masters, while even after his repeated oratorical triumphs he still continued his studies, ambitious to attain yet greater perfection and power as a public speaker. Like most orators, he was essentially an advocate, pledged to a cogent presentation of a single side of the case at issue. His aim was to persuade,—either a legislative assembly, a jury court, the Senate, or some other body, official or non-official, of his fellow-citizens. Hence we can seldom look to his utterances for a temperate and judicial statement of the facts; he gives us instead the side which conviction or expediency suggests as the better, and defends this with all the resources of his oratorical art, often exaggerating, often suppressing, often evading, dealing largely in superlatives and brilliant antitheses, dazzling his auditors with wit and pathos, and effectively impressing them with evidences of his own sincerity and depth of conviction. Yet he was usually scrupulous as to the character of the cases he undertook, and it is to his lasting credit that he rarely, if ever, employed his great powers in a bad one.

In the preparation of his rhetorical works, Cicero was naturally greatly aided by his own thorough discipline in the theory of rhetoric and oratory, combined with his wide practical experience as a public speaker. His chief writings in this field are the *De Oratore*, treating of the education of the orator, the handling of material, and oratorical delivery; the *Brutus*, a history of Roman oratory [which follows herewith]; and the *Orator*, a discussion of the ideal orator.

Cicero's philosophical works were almost all written in the last years of his life, during the leisure following Caesar's rise to power, i.e., in the years 46-44 B.C. In this brief period of three years, Cicero produced some fifteen works on philosophi-

cal subjects. As a result, it will be readily understood what a superficial character these must have. They consist mainly of a reproduction of Greek writings on the same topics, often drawn from different sources and skilfully combined. Cicero's great merit in this field was the popularizing of philosophical studies among his countrymen. Of his numerous philosophical writings, the most important are the *De Republica* and *De Legibus*, on political philosophy, the theory and constitution of the state; the *De Officiis*, a treatise on morals, written for his son Marcus when a student at Athens; the *De Amicitia* and *De Senectute*, two charming essays on friendship and old age; the *Tusculan Disputations* [which are included in this volume], and *De Finibus*, on various questions of speculative philosophy; the *De Natura Deorum* and *De Divinatione* on the nature of the gods and the question of their communication by signs with mortals. In all of these the tone is serious and impressive, and the sentiments set forth not infrequently rise to the loftiness of those inculcated by Christian teaching.

Of the Letters we have nearly nine hundred, inclusive of ninety addressed to Cicero by various correspondents. They are not only personal, but largely political in their contents, and furnish an almost inexhaustible mine of information for contemporary history. At times the revelations which they bring are damaging to Cicero's character and have afforded Cicero's detractors with material for accusation. Thus in one letter we are told that in the year 65 B.C., Cicero was intending to undertake the defence of Catiline, who was then under accusation on the charge of extortion as governor of Africa. In another letter Cicero declares his conviction of Catiline's guilt, and yet we find him not only meditating Catiline's defence, but even planning to make him his political ally in the approaching canvass for the consulship.

Cicero also essayed to be a poet, but with small success. He possessed the knack of writing verse, but lacked poetic inspiration. Of his efforts in this field nothing has come down to us except fragments. His best known poem was on the suppression of the Catilinarian Conspiracy, but this was marred by vanity and affectation.

Blame and praise must be mingled in any just estimate of

Cicero's character. In private life he was most amiable and virtuous. To his slaves he was humane and considerate; to his friends loyal and true, as shown by his lifelong friendship with Atticus, and by his devotion to Pompey even after the latter had failed to intervene to prevent Cicero's banishment. So also in public life he possessed many sterling qualities. He was intensely patriotic and devoted to the maintenance of constitutional freedom. In an age when provincial governorships were regarded as an almost legitimate means of private gain, he gave to the Cilicians an administration marked by strict honesty, by sympathy, and by practical help. At times also he exhibited admirable courage, as illustrated by his defence of Roscius, by the prosecution of Verres, and most of all, perhaps, by his vigorous and unselfish opposition to Antony in the closing months of his career.

On the other hand, he was markedly deficient in some of the qualities most essential to the large rôle he essayed to play in the public life of his day. He suffered from intense conservatism, and failed utterly to grasp the supreme political problem of his time. The old constitution had become unworkable, and Cicero not only showed none of the constructive ability of the statesman in providing something better, but he seems not to have recognized that anything better was needed. Another serious defect was his irresolute and vacillating disposition, as seen in his long hesitation at the outbreak of the Civil War and in his final adhesion to the senatorial party. Disappointing too is his excessive vanity over his own achievements and not less so the moral weakness he exhibited when driven into exile. His own philosophical works breathe the loftiest moral spirit and abound in eloquent praises of patience, fortitude, and other heroic qualities. Yet when banished from Rome he reveals none of these virtues. Instead, as his letters show, he breaks out into miserable lamentation over his misfortunes. Still, if he was weak, vainglorious, and vacillating, we must always bear in mind his sincere devotion to his country, his justice, his humanity, his high-mindedness, and the imperishable worth of his written works. These qualities have kept his memory fresh for ages past, and will continue to do so for ages to come.

BRUTUS
OR
REMARKS ON EMINENT ORATORS
BY
MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO

TRANSLATED BY
E. JONES

BRUTUS

OR

REMARKS ON EMINENT ORATORS'

THIS treatise was the fruit of Cicero's retirement, during the remains of the civil war in Africa, and was composed in the form of a dialogue. It contains a few short, but very masterly sketches of all the speakers who had flourished either in Greece or Rome, with any reputation of eloquence, down to his own time; and as he generally touches the principal incidents of their lives, it will be considered, by an attentive reader, as a *concealed epitome of the Roman history*. The conference is supposed to have been held with Atticus, and their common friend Brutus, in Cicero's garden at Rome, under the statue of Plato, whom he always admired, and usually imitated in his Dialogues.

WHEN I had left Cilicia, and arrived at Rhodes, word was brought me of the death of Hortensius. I was more affected with it than, I believe, was generally expected; for, by the loss of my friend, I saw myself for ever deprived of the pleasure of his acquaintance, and of our mutual intercourse of good offices. I likewise reflected, with concern, that the dignity of our college must suffer greatly by the decease of such an eminent augur. This reminded me that he was the person who first introduced me to the college, where he attested my qualification upon oath, and that it was he also who installed me as a member; so that I was bound by the constitution of the order to respect and honour him as a parent.

My affliction was increased, that, in such a deplorable dearth of wise and virtuous citizens, this excellent man, my faithful associate in the service of the public, expired at the very time when the commonwealth could least spare him, and when we had the greatest reason to regret the want of his

¹ "This translation, by E. Jones, first published in 1776, has long had the well-deserved reputation of combining fidelity with elegance."—*J. S. Watson.*

prudence and authority. I can add, very sincerely, that in him I lamented the loss, not (as most people imagined) of a dangerous rival who opposed my reputation, but of a generous associate who engaged with me in the pursuit of fame. For if we have instances in history, though in studies of less importance, that some distinguished poets have been greatly afflicted at the death of their contemporary bards, with what tender concern should I honour the memory of a man with whom it is more glorious to have disputed the prize of eloquence, than never to have combated as an antagonist, especially as he was always so far from obstructing my endeavours, or I his, that, on the contrary, we mutually assisted each other with our credit and advice. But as he, who had a perpetual run of felicity,¹ left the world at a happy moment for himself, though a most unfortunate one for his fellow-citizens,—and died when it would have been much easier for him to lament the miseries of his country than to assist it, after living in it as long as he could have lived with honour and reputation,—we may, indeed, deplore his death as a heavy loss to us who survive him.

If, however, we consider it merely as a personal event, we ought rather to congratulate his fate than to pity it; that, as often as we revive the memory of this illustrious and truly happy man, we may appear at least to have as much affection for him as for ourselves. For if we only lament that we are no longer permitted to enjoy him, it must, indeed, be acknowledged that this is a heavy misfortune to us; which it however becomes us to support with moderation, lest our sorrow should be suspected to arise from motives of interest, and not from friendship. But if we afflict ourselves, on the supposition that he was the sufferer, we misconstrue an event, which to him was certainly a very happy one.

If Hortensius were now living, he would probably regret many other advantages in common with his worthy fellow-

¹ The allusion is to the conversation of Solon with Cræsus, in which the former maintained the seeming paradox, that he alone can be deemed happy who meets a happy death. See Herodotus, volume five of the Greek Classics, page 52.

citizens. But when he beheld the forum, the great theatre in which he used to exercise his genius, no longer accessible to that accomplished eloquence which could charm the ears of Roman or a Grecian audience, he must have felt a pang of which none, or at least but few, besides himself could be susceptible. Even I indulge heartfelt anguish, when I behold my country no longer supported by the talents, the wisdom, and the authority of law,—the only weapons which I have learned to wield, and to which I have long been accustomed, and which are most suitable to the character of an illustrious citizen, and of a virtuous and well-regulated state. But if there ever was a time when the authority and eloquence of an honest individual could have wrested their arms from the hands of his distracted fellow-citizens, it was then when the proposal of a compromise of our mutual differences was rejected, by the hasty imprudence of some and the timorous mistrust of others.

Thus it happened, among other misfortunes of a more deplorable nature, that when my declining age, after a life spent in the service of the public, should have reposed in the peaceful harbour, not of an indolent and total inactivity, but of a moderate and honourable retirement, and when my eloquence was properly mellowed and had acquired its full maturity;—thus it happened, I say, that recourse was then had to those fatal arms, which the persons who had learned the use of them in honourable conquest could no longer employ to any salutary purpose. Those, therefore, appear to me to have enjoyed a fortunate and happy life, (of whatever state they were members, but especially in ours,) who, together with their authority and reputation, either for their military or political services, are allowed to enjoy the advantages of philosophy; and the sole remembrance of them, in our present melancholy situation, was a pleasing relief to me, when we lately happened to mention them in the course of conversation.

For, not long ago, when I was walking for my amusement in a private avenue at home, I was agreeably interrupted by my friend Brutus and Titus Pomponius, who came, as indeed they frequently did, to visit me,—two worthy citizens, who were united to each other in the closest friendship, and were

so dear and so agreeable to me, that on the first sight of them, all my anxiety for the commonwealth subsided.

After the usual salutations, "Well, gentlemen," said I, "how go the times? What news have you brought?"

"None," replied Brutus, "that you would wish to hear, or that I can venture to tell you for truth."

"No," said Atticus; "we are come with an intention that all matters of state should be dropped, and rather to hear something from you, than to say anything which might serve to distress you."

"Indeed," said I, "your company is a present remedy for my sorrow; and your letters, when absent, were so encouraging, that they first revived my attention to my studies."

"I remember," replied Atticus, "that Brutus sent you a letter from Asia, which I read with infinite pleasure; for he advised you in it like a man of sense, and gave you every consolation which the warmest friendship could suggest."

"True," said I; "for it was the receipt of that letter which recovered me from a growing indisposition, to behold once more the cheerful face of day; and as the Roman state, after the dreadful defeat near Cannæ, first raised its drooping head by the victory of Marcellus at Nola, which was succeeded by many other victories, so, after the dismal wreck of our affairs, both public and private, nothing occurred to me, before the letter of my friend Brutus, which I thought to be worth my attention, or which contributed, in any degree, to ease the anxiety of my heart."

"That was certainly my intention," answered Brutus; "and if I had the happiness to succeed, I was sufficiently rewarded for my trouble. But I could wish to be informed what you received from Atticus, which gave you such uncommon pleasure."

"That," said I, "which not only entertained me, but I hope has restored me entirely to myself."

"Indeed!" replied he; "and what miraculous composition could that be?"

"Nothing," answered I, "could have been a more acceptable or a more seasonable present than that excellent treatise of his, which roused me from a state of languor and despondency."

"You mean," said he, "his short and, I think, very accurate abridgement of universal history."

"The very same," said I; "for that little treatise has absolutely saved me."

"I am heartily glad of it," said Atticus; "but what could you discover in it which was either new to you or so wonderfully beneficial as you pretend?"

"It certainly furnished many hints," said I, "which were entirely new to me; and the exact order of time which you observed through the whole, gave me the opportunity I had long wished for, of beholding the history of all nations in one regular and comprehensive view. The attentive perusal of it proved an excellent remedy for my sorrows, and led me to think of attempting something on your own plan, partly to amuse myself, and partly to return your favour by a grateful, though not an equal, acknowledgment. We are commanded, it is true, in that precept of Hesiod, so much admired by the learned, to return with the same measure we have received, or, if possible, with a larger. As to a friendly inclination, I shall certainly return you a full proportion of it; but as to a recompense in kind, I confess it to be out of my power, and therefore hope you will excuse me; for I have not, as husbandmen are accustomed to have, gathered a fresh harvest out of which to repay the kindness¹ I have received; my whole harvest having sickened and died, for want of the usual manure; and as little am I able to present you with anything from those hidden stores which are now consigned to perpetual darkness, and to which I am denied all access, though formerly I was almost the only person who was able to command them at pleasure. I must, therefore, try my skill in a long-neglected and uncultivated soil; which I will endeavour to improve with so much care, that I may be able to repay your liberality with interest; provided my genius should be so happy as to resemble a fertile field, which, after being suffered to lie fallow a considerable time, produces a heavier crop than usual."

¹ The allusion is to a farmer, who, in time of necessity, borrows corn or fruit of his more opulent neighbour, which he repays in kind as soon as his harvest is gathered home. Cicero was not, he says, in a situation to make a similar return.

"Very well," replied Atticus, "I shall expect the fulfilment of your promise; but I shall not insist upon it till it suits your convenience, though, after all, I shall certainly be better pleased if you discharge the obligation." "And I also," said Brutus, "shall expect that you perform your promise to my friend Atticus; nay, though I am only his voluntary solicitor, I shall, perhaps, be very pressing for the discharge of a debt which the creditor himself is willing to submit to your own choice."

"But I shall refuse to pay you," said I, "unless the original creditor takes no further part in the suit."

"This is more than I can promise," replied he; "for I can easily foresee that this easy man, who disclaims all severity, will urge his demand upon you, not indeed to distress you, but yet with earnestness and importunity."

"To speak ingenuously," said Atticus, "my friend Brutus, I believe, is not much mistaken; for as I now find you in good spirits for the first time, after a tedious interval of despondency, I shall soon make bold to apply to you; and as this gentleman has promised his assistance to recover what you owe me, the least I can do is to solicit, in my turn, for what is due to him."

"Explain your meaning," said I. "I mean," replied he, "that you must write something to amuse us; for your pen has been totally silent this long time; and since your treatise on politics, we have had nothing from you of any kind, though it was the perusal of that which fired me with the ambition to write an abridgement of universal history. But we shall, however, leave you to answer this demand when and in what manner you shall think most convenient. At present, if you are not otherwise engaged, you must give us your sentiments on a subject on which we both desire to be better informed."

"And what is that?" said I. "A work which you had just begun," replied he, "when I saw you last at Tusculanum,—the History of Eminent Orators,—*when* they made their appearance, and *who* and *what* they were; which furnished such an agreeable train of conversation, that when I related the substance of it to your, or I ought rather to have said our common, friend Brutus, he expressed an ardent desire to hear the whole

of it from your own mouth. Knowing you, therefore, to be at leisure, we have taken the present opportunity to wait upon you; so that, if it is really convenient, you will oblige us both by resuming the subject."

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "as you are so pressing, I will endeavour to satisfy you in the best manner I am able."

"You are *able* enough," replied he; "only unbend, or rather, if possible, set at full liberty your mind."

"If I remember right," said I, "Atticus, what gave rise to the conversation was my observing that the cause of Deiotarus, a most excellent sovereign and a faithful ally was pleaded by our friend Brutus, in my hearing, with the greatest elegance and dignity."

"True," replied he; "and you took occasion, from the ill-success of Brutus, to lament the loss of a fair administration of justice in the forum."

"I did so," answered I, "as indeed I frequently do; and whenever I see you, my Brutus, I am concerned to think where your wonderful genius, your finished erudition, and unparalleled industry will find a theatre to display themselves. For after you had thoroughly improved your abilities, by pleading a variety of important causes, and when my declining vigour was just giving way and lowering the ensigns of dignity to your more active talents, the liberty of the state received a fatal overthrow, and that eloquence, of which we are now to give the history, was condemned to perpetual silence."

"Our other misfortunes," replied Brutus, "I lament sincerely, and I think I ought to lament them; but as to eloquence, I am not so fond of the influence and the glory it bestows, as of the study and the practice of it, which nothing can deprive me of, while you are so well disposed to assist me; for no man can be an eloquent speaker who has not a clear and ready conception. Whoever, therefore, applies himself to the study of eloquence, is at the same time improving his judgment, which is a talent equally necessary in all military operations."

"Your remark," said I, "is very just; and I have a higher opinion of the merit of eloquence, because, though there is scarcely any person so diffident as not to persuade himself that he either has or may acquire every other accomplishment which

formerly could have given him consequence in the state, I can find no person who has been made an orator by the success of his military prowess. But that we may carry on the conversation with greater ease, let us seat ourselves."

As my visitors had no objection to this, we accordingly took our seats in a private lawn, near a statue of Plato. Then resuming the conversation,—“To recommend the study of eloquence,” said I, “and describe its force, and the great dignity it confers upon those who have acquired it, is neither our present design, nor has any necessary connexion with it. But I will not hesitate to affirm, that whether it is acquired by art or practice, or the mere powers of nature, it is the most difficult of all attainments; for each of the five branches of which it is said to consist, is of itself a very important art; from whence it may easily be conjectured how great and arduous must be the profession which unites and comprehends them all.

“Greece alone is a sufficient witness of this; for though she was fired with a wonderful love of eloquence, and has long since excelled every other nation in the practice of it, yet she had all the rest of the arts much earlier; and had not only invented, but even completed them, a considerable time before she was mistress of the full powers of elocution. But when I direct my eyes to Greece, your beloved Athens, my Atticus, first strikes my sight, and is the brightest object in my view; for in that illustrious city the orator first made his appearance, and it is there we shall find the earliest records of eloquence, and the first specimens of a discourse conducted by rules of art. But even in Athens there is not a single production now extant which discovers any taste for ornament, or seems to have been the effort of a real orator, before the time of Pericles (whose name is prefixed to some orations which still remain) and his contemporary Thucydides; who flourished, not in the infancy of the state, but when it had arrived at its full maturity of power. It is, however, supposed, that Pisistratus, (who lived many years before,) together with Solon, who was something older, and Clisthenes, who survived them both, were very able speakers for the age they lived in. But some years after these, as may be collected from the Attic annals, came Themistocles, who is said to have been as much distinguished

by his eloquence as by his political abilities; and after him the celebrated Pericles, who, though adorned with every kind of excellence, was most admired for his talents as a speaker. Cleon also, their contemporary, though a turbulent citizen, was allowed to be a tolerable orator. These were immediately succeeded by Alcibiades, Critias, and Theramenes; the character of their eloquence may be easily inferred from the writings of Thucydides, who lived at the same time; their discourses were nervous and stately, full of sententious remarks, and so excessively concise as to be sometimes obscure.

“But as soon as the force of a regular and well-adjusted style was understood, a crowd of rhetoricians immediately appeared,—such as Gorgias the Leontine, Thrasymachus the Chalcedonian, Protagoras the Abderite, and Hippias the Elean, who were all held in great esteem,—with many others of the same age, who professed (it must be owned rather too arrogantly) to teach their scholars *how the worse might be made, by the force of eloquence, to appear the better cause*. But these were openly opposed by Socrates, who, by a subtle method of arguing peculiar to himself, took every opportunity to refute the principles of their art. His instructive conferences produced a number of intelligent men, and *Philosophy* is said to have derived her birth from him; not the doctrine of *Physics*, which was of an earlier date, but that Philosophy which treats of men and manners, and of the nature of good and evil. But as this is foreign to our present subject, we must defer the philosophers to another opportunity, and return to the orators, from whom I have ventured to make a short digression.

“When the professors, therefore, above-mentioned, were in the decline of life, Isocrates made his appearance, whose house stood open to all Greece as the *school of eloquence*. He was an accomplished orator, and an excellent teacher; though he did not display his talents in the splendour of the forum, but cherished and improved within the walls of an obscure academy, that glory which, in my opinion, no orator has since acquired. He composed many valuable specimens of his art, and taught the principles of it to others; and not only excelled his predecessors in every part of it, but first discovered that a certain rhythm and modulation should be observed in prose,

care being taken, however, to avoid making verses. Before him, the artificial structure and harmony of language was unknown;—or, if there are any traces of it to be discovered, they appear to have been made without design; which, perhaps, will be thought a beauty; but whatever it may be deemed, it was in the present case, the effect rather of native genius, or of accident, than of art and observation. For Nature herself teaches us to close our sentences within certain limits; and when they are thus confined to a moderate flow of expression, they will frequently have an harmonious cadence; for the ear alone can decide what is full and complete, and what is deficient; and the course of our language will necessarily be regulated by our breath, in which it is excessively disagreeable, not only to fail, but even to labour.

“After Isocrates came Lysias, who, though not personally engaged in forensic causes, was a very accurate and elegant composer, and such a one as you might almost venture to pronounce a complete orator; for Demosthenes is the man who approaches the character so nearly, that you may apply it to him without hesitation. No keen, no artful turns could have been contrived for the pleadings he has left behind him, which he did not readily discover; nothing could have been expressed with greater nicety, or more clearly and poignantly, than it has been already expressed by him; and nothing greater, nothing more rapid and forcible, nothing adorned with a nobler elevation, either of language or sentiment, can be conceived, than what is to be found in his orations. He was soon rivalled by his contemporaries Hyperides, Æschines, Lycurgus, Dinarchus, and Demades, (none of whose writings are extant,) with many others that might be mentioned; for this age was adorned with a profusion of good orators; and to the end of this period appears to me to have flourished that vigorous and blooming eloquence, which is distinguished by a natural beauty of composition, without disguise or affectation.

“When these orators were in the decline of life, they were succeeded by Phalereus, then in the prime of youth. He indeed surpassed them all in learning, but was fitter to appear on the parade, than in the field; and, accordingly, he rather pleased and entertained the Athenians, than inflamed their

passions; and marched forth into the dust and heat of the forum, not from a weather-beaten tent, but from the shady recesses of Theophrastus, a man of consummate erudition. He was the first who relaxed the force of Eloquence, and gave her a soft and tender air; and he rather chose to be agreeable, as indeed he was, than great and striking; but agreeable in such a manner as rather charmed, than warmed the mind of the hearer. His greatest ambition was to impress his audience with a high opinion of his elegance, and not, as Eupolis relates of Pericles, to *animate* as well as to *please*.

“You see, then, in the very city in which Eloquence was born and nurtured, how late it was before she grew to maturity; for before the time of Solon and Pisistratus, we meet with no one who is so much as mentioned as an able speaker. These, indeed, if we compute by the Roman date, may be reckoned very ancient: but if by that of the Athenians, we shall find them to be moderns. For though they flourished in the reign of Servius Tullius, Athens had then subsisted much longer than Rome has at present. I have not, however, the least doubt than the power of eloquence has been always more or less conspicuous. For Homer, we may suppose, would not have ascribed such superior talents of elocution to Ulysses and Nestor, (one of whom he celebrates for his force, and the other for his sweetness,) unless the art of speaking had then been held in some esteem; nor could the poet himself have attained a style so finished, nor exhibited such fine specimens of oratory, as we actually find in him.

“The time, indeed, in which he lived is undetermined; but we are certain that he flourished many years before Romulus, and as early at least as the elder¹ Lycurgus, the legislator of the Spartans. But a more particular attention to the art, and a greater ability in the practice of it may be observed in Pisistratus. He was succeeded in the following century by Themistocles, who, according to the Roman date, was a person of the remotest antiquity; but according to that of the Athenians, he was almost a modern. For he lived when Greece was in

¹ So called to distinguish him from Lycurgus the Athenian orator, mentioned on the preceding page.

the height of her power, and when the city of Rome had but lately been emancipated from the shackles of regal tyranny; for the dangerous war with the Volsci, who were headed by Coriolanus (then a voluntary exile), happened nearly at the same time as the Persian war; and we may add, that the fate of both commanders was remarkably similar. Each of them, after distinguishing himself as an excellent citizen, being driven from his country by the insults of an ungrateful people, went over to the enemy; and each of them repressed the efforts of his resentment by a voluntary death. For though you, my Atticus, have represented the death of Coriolanus in a different manner, you must pardon me if I do not subscribe to the justness of your representation."

"You may use your pleasure," replied Atticus, with a smile; "for it is the privilege of rhetoricians to exceed the truth of history, that they may have an opportunity of embellishing the fate of their heroes: and accordingly, Clitarchus and Stratocles have entertained us with the same pretty fiction about the death of Themistocles, which you have invented for Coriolanus. Thucydides, indeed, who was himself an Athenian of the highest rank and merit, and lived nearly at the same time, has only informed us that he died, and was privately buried in Attica, adding, that it was suspected by some that he had poisoned himself. But these ingenious writers have assured us, that, having slain a bull at the altar, he caught the blood in a large bowl, and, drinking it off, fell suddenly dead upon the ground. For this species of death had a tragical air, and might be described with all the pomp of rhetoric; whereas the ordinary way of dying afforded no opportunity for ornament. As it will, therefore, suit your purpose, that Coriolanus should resemble Themistocles in everything, I give you leave to introduce the fatal bowl; and you may still farther heighten the catastrophe by a solemn sacrifice, that Coriolanus may appear in all respects to have been a second Themistocles."

"I am much obliged to you," said I, "for your courtesy; but, for the future, I shall be more cautious in meddling with history when you are present; whom I may justly commend as a most exact and scrupulous relator of the Roman history; but nearly at the time we are speaking of (though somewhat later)

lived the above-mentioned Pericles, the illustrious son of Xantippus, who first improved his eloquence by the friendly aids of literature;—not that kind of literature which treats professedly of the art of speaking, of which there was then no regular system; but after he had studied under Anaxagoras, the naturalist, he directed with alacrity his attention from abstruse and intricate speculations to forensic and popular debates. All Athens was charmed with the sweetness of his language, and not only admired him for his fluency, but was awed by the superior force and terrors of his eloquence.

“This age, therefore, which may be considered as the infancy of the art, furnished Athens with an orator who almost reached the summit of his profession; for an emulation to shine in the forum is not usually found among a people who are either employed in settling the form of their government, or engaged in war, or struggling with difficulties, or subjected to the arbitrary power of kings. Eloquence is the attendant of peace, the companion of ease and prosperity, and the tender offspring of a free and well-established constitution. Aristotle, therefore, informs us, that when the tyrants were expelled from Sicily, and private property, after a long interval of servitude, was secured by the administration of justice, the Sicilians, Corax and Tisias, (for this people, in general, were very quick and acute, and had a natural turn for disquisition,) first attempted to write precepts on the art of speaking.

“Before them, he says, no one spoke by prescribed method, conformably to rules of art, though many discoursed very sensibly, and generally from written notes; but Protagoras took the pains to compose a number of dissertations, on such leading and general topics as are now called *common places*. Gorgias, he adds, did the same, and wrote panegyrics and invectives on every subject; for he thought it was the province of an orator to be able either to exaggerate, or extenuate, as occasion might require. Antiphon the Rhamnusian composed several essays of the same species; and (according to Thucydides, a very respectable writer, who was present to hear him) pleaded a capital cause in his own defence, with as much eloquence as had ever yet been displayed by any man. But Lysias was the first who openly professed the *art*; and, after him, Theodorus,

being better versed in the theory than the practice of it, began to compose orations for others to pronounce; but confined to himself the art of composing them.

“In the same manner, Isocrates at first declined to teach the art, but wrote speeches for other people to deliver; on which account, being often prosecuted for assisting, contrary to law, to circumvent one or another of the parties in judgment, he left off composing orations for other people, and wholly applied himself to prescribe rules, and reduce them into a system.

“Thus, then, we have traced the birth and origin of the orators of Greece, who were, indeed, very ancient, as I have before observed, if we compute by the Roman annals; but of a much later date, if we reckon by their own; for the Athenian state had signalized itself by a variety of great exploits, both at home and abroad, a considerable time before she became enamoured of the charms of eloquence.

“But this noble art was not common to Greece in general, but almost peculiar to Athens. For who has ever heard of an Argive, a Corinthian, or a Theban orator, at the times we are speaking of? unless, perhaps, some merit of the kind may be allowed to Epaminondas, who was a man of uncommon erudition. But I have never read of a Lacedemonian orator, from the earliest period of time to the present. For Menelaus himself, though said by Homer to have possessed a sweet elocution, is likewise described as a man of few words. Brevity, indeed, upon some occasions, is a real excellence; but it is very far from being compatible with the general character of eloquence.

“The art of speaking was likewise studied, and admired, beyond the limits of Greece; and the extraordinary honours which were paid to oratory have perpetuated the names of many foreigners who had the happiness to excel in it. For no sooner had eloquence ventured to sail from the Piræus, but she traversed all the isles, and visited every part of Asia; till at last, infected with their manners, she lost all the purity and the healthy complexion of the Attic style, and indeed almost forgot her native language. The Asiatic orators, therefore, though not to be undervalued for the rapidity and the copious variety of their elocution, were certainly too loose and luxuri-

ant. But the Rhodians were of a sounder constitution, and more resembled the Athenians. So much, then, for the Greeks; for, perhaps, what I have already said of them is more than was necessary."

"Respecting the necessity of it," answered Brutus, "there is no occasion to speak; but what you have said of them has entertained me so agreeably, that instead of being longer, it has been much shorter than I could have wished."

"A very handsome compliment," said I; "but it is time to begin with our countrymen, of whom it is difficult to give any further account than what we are able to conjecture from our annals.

"For who can question the address and the capacity of Brutus, the illustrious founder of your family;—that Brutus, who so readily discovered the meaning of the oracle, which promised the supremacy to him who should first salute his mother;¹—that Brutus, who, under the appearance of stupidity, concealed the most exalted understanding;—who dethroned and banished a powerful monarch, the son of an illustrious sovereign;—who settled the state, which he had rescued from arbitrary power, by the appointment of an annual magistracy, a regular system of laws, and a free and open course of justice;—and who abrogated the authority of his colleague, that he might banish from the city the smallest vestige of the regal name?—events which could never have been produced without exerting the powers of persuasion!

"We are likewise informed that a few years after the expulsion of the kings, when the Plebeians retired to the banks of the Anio, about three miles from the city, and had possessed themselves of what is called the Sacred Mount, Marcus Valerius the dictator appeased their fury by a public harangue; for which he was afterwards rewarded with the highest posts of honour, and was the first Roman who was distinguished by the surname of Maximus. Nor can Lucius Valerius Potitus be supposed to have been destitute of the powers of utterance,

¹ The story is told by Livy. Tarquin kissed his mother; but Brutus gave the words a different and more ingenious turn; he fell down and kissed the earth, the common mother of all mankind.

who, after the odium which had been excited against the Patricians by the tyrannical government of the Decemviri, reconciled the people to the senate by his prudent laws and conciliatory speeches. We may likewise suppose, that Appius Claudius was a man of some eloquence; since he dissuaded the senate from consenting to a peace with king Pyrrhus, though they were much inclined to it. The same might be said of Caius Fabricius, who was despatched to Pyrrhus to treat for the ransom of his captive fellow-citizens; and of Tiberius Coruncanius, who appears, by the memoirs of the pontifical college, to have been a person of the greatest genius; and likewise of Manius Curius (then a tribune of the people), who, when the Interrex Appius the Blind, an able speaker, held the Comitia contrary to law, refusing to admit any consul of plebeian rank, prevailed upon the senate to protest against the conduct of his antagonist; which, if we consider that the Mænian law was not then in being, was a very bold attempt. We may also conclude that Marcus Pompilius was a man of abilities, who, in the time of his consulship, when he was solemnizing a public sacrifice in the proper habit of his office, (for he was also a Flamen Carmentalis,) hearing of the mutiny and insurrection of the people against the senate, rushed immediately into the midst of the assembly, covered as he was with his sacerdotal robes, and quelled the sedition by his authority and the force of his elocution.

“I do not pretend to have historical evidence that the persons here mentioned were then reckoned orators, or that any sort of reward or encouragement was given to eloquence; I only infer what appears very probable. It is also recorded that Caius Flaminius, who, when tribune of the people, proposed the law for dividing the conquered territories of the Gauls and Piceni among the citizens, and who, after his promotion to the consulship, was slain near the lake Thrasimenus, became very popular by historical talents. Quintus Maximus Verrucosus was likewise reckoned a good speaker by his contemporaries; as was also Quintus Metellus, who, in the second Punic war, was joint-consul with Lucius Veturius Philo.

“But the first person we have any certain account of, who was publicly distinguished as an orator, and who really appears

to have been such, was Marcus Cornelius Cethegus; whose eloquence is attested by Quintus Ennius, a voucher of the highest credibility; since he actually heard him speak, and gave him this character after his death; so that there is no reason to suspect that he was prompted by the warmth of his friendship to exceed the bounds of truth. In the ninth book of his *Annals*, he has mentioned him in the following terms:

Additur orator Corneliu' suaviloquenti
Ore Cethegus Marcu', Tuditano collega,
Marci filius.

'Add the orator Marcus Cornelius Cethegus, so much admired for his mellifluent tongue; who was the colleague of Tuditanus, and the son of Marcus.' He expressly calls him an *orator*, you see, and attributes to him a remarkable sweetness of elocution; which, even in the present times, is an excellence of which few are possessed: for some of our modern orators are so insufferably harsh, that they may be said rather to bark than to speak.

"But what the poet so much admires in his friend, may certainly be considered as one of the principal ornaments of eloquence. He adds:

— is dictus, ollis popularibus olim,
Qui tum vivebant homines, atque ævum agitabant,
Flos delibatus populi.

'He was called by his contemporaries, the choicest flower of the state.' A very elegant compliment! for as the glory of a man is the strength of his mental capacity, so the brightest ornament of genius is eloquence; in which, whoever had the happiness to excel, was beautifully styled, by the ancients, the *flower* of the state; and, as the poet immediately subjoins,

—suadæque medulla:

'the very marrow and quintessence of persuasion.' That which the Greeks call *peithō* (i. e. *persuasion*), and which it is the chief business of an orator to effect, is here called *suada* by Ennius; and of this he commends Cethegus as the *quintessence*; so that he makes the Roman orator to be himself the very substance of that amiable goddess, who is said by Eupolis to have dwelt on the lips of Pericles.

“This Cethegus was joint-consul with Publius Tuditanus in the second Punic war; at which time also Marcus Cato was quæstor, about one hundred and forty years before I myself was promoted to the consulship; which circumstance would have been absolutely lost, if it had not been recorded by Ennius; and the memory of that illustrious citizen, as has probably been the case of many others, would have been buried in the ruins of antiquity.

“The manner of speaking which was then in vogue, may easily be collected from the writings of Nævius; for Nævius died, as we learn from the memoirs of the times, when the persons above-mentioned were consuls; though Varro, a most accurate investigator of historical truth, thinks there is a mistake in this, and fixes the death of Nævius something later. For Plautus died in the consulship of Publius Claudius and Lucius Porcius, twenty years after the consulship of the persons we have been speaking of, and when Cato was censor. Cato, therefore, must have been younger than Cethegus, for he was consul nine years after him; but we always consider him as a person of the remotest antiquity, though he died in the consulship of Lucius Marcus and Manius Manilius, and but eighty-three years before my own promotion to the same office.

“He is certainly, however, the most ancient orator we have, whose writings may claim our attention; unless any one is pleased, on account of the above-mentioned speech respecting the peace with Pyrrhus, or a series of panegyrics on the dead, which, I own, are still extant, to compliment Appius with that character. For it was customary, in most families of note, to preserve their images, their trophies of honour, and their memoirs, either to adorn a funeral when any of the family deceased, or to perpetuate the fame of their ancestors, or prove their own nobility. But the truth of history has been much corrupted by these encomiastic essays; for many circumstances were recorded in them which never existed, such as false triumphs, a pretended succession of consulships, and false alliances and elevations, when men of inferior rank were confounded with a noble family of the same name; as if I myself should pretend that I am descended from Manius

Tullius, who was a Patrician, and shared the consulship with Servius Sulpicius, about ten years after the expulsion of the kings.

“But the real speeches of Cato are almost as numerous as those of Lysias the Athenian; under whose name a great number are still extant. For Lysias was certainly an Athenian; because he not only died, but received his birth at Athens, and served all the offices of the city; though Timæus, as if he acted by the Licinian or the Mucian law, orders his return to Syracuse. There is, however, a manifest resemblance between his character and that of Cato; for they are both of them distinguished by their acuteness, their elegance, their agreeable humour, and their brevity. But the Greek has the happiness to be most admired; for there are some who are so extravagantly fond of him, as to prefer a graceful air to a vigorous constitution, and who are perfectly satisfied with a slender and an easy shape, if it is only attended with a moderate share of health. It must, however, be acknowledged, that even Lysias often displays a vigour of mind, which no human power can excel; though his mental frame is certainly more delicately wrought than that of Cato. Notwithstanding, he has many admirers, who are charmed with him, merely on account of his delicacy.

“But as to Cato, where will you find a modern orator who condescends to read him?—nay, I might have said, who has the least knowledge of him? And yet, good gods! what a wonderful man! I say nothing of his merit as a citizen, a senator, and a general; we must confine our attention to the orator. Who, then, has displayed more dignity as a panegyrist?—more severity as an accuser?—greater acuteness of sentiments?—or greater address in relating and informing? Though he composed above a hundred and fifty orations, (which I have seen and read,) they are crowded with all the beauties of language and sentiment. Let us select from these what deserves our notice and applause; they will supply us with all the graces of oratory.

“Not to omit his *Antiquities*, who will deny that these also are adorned with every flower, and with all the lustre of eloquence? and yet he has scarcely any admirers; which some

ages ago was the case of Philistus the Syracusan, and even of Thucydides himself. For as the lofty and elevated style of Theopompus soon diminished the reputation of their pithy and laconic harangues, which were sometimes scarcely intelligible from excessive brevity and quaintness; and as Demosthenes eclipsed the glory of Lysias; so the pompous and stately elocution of the moderns has obscured the lustre of Cato.

“But many of us are deficient in taste and discernment, for we admire the Greeks for their antiquity, and what is called their Attic neatness, and yet have never noticed the same quality in Cato. This was the distinguishing character, say they, of Lysias and Hyperides. I own it, and I admire them for it; but why not allow a share of it to Cato? They are fond, they tell us, of the *Attic* style of eloquence; and their choice is certainly judicious, provided they not only copy the dry bones, but imbibe the animal spirits of those models. What they recommend, however, is, to do it justice, an agreeable quality.

“But why must Lysias and Hyperides be so fondly admired, while Cato is entirely overlooked? His language indeed has an antiquated air, and some of his expressions are rather too harsh and inelegant. But let us remember that this was the language of the time; only change and modernise it, which it was not in his power to do; add the improvements of number and cadence, give an easier turn to his sentences, and regulate the structure and connexion of his words, (which was as little practised even by the older Greeks as by him,) and you will find no one who can claim the preference to Cato. The Greeks themselves acknowledge that the chief beauty of composition results from the frequent use of those *tralatitious* forms of expression which they call *tropes*, and of those various attitudes of language and sentiment which they call *figures*; but it is almost incredible in what copiousness, and with what amazing variety, they are all employed by Cato.

“I know, indeed, that he is not sufficiently polished, and that recourse must be had to a more perfect model for imitation; for he is an author of such antiquity, that he is the oldest now extant whose writings can be read with patience; and the ancients, in general, acquired a much greater reputation in

every other art, than in that of speaking. But who that has seen the statues of the moderns, will not perceive in a moment that the figures of Canachus are too stiff and formal to resemble life? Those of Calamis, though evidently harsh, are somewhat softer. Even the statues of Myron are not sufficiently alive; and yet you would not hesitate to pronounce them beautiful. But those of Polycletes are much finer, and, in my mind, completely finished.

“The case is the same in painting; for in the works of Zeuxis, Polygnotus, Timanthes, and several other masters, who confined themselves to the use of four colours, we commend the air and the symmetry of their figures; but in Echion, Nicomachus, Protogenes, and Apelles, everything is finished to perfection.

“This, I believe, will hold equally true in all the other arts; for there is not one of them which was invented and carried to perfection at the same time. I cannot doubt, for instance, that there were many poets before Homer; we may infer it from those very songs which he himself informs us were sung at the feasts of the Phæacians, and of the profligate suitors of Penelope. Nay, to go no farther, what is become of the ancient poems of our own countrymen?

Such as the fauns and rustic bards composed,
When none the rocks of poetry had cross'd,
Nor wish'd to form his style by rules of art,
Before this vent'rous man, &c.

“Old Ennius here speaks of himself; nor does he carry his boast beyond the bounds of truth; the case being really as he describes it. For we had only an *Odyssey* in Latin, which resembled one of the rough and unfinished statues of Dædalus; and some dramatic pieces of Livius, which will scarcely bear a second reading.

“This Livius exhibited his first performance at Rome in the consulship of Marcus Tuditanus, and Caius Clodius, the son of Cæcus, the year before Ennius was born, and, according to the account of my friend Atticus, (whom I choose to follow,) the five hundred and fourteenth from the building of the city. But historians are not agreed about the date of the

year. Attius informs us that Livius was taken prisoner at Tarentum by Quintus Maximus in his fifth consulship, about thirty years after he is said by Atticus, and our ancient annals, to have introduced the drama. He adds, that he exhibited his first dramatic piece about eleven years after, in the consulship of Caius Cornelius and Quintus Minucius, at the public games which Salinator had vowed to the Goddess of Youth for his victory over the Senones. But in this, Attius was so far mistaken, that Ennius, when the persons above-mentioned were consuls, was forty years old; so that if Livius was of the same age, as in this case he would have been, the first dramatic author we had must have been younger than Plautus and Nævius, who had exhibited a great number of plays before the time he specifies.

"If these remarks, my Brutus, appear unsuitable to the subject before us, you must throw the whole blame upon Atticus, who has inspired me with a strange curiosity to inquire into the age of illustrious men, and the respective times of their appearance."

"On the contrary," said Brutus, "I am highly pleased that you have carried your attention so far; and I think your remarks well adapted to the curious task you have undertaken, the giving us a history of the different classes of orators in their proper order."

"You understand me rightly," said I; "and I heartily wish those venerable Odes were still extant, which Cato informs us in his *Antiquities*, used to be sung by every guest in his turn at the homely feasts of our ancestors, many ages before, to commemorate the feats of their heroes. But the *Punic War* of that antiquated poet, whom Ennius so proudly ranks among the *fauns and rustic bards*, affords me as exquisite a pleasure as the finest statue that was ever formed by Myron. Ennius, I allow, was a more finished writer: but if he had really undervalued the other, as he pretends to do, he would scarcely have omitted such a bloody war as the first *Punic*, when he attempted professedly to describe all the wars of the Republic. Nay, he himself assigns the reason:

Others (said he) that cruel war have sung.

Very true, and they have sung it with great order and precision, though not, indeed, in such elegant strains as yourself. This you ought to have acknowledged, as you must certainly be conscious that you have borrowed many ornaments from Nævius; or if you refuse to own it, I shall tell you plainly that you have pilfered them.

“Contemporary with the Cato above-mentioned (though somewhat older) were Caius Flaminius, Caius Varro, Quintus Maximus, Quintus Metellus, Publius Lentulus, and Publius Crassus, who was joint consul with the elder Africanus. This Scipio, we are told, was not destitute of the powers of elocution; but his son, who adopted the younger Scipio (the son of Paulus Æmilius), would have stood foremost in the list of orators, if he had possessed a firmer constitution. This is evident from a few speeches, and a Greek History of his, which are very agreeably written.

“In the same class we may place Sextus Ælius, who was the best lawyer of his time, and a ready speaker. A little after these, flourished Caius Sulpicius Gallus, who was better acquainted with the Grecian literature than all the rest of the nobility, and to his reputation as a graceful orator, he added the highest accomplishments in every other respect; for a more copious and splendid way of speaking began now to prevail. When this Sulpicius, in quality of prætor, was celebrating the public shows in honour of Apollo, died the poet Ennius, in the consulship of Quintus Marcius and Cneius Servilius, after exhibiting his tragedy of *Thyestes*.

“At the same time lived Tiberius Gracchus, the son of Publius, who was twice consul and censor; a Greek oration of his to the Rhodians is still extant, and he bore the character of a worthy citizen and an eloquent speaker. We are likewise told that Publius Scipio Nasica, surnamed *Corculum*,¹ as a favourite of the people, and who also had the honour to be twice chosen consul and censor, was esteemed an able orator. To him we may add Lucius Lentulus, who was joint consul

¹ His name was Publius *Cornelius* Scipio Nasica. From *Cornelius*, as being a favourite of the people, he was called *Corculum*, the “little heart” of the people.

with Caius Figulus; Quintus Nobilior, the son of Marcus, who was inclined to the study of literature by his father's example, and presented Ennius (who had served under his father in Ætolia) with the freedom of the city, when he founded a colony in quality of triumvir; and his colleague Titus Annius Luscus, who is said to have been tolerably eloquent.

"We are likewise informed that Lucius Paulus, the father of Africanus, defended the character of an eminent citizen in a public speech; and that Cato, who died in the eighty-third year of his age, was then living, and actually pleaded that very year against the defendant Servius Galba, in the open forum, with great energy and spirit; he has left a copy of this oration behind him.

"But when Cato was in the decline of life, a crowd of orators, all younger than himself, made their appearance at the same time; for Aulus Albinus, who wrote a history in Greek, and shared the consulship with Lucius Lucullus, was greatly admired for his learning and elocution; and nearly ranked with him were Servius Fulvius and Servius Fabius Pictor, the latter of whom was well acquainted with the laws of his country, the belles lettres, and the history of antiquity. Quintus Fabius Labeo likewise excelled in the same accomplishments. But Quintus Metellus, whose four sons attained the consular dignity, was admired for his eloquence beyond the rest; he undertook the defence of Lucius Cotta, when accused by Africanus, and composed many other speeches, particularly that against Tiberius Gracchus, of which we have a full account in the annals of Caius Fannius.

"Lucius Cotta himself was likewise reckoned a skilful speaker; but Caius Lælius and Publius Africanus were allowed by all to be more finished orators; their orations are still extant, and may serve as specimens of their respective abilities. But Servius Galba, who somewhat preceded either of them in years, was indisputably the best speaker of the age. He was the first among the Romans who displayed the proper and distinguishing talents of an orator; such as, digressing from his subject to embellish and diversify it,—soothing or alarming the passions, exhibiting every circumstance in the strongest light,—implor-

ing the compassion of his audience,—and artfully enlarging on those topics, or general principles of prudence or morality, on which the stress of his argument depended: and yet, I know not how, though he is allowed to have been the greatest orator of his time, the orations he has left are more inanimate, and have more the air of antiquity, than those of Lælius, or Scipio, or even of Cato himself. Their beauties have so decayed with age, that scarcely anything remains of them but the bare skeleton.

“In the same manner, though both Lælius and Scipio are greatly extolled for their abilities, the preference was given to Lælius as a speaker; and yet his oration, in defence of the privileges of the Sacerdotal College, has no greater merit than any one that might be named of the numerous speeches of Scipio. Nothing, indeed, can be sweeter and milder than that of Lælius, nor could anything have been urged with greater dignity to support the honour of religion; but, of the two, Lælius appears to me to be less polished, and to speak more of the mould of time than Scipio; and, as different speakers have different tastes, he had, in my mind, too strong a relish for antiquity, and was too fond of using obsolete expressions. But such is the jealousy of mankind, that they will not allow the same person to be possessed of too many perfections. For, as in military prowess they thought it impossible that any man could vie with Scipio, though Lælius had not a little distinguished himself in the war with Viriathus; so for learning, eloquence, and wisdom, though each was allowed to be above the reach of any other competitor, they adjudged the preference to Lælius. Nor was this the opinion of the public only, but it seems to have been allowed by mutual consent between themselves; for it was then a general custom, as candid in this respect as it was fair and just in every other, to give his due to each.

“I accordingly remember that Publius Rutilius Rufus once told me at Smyrna, that when he was a young man, the two consuls Publius Scipio and Decimus Brutus, by order of the Senate, tried a capital cause of great consequence. For several persons of note having been murdered in the Silan Forest, and the domestics and some of the sons of a company of

gentlemen who farmed the taxes of the pitch-manufactory, being charged with the fact, the consuls were ordered to try the cause in person. Lælius, he said, spoke very sensibly and elegantly, as indeed he always did, on the side of the farmers of the customs. But the consuls, after hearing both sides, judging it necessary to refer the matter to a second trial, the same Lælius, a few days after, pleaded their cause again with more accuracy, and much better than at first. The affair, however, was once more put off for a further hearing.

“Upon this, when his clients attended Lælius to his own house, and, after thanking him for what he had already done, earnestly begged him not to be disheartened by the fatigue he had suffered, he assured them he had exerted his utmost to defend their reputation; but frankly added, that he thought their cause would be more effectually supported by Servius Galba, who possessed talents more powerful and penetrating than his own. They, accordingly, by the advice of Lælius, requested Galba to undertake it. To this he consented, but with the greatest modesty and reluctance, out of respect to the illustrious advocate he was going to succeed; and as he had only the next day to prepare himself, he spent the whole of it in considering and digesting his cause.

“When the day of trial was come, Rutilius himself, at the request of the defendants, went early in the morning to Galba, to give him notice of it, and conduct him to the court in proper time. But till word was brought that the consuls were going to the bench, he confined himself in his study, where he suffered no one to be admitted; and continued very busy in dictating to his amanuenses, several of whom (as indeed he often used to do) he kept fully employed at the same time. While he was thus engaged, being informed that it was high time for him to appear in court, he left his house with that animation and glow of countenance, that you would have thought he had not only *prepared* his cause, but actually *carried* it. Rutilius added, as another circumstance worth noticing, that his scribes, who attended him to the bar, appeared excessively fatigued; from whence he thought it probable that he was equally warm and vigorous in the composition, as in the delivery of his speeches.

“But to conclude the story, Galba pleaded his cause before Lælius himself, and a very numerous and attentive audience, with such uncommon force and dignity, that every part of his oration received the applause of his hearers; and so powerfully did he move the feelings and ensure the sympathy of the judges, that his clients were immediately acquitted of the charge, to the satisfaction of the whole court.

“As, therefore, the two principal qualities required in an orator, are perspicuity in stating the subject, and dignified ardour in moving the passions; and as he who fires and inflames his audience, will always effect more than he who can barely inform and amuse them; we may conjecture from the above narrative, with which I was favoured by Rutilius, that Lælius was most admired for his elegance, and Galba for his pathetic force.

“But the energy peculiar to him was most remarkably exerted, when, having in his prætorship put to death some Lusitanians, contrary, it was believed, to his previous and express engagement, Titus Libo, the tribune, exasperated the people against him, and preferred a bill which was to operate against his conduct as a subsequent law. Marcus Cato, as I have before mentioned, though extremely old, spoke in support of the bill with great vehemence; which speech he inserted in his book of *Antiquities*, a few days, or at most only a month or two, before his death. On this occasion, Galba not refusing to plead to the charge, and submitting his fate to the generosity of the people, recommended his children to their protection, with tears in his eyes; and particularly his young ward, the son of Caius Gallus Sulpicius, his deceased friend, whose orphan state and piercing cries, which were the more regarded for the sake of his illustrious father, excited their pity in a wonderful manner; and thus, as Cato informs us in his History, he escaped the flames which would otherwise have consumed him, by employing the children to move the compassion of the people.

“I likewise find (what may be easily judged from his orations still extant) that his prosecutor, Libo, was a man of some eloquence.”

As I concluded these remarks with a short pause, “What

can be the reason," said Brutus, "if there was so much merit in the oratory of Galba, that there is no trace of it to be seen in his orations? a circumstance which I have no opportunity to be surprised at in others, who have left nothing behind them in writing."

"The reasons," said I, "why some have not written anything, and others not so well as they spoke, are very different. Some of our orators, as being indolent, and unwilling to add the fatigue of private to public business, do not practise composition; for most of the orations we are now possessed of were written, not before they were spoken, but some time afterwards. Others did not choose the trouble of improving themselves, to which nothing more contributes than frequent writing; and as to perpetuating the fame of their eloquence, they thought it unnecessary; supposing that their eminence in that respect was sufficiently established already, and that it would be rather diminished than increased by submitting any written specimen of it to the arbitrary test of criticism.

"Some also were sensible that they spoke much better than they were able to write; which is generally the case of those who have a great genius, but little learning, such as Servius Galba. When he spoke, he was perhaps so much animated by the force of his abilities, and the natural warmth and impetuosity of his temper, that his language was rapid, bold, and striking; but afterwards, when he took up the pen in his leisure hours, and his passion had sunk into a calm, his elocution became dull and languid. This indeed can never happen to those whose only aim is to be neat and polished; because an orator may always be master of that discretion which will enable him both to speak and write in the same agreeable manner; but no man can revive at pleasure the ardour of his passions; and when that has once subsided, the fire and pathos of his language will be extinguished. This is the reason why the calm and easy spirit of Lælius seems still to breathe in his writings; whereas the vigour of Galba is entirely withered away.

"We may also reckon in the number of middling orators, the two brothers Lucius and Spurius Mummius, both whose orations are still in being; the style of Lucius is plain and antiquated; but that of Spurius, though equally unembellished,

is more close and compact; for he was well versed in the doctrine of the Stoics. The orations of Spurius Alpinus, their contemporary, are very numerous; and we have several by Lucius and Caius Aurelius Oresta, who were esteemed indifferent speakers. Publius Popilius also was a worthy citizen, and had a moderate share of elocution; but his son Caius was really eloquent. To these we may add Caius Tuditanus, who was not only very polished and graceful in his manners and appearance, but had an elegant turn of expression; and of the same class was Marcus Octavius, a man of inflexible constancy in every just and laudable measure; and who, after being insulted and disgraced in the most public manner, defeated his rival Tiberius Gracchus by the mere dint of his perseverance.

“But Marcus Æmilius Lepidus, who was surnamed Porcina, and flourished at the same time as Galba, though he was indeed something younger, was esteemed an orator of the first eminence; and really appears, from his orations which are still extant, to have been a masterly writer. For he was the first speaker among the Romans who gave us a specimen of the easy gracefulness of the Greeks; and who was distinguished by the measured flow of his language, and a style regularly polished and improved by art. His manner was carefully studied by Caius Carbo and Tiberius Gracchus, two accomplished youths, who were nearly of an age: but we must defer their character as public speakers, till we have finished our account of their elders. For Quintus Pompeius, considering the time in which he lived, was no contemptible orator, and actually raised himself to the highest honours of the state by his own personal merit, and without being recommended, as usual, by the quality of his ancestors.

“Lucius Cassius too derived his influence, which was very considerable, not indeed from the highest powers, yet from a tolerable share of eloquence; for it is remarkable that he made himself popular, not as others did, by his complaisance and liberality, but by the gloomy rigour and severity of his manners. His law for collecting the votes of the people by way of ballot, was strongly opposed by the tribune Marcus Antius Briso, who was supported by Marcus Lepidus, one of the consuls: and it was afterwards objected to Africanus, that Briso dropped the

opposition by his advice. At this time the two Cæpios were very serviceable to a number of clients by their superior judgment and eloquence; but still more so by their extensive interest and popularity. But the written speeches of Pompeius (though it must be owned they have rather an antiquated air) discover an amazing sagacity, and are very far from being dry and spiritless.

“To these we must add Publius Crassus, an orator of uncommon merit, who was qualified for the profession by the united efforts of art and nature, and enjoyed some other advantages which were almost peculiar to his family. For he had contracted an affinity with that accomplished speaker Servius Galba above-mentioned, by giving his daughter in marriage to Galba’s son; and being likewise himself the son of Mucius, and the brother of Publius Scævola, he had a fine opportunity at home (which he made the best use of) to gain a thorough knowledge of the civil law. He was a man of unusual application, and was much beloved by his fellow-citizens; being constantly employed either in giving his advice, or pleading causes in the forum. Contemporary with the speakers I have mentioned were the two Caii Fannii, the sons of Caius and Marcus, one of whom, (the son of Caius,) who was joint consul with Domitius, has left us an excellent speech against Gracchus, who proposed the admission of the Latin and Italian allies to the freedom of Rome.”

“Do you really think, then,” said Atticus, “that Fannius was the author of that oration? For when we were young, there were different opinions about it. Some asserted it was written by Caius Persius, a man of letters, and much extolled for his learning by Lucilius; and others believed it the joint production of a number of noblemen, each of whom contributed his best to complete it.”

“This I remember,” said I; “but I could never persuade myself to coincide with either of them. Their suspicion, I believe, was entirely founded on the character of Fannius, who was only reckoned among the *middling* orators; whereas the speech in question is esteemed the best which the time afforded. But, on the other hand, it is too much of a piece to have been the mingled composition of many; for the flow of the periods,

and the turn of the language, are perfectly similar, throughout the whole of it. And as to *Persius*, if he had composed it for Fannius to pronounce, Gracchus would certainly have taken some notice of it in his reply; because Fannius rallies Gracchus pretty severely, in one part of it, for employing Menelaus of Maratho, and several others, to compose his speeches.

“We may add, that Fannius himself was no contemptible orator; for he pleaded a number of causes, and his tribuneship, which was chiefly conducted under the management and direction of Publius Africanus, exhibited much oratory. But the other Caius Fannius (the son of Marcus and son-in-law of Caius Lælius) was of a rougher cast, both in his temper and manner of speaking. By the advice of his father-in-law, (of whom, by the by, he was not remarkably fond, because he had not voted for his admission into the college of augurs, but gave the preference to his younger son-in-law, Quintus Scævola; though Lælius politely excused himself, by saying that the preference was not given to the youngest son, but to his wife, the eldest daughter,) by his advice, I say, he attended the lectures of Panætius. His abilities as a speaker may be easily inferred from his history, which is neither destitute of elegance, nor a perfect model of composition.

“As to his brother Mucius, the augur, whenever he was called upon to defend himself, he always pleaded his own cause; as, for instance, in the action which was brought against him for bribery by Titus Albucius. But he was never ranked among the orators; his chief merit being a critical knowledge of the civil law, and an uncommon accuracy of judgment. Lucius Cælius Antipater, likewise, (as you may see by his works,) was an elegant and a perspicuous writer for the time he lived in; he was also an excellent lawyer, and taught the principles of jurisprudence to many others, particularly to Lucius Crassus.

“As to Caius Carbo and Tiberius Gracchus, I wish they had been as well inclined to maintain peace and good order in the state, as they were qualified to support it by their eloquence; their glory would then have never been excelled. But the latter, for his turbulent tribuneship, which he entered upon with a heart full of resentment against the great and good, on

account of the odium he had brought upon himself by the treaty of Numantia, was slain by the hands of the republic; and the other, being impeached of a seditious affectation of popularity, rescued himself from the severity of the judges by a voluntary death. That both of them were excellent speakers, is very plain from the general testimony of their contemporaries; for, as to their speeches now extant, though I allow them to be very skilful and judicious, they are certainly defective in elocution. Gracchus had the advantage of being carefully instructed by his mother Cornelia from his very childhood, and his mind was enriched with all the stores of Grecian literature; for he was constantly attended by the ablest masters from Greece, and particularly, in his youth, by Diophanes of Mitylene, who was the most eloquent Grecian of his age; but though he was a man of uncommon genius, he had but a short time to improve and display it.

“As to Carbo, his whole life was spent in trials, and forensic debates. He is said, by very sensible men who heard him, and among others by our friend Lucius Gellius, who lived in his family in the time of his consulship, to have been a sonorous, a fluent, and a spirited speaker, and likewise, upon occasion, very pathetic, very engaging, and excessively humorous: Gellius used to add, that he applied himself very closely to his studies, and bestowed much of his time in writing and private declamation. He was, therefore, esteemed the best pleader of his time; for no sooner had he begun to distinguish himself in the forum, but the depravity of the age gave birth to a number of law-suits; and it was first found necessary, in the time of his youth, to settle the form of public trials, which had never been done before.

“We accordingly find that Lucius Piso, then a tribune of the people, was the first who proposed a law against bribery; which he did when Censorinus and Manilius were consuls. This Piso too was a professed pleader, who moved and opposed a great number of laws; he left some orations behind him, which are now lost, and a book of annals very indifferently written. But in the public trials, in which Carbo was concerned, the assistance of an able advocate had become more necessary than ever, in consequence of the law for voting by



ballots, which was proposed and carried by Lucius Cassius, in the consulship of Lepidus and Mancinus.

“I have likewise been often assured by the poet Attius, (an intimate friend of his,) that your ancestor Decimus Brutus, the son of Marcus, was no inelegant speaker; and that, for the time he lived in, he was well versed both in the Greek and Roman literature. He ascribed the same accomplishments to Quintus Maximus, the grandson of Lucius Paulus; and added that, a little prior to Maximus, the Scipio, by whose instigation (though only in a private capacity) Tiberius Gracchus was assassinated, was not only a man of great ardour in all other respects, but very warm and spirited in his manner of speaking. Publius Lentulus too, the father of the senate, had a sufficient share of eloquence for an honest and useful magistrate.

“About the same time Lucius Furius Philus was thought to speak our language as elegantly and more correctly than any other man; Publius Scævola to be very acute and judicious, and rather more fluent than Philus; Manius Manilius to possess almost an equal share of judgment with the latter; and Appius Claudius to be equally fluent, but more warm and pathetic. Marcus Fulvius Flaccus, and Caius Cato the nephew of Africanus, were likewise tolerable orators; some of the writings of Flaccus are still in being, in which nothing, however, is to be seen but the mere scholar.

“Publius Decius was a professed rival of Flaccus; he too was not destitute of eloquence; but his style was too bold, as his temper was too violent. Marcus Drusus, the son of Claudius, who, in his tribuneship, baffled his colleague Gracchus (then raised to the same office a second time) was a nervous speaker, and a man of great popularity: and next to him was his brother Caius Drusus.

“Your kinsman also, my Brutus, (Marcus Pennus,) successfully opposed the tribune Gracchus, who was something younger than himself. For Gracchus was quæstor, and Pennus (the son of that Marcus, who was joint consul with Quintus Ælius) was tribune, in the consulship of Marcus Lepidus and Lucius Orestes; but after enjoying the ædileship, and a prospect of succeeding to the highest honours, he was snatched off by an untimely death. As to Titus Flamininus, whom I my-

self have seen, I can learn nothing but that he spoke our language with great accuracy.

"To these we may join Caius Curio, Marcus Scaurus, Publius Rutilius, and Caius Gracchus. It will not be amiss to give a short account of Scaurus and Rutilius; neither of whom, indeed, had the reputation of being a first-rate orator, though each of them pleaded a number of causes. But some deserving men, who were not remarkable for their genius, may be justly commended for their industry; not that the persons I am speaking of were really destitute of genius, but only of that particular kind of it which distinguishes the orator. For it is of little consequence to discover what is *proper* to be said, unless you are able to express it in a free and agreeable manner; and even that will be insufficient, if not recommended by the voice, the look, and the gesture. It is needless to add, that much depends upon *art*; for though, even without this, it is possible, by the mere force of nature, to say many striking things; yet, as they will after all be nothing more than so many lucky hits, we shall not be able to repeat them at our pleasure.

"The style of Scaurus, who was a very sensible and an honest man, was remarkably grave, and commanded the respect of the hearer; so that, when he was speaking for his client, you would rather have thought he was giving evidence in his favour, than pleading his cause. This manner of speaking, however, though but indifferently adapted to the bar, was very much so to a calm debate in the senate, of which Scaurus was then esteemed the father; for it not only bespoke his prudence, but, what was still a more important recommendation, his credibility. This advantage, which it is not easy to acquire by art, he derived entirely from nature; though you know that even here we have some precepts to assist us. We have several of his orations still extant, and three books inscribed to Lucius Fufidius, containing the history of his own life, which, though a very useful work, is scarcely read by anybody. But the *Institution of Cyrus*, by Xenophon, is read by every one; which, though an excellent performance of the kind, is much less adapted to our manners and form of government, and not superior in merit to the honest simplicity of Scaurus.

"Fufidius himself was likewise a tolerable pleader; but

Rutilius was distinguished by his solemn and austere way of speaking; and both of them were naturally warm and spirited. Accordingly, after they had rivalled each other for the consulship, he who had lost his election, immediately sued his competitor for bribery; and Scaurus, the defendant, being honourably acquitted of the charge, returned the compliment to Rutilius, by commencing a similar prosecution against him.

“Rutilius was a man of great industry and application; for which he was the more respected, because, besides his pleadings, he undertook the office (which was a very troublesome one) of giving advice to all who applied to him, in matters of law. His orations are very dry, but his juridical remarks are excellent; for he was a learned man, and well versed in the Greek literature, and was likewise an attentive and constant hearer of Panætius, and a thorough proficient in the doctrine of the Stoics; whose method of discoursing, though very close and artful, is too precise, and not at all adapted to engage the attention of common people. That self-confidence, therefore, which is so peculiar to the sect, was displayed by him with amazing firmness and resolution; for though he was perfectly innocent of the charge, a prosecution was commenced against him for bribery (a trial which raised a violent commotion in the city), and yet, though Lucius Crassus and Marcus Antonius, both of consular dignity, were at that time in very high repute for their eloquence, he refused the assistance of either; being determined to plead his cause himself, which he accordingly did.

“Caius Cotta, indeed, who was his nephew, made a short speech in his vindication, which he spoke in the true style of an orator, though he was then but a youth. Quintus Mucius too said much in his defence; with his usual accuracy and elegance; but not with that force and extension which the mode of trial and the importance of the cause demanded. Rutilius, therefore, was an orator of the *Stoical*, and Scaurus of the *Antique* cast; but they are both entitled to our commendation; because, in them, even this formal and unpromising species of elocution has appeared among us with some degree of merit. For as in the theatre, so in the forum, I would not have our applause confined to those alone who act the busy and more

important characters; but reserve a share of it for the quiet and unambitious performer, who is distinguished by a simple truth of gesture, without any violence.

“As I have mentioned the Stoics, I must take some notice of Quintus Ælius Tubero, the grandson of Lucius Paullus, who made his appearance at the time we are speaking of. He was never esteemed an orator, but was a man of the most rigid virtue, and strictly conformable to the doctrine he professed; but, in truth, he had not sufficient ease and polish. In his Triumvirate, he declared, contrary to the opinion of Publius Africanus his uncle, that the augurs had no right of exemption from sitting in the courts of justice; and as in his temper, so in his manner of speaking, he was harsh, unpolished, and austere; on which account, he could never raise himself to the honourable posts which were enjoyed by his ancestors. But he was a brave and steady citizen, and a warm opposer of Gracchus, as appears from Gracchus’s oration against him; we have likewise some of Tubero’s speeches against Gracchus. He was not indeed a shining orator: but he was a learned and very skilful disputant.”

“I find,” said Brutus, “that the case is much the same among us, as with the Greeks; and that the Stoics, in general, are very judicious at an argument, which they conduct by certain rules of art, and are likewise very neat and exact in their language; but if we take them from this, to speak in public, they make a poor appearance. Cato, however, must be excepted; in whom, though as rigid a Stoic as ever existed, I could not wish for a more consummate degree of eloquence. I can likewise discover a moderate share of it in Fannius,—not so much in Rutilius; but none at all in Tubero.”

“True,” said I; “and we may easily account for it; their whole attention was so closely confined to the study of logic, that they never troubled themselves to acquire the free, diffusive, and variegated style which is so necessary for a public speaker. But your uncle, you doubtless know, was wise enough to borrow only that from the Stoics which they were able to furnish for his purpose (the art of reasoning); but for the art of speaking, he had recourse to the masters of rhetoric, and exercised himself in the manner they directed. If, how-

ever, we must be indebted for everything to the philosophers, the Peripatetic discipline is, in my mind, much the most proper to form our language. For which reason, my Brutus, I the more approve your choice, in attaching yourself to a sect, (I mean the philosophers of the old Academy,) in whose system a just and accurate way of reasoning is enlivened by a perpetual sweetness and fluency of expression; but even the delicate and flowing style of the Peripatetics and Academics is not sufficient to complete an orator; nor yet can he be complete without it. For as the language of the Stoics is too close and contracted to suit the ears of common people, so that of the latter is too diffusive and luxuriant for a spirited contest in the forum, or a pleading at the bar. Who had a richer style than Plato? The philosophers tell us, that if Jupiter himself was to converse in Greek, he would speak like him. Who also was more nervous than Aristotle? Who sweeter than Theophrastus? We are told that even Demosthenes attended the lectures of Plato, and was fond of reading what he published; which, indeed, is sufficiently evident from the turn and majesty of his language; and he himself has expressly mentioned it in one of his letters. But the style of this excellent orator is, notwithstanding, much too violent for the academy; as that of the philosophers is too mild and placid for the forum.

"I shall now, with your leave, proceed to the age and merits of the rest of the Roman orators."

"Nothing," said Atticus—"for I can safely answer for my friend Brutus—would please us better."

"Curio, then," said I, "was nearly of the age I have just mentioned; a celebrated speaker, whose genius may be easily ascertained from his orations. For, among several others, we have a noble speech of his for Servius Fulvius, in a prosecution for incest. When we were children, it was esteemed the best then extant; but now it is almost overlooked among the numerous performances of the same kind which have been lately published."

"I am very sensible," replied Brutus, "to whom we are obliged for the numerous performances you speak of."

"And I am equally sensible," said I, "who is the person you intend; for I have at least done a service to my young country-

men, by introducing a loftier and more embellished way of speaking than was used before; and, perhaps, I have also done some harm, because after mine appeared, the speeches of our predecessors began to be neglected by most people; though never by me, for I can assure you, I always prefer them to my own."

"But you must reckon me," said Brutus, "among the *most people*; though I now see, from your recommendation, that I have a great many books to read, of which before I had very little opinion."

"But this celebrated oration," said I, "in the prosecution for incest, is in some places excessively puerile; and what is said in it of the passion of love, the inefficacy of questioning by tortures, and the danger of trusting to common hearsay, is indeed pretty enough, but would be insufferable to the chastened ears of the moderns, and to a people who are justly distinguished for the solidity of their knowledge. He likewise wrote several other pieces, spoke a number of good orations, and was certainly an eminent pleader; so that I much wonder, considering how long he lived and the character he bore, that he was never preferred to the consulship.

"But I have a man here,¹ (Caius Gracchus,) who had an amazing genius, and the most ardent application; and was a scholar from his very childhood; for you must not imagine, my Brutus, that we have ever yet had a speaker whose language was richer and more copious than his."

"I really think so," answered Brutus; "and he is almost the only author we have, among the ancients, that I take the trouble to read."

"And he well deserves it," said I; "for the Roman name and literature were great losers by his untimely fate. I wish he had transferred his affection for his brother to his country! How easily, if he had thus prolonged his life, would he have rivalled the glory of his father and grandfather! In eloquence, I scarcely know whether we should yet have had his equal. His

¹ He refers, perhaps, to the works of Gracchus, which he might then have in his hand; or, more probably, to a statue of him, which stood near the place where he and his friends were sitting.

language was noble; his sentiments manly and judicious; and his whole manner great and striking. He wanted nothing but the finishing touch: for though his first attempts were as excellent as they were numerous, he did not live to complete them. In short, my Brutus, he, if any one, should be carefully studied by the Roman youth; for he is able, not only to sharpen, but to enrich and ripen their talents.

"After him appeared Caius Galba, the son of the eloquent Servius, and the son-in-law of Publius Crassus, who was both an eminent speaker and a skilful civilian. He was much commended by our fathers, who respected him for the sake of his; but he had the misfortune to be stopped in his career. For being tried by the Mamilian law, as a party concerned in the conspiracy to support Jugurtha, though he exerted all his abilities to defend himself, he was unhappily condemned. His peroration, or, as it is often called, his epilogue, is still extant; and was so much in repute, when we were schoolboys, that we used to learn it by heart; he was the first member of the Sacerdotal College, since the building of Rome, who was publicly tried and condemned.

"As to Publius Scipio, who died in his consulship, he neither spoke much, nor often; but he was inferior to no one in purity of language, and superior to all in wit and pleasantry. His colleague, Lucius Bestia, who began his tribuneship very successfully, (for, by a law which he preferred for the purpose, he procured the recal of Popillius, who had been exiled by the influence of Caius Gracchus,) was a man of spirit, and a tolerable speaker; but he did not finish his consulship equally happily. For, in consequence of the invidious law of Mamilius above-mentioned, Caius Galba, one of the priests, and the four consular gentlemen, Lucius Bestia, Caius Cato, Spurius Albinus, and that excellent citizen Lucius Opimius, who killed Gracchus, of which he was acquitted by the people, though he had constantly sided against them, were all condemned by their judges, who were of the Gracchan party.

"Very unlike him in his tribuneship, and indeed in every other part of his life, was that infamous citizen Caius Licinius Nerva; but he was not destitute of eloquence. Nearly at the same time (though, indeed, he was somewhat older) flourished

Caius Fimbria, who was rather rough and abusive, and much too warm and hasty; but his application, and his great integrity and firmness, made him a serviceable speaker in the senate. He was likewise a tolerable pleader and civilian, and distinguished by the same rigid freedom in the turn of his language, as in that of his virtues. When we were boys, we used to think his orations worth reading; though they are now scarcely to be met with. But Caius Sextius Calvinus was equally elegant, both in his taste and his language, though, unhappily, of a very infirm constitution; when the pain in his feet intermitted, he did not decline the trouble of pleading, but he did not attempt it very often. His fellow-citizens, therefore, made use of his advice, whenever they had occasion for it; but of his patronage, only when his health permitted.

“Contemporary with these, my good friend, was your namesake Marcus Brutus, the disgrace of your noble family; who, though he bore that honourable name, and had the best of men and an eminent civilian for his father, confined his practice to accusations, as Lycurgus is said to have done at Athens. He never sued for any of our magistracies; but was a severe and a troublesome prosecutor; so that we easily see that, in him, the natural goodness of the stock was corrupted by the vicious inclinations of the man.

“At the same time lived Lucius Cæsulenus, a man of plebeian rank, and a professed accuser, like the former; I myself heard him in his old age, when he endeavoured, by the Aquilian law, to subject Lucius Sabellius to a fine, for a breach of justice. But I should not have taken any notice of such a low-born wretch, if I had not thought that no person I ever heard, could give a more suspicious turn to the cause of the defendant, or exaggerate it to a higher degree of criminality.

“Titus Albucius, who lived in the same age, was well versed in the Grecian literature, or, rather, was almost a Greek himself. I speak of him as I think; but any person who pleases may judge what he was by his orations. In his youth, he studied at Athens, and returned from thence a thorough proficient in the doctrine of Epicurus; which, of all others, is the least adapted to form an orator.

“His contemporary, Quintus Catulus, was an accomplished

speaker, not in the ancient taste, but (unless anything more perfect can be exhibited) in the finished style of the moderns. He had copious stores of learning; an easy, winning elegance, not only in his manners and disposition, but in his very language; and an unblemished purity and correctness of style. This may be easily seen by his orations; and particularly by the History of his Consulship, and of his subsequent transactions, which he composed in the soft and agreeable manner of Xenophon, and made a present of to the poet Aulus Furius, an intimate acquaintance of his. But this performance is as little known as the three books of Scaurus before-mentioned."

"Indeed, I must confess," said Brutus, "that both the one and the other are perfectly unknown to me; but that is entirely my own fault. I shall now, therefore, request a sight of them from you; and am resolved, in future, to be more careful in collecting such valuable curiosities."

"This Catulus," said I, "as I have just observed, was distinguished by the purity of his language; which, though a material accomplishment, is too much neglected by most of the Roman orators; for as to the elegant tone of his voice, and the sweetness of his accent, as you knew his son, it will be needless to take any notice of them. His son, indeed, was not in the list of orators; but whenever he had occasion to deliver his sentiments in public, he neither wanted judgment, nor a neat and liberal turn of expression. Nay, even the father himself was not reckoned the foremost in the rank of orators; but still he had that kind of merit, that notwithstanding after you had heard two or three speakers who were particularly eminent in their profession, you might judge him inferior; yet, whenever you hear him *alone*, and without an immediate opportunity of making a comparison, you would not only be satisfied with him, but scarcely wish for a better advocate.

"As to Quintus Metellus Numidicus, and his colleague Marcus Silanus, they spoke, on matters of government, with as much eloquence as was really necessary for men of their illustrious character, and of consular dignity. But Marcus Aurelius Scaurus, though he spoke in public but seldom, always spoke very neatly, and he had a more elegant command of the Roman language than most men. Aulus Albinus was a speaker

of the same kind; but Albinus the flamen was esteemed an *orator*. Quintus Cæpio, too, had a great deal of spirit, and was a brave citizen; but the unlucky chance of war was imputed to him as a crime, and the general odium of the people proved his ruin.

“Caius and Lucius Memmius were likewise indifferent orators, and distinguished by the bitterness and asperity of their accusations; for they prosecuted many, but seldom spoke for the defendant. Spurius Thorius, on the other hand, was distinguished by his *popular* way of speaking; the very same man who, by his corrupt and frivolous law, diminished¹ the taxes which were levied on the public lands. Marcus Marcellus, the father of Æserninus, though not reckoned a professed pleader, was a prompt, and, in some degree, a practised speaker; as was also his son Publius Lentulus.

“Lucius Cotta likewise, a man of prætorian rank, was esteemed a tolerable orator; but he never made any great progress; on the contrary, he purposely endeavoured, both in the choice of his words and the rusticity of his pronunciation, to imitate the manner of the ancients. I am indeed sensible that in this instance of Cotta, and in many others, I have and shall again insert in the list of orators those who, in reality, had but little claim to the character. For it was, professedly, my design to collect an account of all the Romans, without exception, who made it their business to excel in the profession of eloquence; and it may be easily seen from this account by what slow gradations they advanced, and how excessively difficult it is in everything to rise to the summit of perfection. As a proof of this, how many orators have been already recounted, and how much time have we bestowed upon them, before we could ascend, after infinite fatigue and drudgery, as, among the Greeks, to *Demosthenes* and *Hyperides*, so now, among our own countrymen, to *Antonius* and *Crassus*! For, in my mind, these were consummate orators, and the first among the Romans whose diffusive eloquence rivalled the glory of the Greeks.

“Antonius comprehended everything which could be of

¹ By dividing great part of them among the people.

service to his cause, and he arranged his materials in the most advantageous order; and as a skilful general posts the cavalry, the infantry, and the light troops, where each of them can act to most advantage, so Antonius drew up his arguments in those parts of his discourse, where they were likely to have the best effect. He had a quick and retentive memory, and a frankness of manner which precluded any suspicion of artifice. All his speeches were, in appearance, the unpremeditated effusions of an honest heart; and yet, in reality, they were preconcerted with so much skill, that the judges were sometimes not so well prepared as they should have been, to withstand the force of them. His language, indeed, was not so refined as to pass for the standard of elegance; for which reason he was thought to be rather a careless speaker; and yet, on the other hand, it was neither vulgar nor incorrect, but of that solid and judicious turn which constitutes the real merit of an orator, as to the choice of his words. For, though a purity of style is certainly, as has been observed, a very commendable quality, it is not so much so for its intrinsic consequence, as because it is too generally neglected. In short, it is not so meritorious to speak our native tongue correctly, as it is disgraceful to speak it otherwise; nor is it so much the characteristic of a good orator as of a well-bred citizen. But in the choice of his words (in which he had more regard to their weight than their brilliance), and likewise in the structure of his language and the compass of his periods, Antonius conformed himself to the dictates of reason, and, in a great measure, to the nicer rules of art; though his chief excellence was a judicious management of the figures and decorations of sentiment. This was likewise the distinguishing excellence of Demosthenes; in which he was so far superior to all others, as to be allowed, in the opinion of the best judges, to be the prince of orators. For the *figures* (as they are called by the Greeks) are the principal ornaments of an able speaker;—I mean those which contribute not so much to paint and embellish our language, as to give a lustre to our sentiments.

“But besides these, of which Antonius had a great command, he had a peculiar excellence in his manner of delivery, both as to his voice and gesture; for the latter was such as

to correspond to the meaning of every sentence, without beating time to the words. His hands, his shoulders, the turn of his body, the stamp of his foot, his posture, his air, and, in short, all his motions, were adapted to his language and sentiments; and his voice was strong and firm, though naturally hoarse,—a defect which he alone was capable of improving to his advantage; for in capital causes, it had a mournful dignity of accent, which was exceedingly proper, both to win the assent of the judges, and excite their compassion for a suffering client; so that in him the observation of Demosthenes was eminently verified; who, being asked what was the *first* quality of a good orator, what the *second*, and what the *third*, constantly replied, ‘A good enunciation.’

“But many thought that he was equalled, and others that he was even excelled, by Lucius Crassus. All, however, were agreed in this, that whoever had either of them for his advocate, had no cause to wish for a better. For my own part, notwithstanding the uncommon merit I have ascribed to Antonius, I must also acknowledge, that there cannot be a more finished character than that of Crassus. He possessed a wonderful dignity of elocution, with an agreeable mixture of wit and pleasantry, which was perfectly polished, and without the smallest tincture of scurrility. His style was correct and elegant, without stiffness or affectation; his method of reasoning was remarkably clear and distinct; and when his cause turned upon any point of law or equity, he had an inexhaustible fund of arguments and comparative illustrations.

“For as Antonius had an admirable turn for suggesting apposite hints, and either suppressing or exciting the suspicions of the hearer, so no man could explain and define, or discuss a point of equity, with a more copious facility than Crassus; as sufficiently appeared upon many other occasions. but particularly in the cause of Manius Curius, which was tried before the Centumviri. For he urged a great variety of arguments in the defence of right and equity, against the literal *jubet* of the law; and supported them by such a numerous series of precedents, that he overpowered “Quintus Scævola (a man of uncommon penetration, and the ablest civilian of his time), though the case before them was only a matter of

legal right. But the cause was so ably managed by the two advocates, who were nearly of an age, and both of consular rank, that while each endeavoured to interpret the law in favour of his client, Crassus was universally allowed to be the best lawyer among the orators, and Scævola to be the most eloquent civilian of the age; for the latter could not only discover with the nicest precision what was agreeable to law and equity, but had likewise a conciseness and propriety of expression, which was admirably adapted to his purpose. In short, he had such a wonderful vein of oratory in commenting, explaining, and discussing, that I never beheld his equal; though in amplifying, embellishing, and refuting, he was rather to be dreaded as a formidable critic, than admired as an eloquent speaker."

"Indeed," said Brutus, "though I always thought I sufficiently understood the character of Scævola, by the account I had heard of him from Caius Rutilius, whose company I frequented for the sake of his acquaintance with him, I had not the least idea of his merit as an orator. I am now, therefore, not a little pleased to be informed, that our republic has had the honour of producing so accomplished a man, and such an excellent genius."

"Really, my Brutus," said I, "you may take it from me, that the Roman state had never been adorned with two finer characters than these. For, as I have before observed that the one was the best lawyer among the orators, and the other the best speaker among the civilians of his time; so the difference between them, in all other respects, was of such a nature, that it would almost be impossible for you to determine which of the two you would rather choose to resemble. For, as Crassus was the closest of all our elegant speakers, so Scævola was the most elegant among those who were distinguished by the concise accuracy of their language; and as Crassus tempered his affability with a proper share of severity, so the rigid air of Scævola was not destitute of the milder graces of an affable condescension. Though this was really their character, it is very impossible that I may be thought to have embellished it beyond the bounds of truth, to give an agreeable air to my narrative; but as your favourite sect,

my Brutus, the old Academy, has defined all virtue to be a just mediocrity, it was the constant endeavour of these two eminent men to pursue this golden mean; and yet it so happened, that while each of them shared a part of the other's excellence, he preserved his own entire."

"To speak what I think," replied Brutus, "I have not only acquired a proper acquaintance with their characters from your account of them, but I can likewise discover, that the same comparison might be drawn between you and Servius Sulpicius, which you have just been making between Crassus and Scævola."

"In what manner?" said I. "Because *you*," replied Brutus, "have taken the pains to acquire as extensive a knowledge of the law as is necessary for an orator; and *Sulpicius*, on the other hand, took care to furnish himself with sufficient eloquence to support the character of an able civilian. Besides, your age corresponded as nearly to his, as the age of Crassus did to that of Scævola."

"As to my own abilities," said I, "the rules of decency forbid me to speak of them; but your character of Servius is a very just one, and I may freely tell you what I think of him. There are few, I believe, who have applied themselves more assiduously to the art of speaking than he did, or indeed to the study of every useful science. In our youth, we both of us followed the same liberal exercises; and he afterwards accompanied me to Rhodes, to pursue those studies which might equally improve him as a man and a scholar; but when he returned from thence, he appears to me to have been rather ambitious of being the foremost man in a secondary profession, than the second in that which claims the highest dignity. I will not pretend to say, that he could not have ranked himself among the first in the latter profession; but he rather chose to be, what he actually made himself, the first lawyer of his time."

"Indeed!" said Brutus: "and do you really prefer Servius to Quintus Scævola?" "My opinion," said I, "Brutus, is, that Quintus Scævola and many others had a thorough practical knowledge of the law; but that Servius alone understood it as a *science*; which he could never have done by the mere study

of the law, and without a previous acquaintance with the art, which teaches us to divide a whole into its subordinate parts, to explain an indeterminate idea by an accurate definition; to illustrate what is obscure by a clear interpretation; and first to discover what things are of a *doubtful* nature, then to distinguish them by their different degrees of probability; and, lastly, to be provided with a certain rule or measure by which we may judge what is true, and what false, and what inferences fairly may or may not be deduced from any given premises. This important art he applied to those subjects which, for want of it, were necessarily managed by others without due order and precision."

"You mean, I suppose," said Brutus, "the art of logic." "You suppose very rightly," answered I; "but he added to it an extensive acquaintance with polite literature, and an elegant manner of expressing himself; as is sufficiently evident from the incomparable writings he has left behind him. And as he attached himself, for the improvement of his eloquence, to Lucius Lucilius Balbus and Caius Aquilius Gallus, two very able speakers, he effectually thwarted the prompt celerity of the latter (though a keen, experienced man) both in supporting and refuting a charge, by his accuracy and precision, and overpowered the deliberate formality of Balbus (a man of great learning and erudition) by his adroit and dexterous method of arguing; so that he equally possessed the good qualities of both, without their defects. As Crassus, therefore, in my mind, acted more prudently than Scævola; (for the latter was very fond of pleading causes, in which he was certainly inferior to Crassus; whereas the former never engaged himself in an unequal competition with Scævola, by assuming the character of a civilian;) so Servius pursued a plan which sufficiently discovered his wisdom; for as the profession of a pleader and a lawyer are both of them held in great esteem, and give those who are masters of them the most extensive influence among their fellow-citizens, he acquired an undisputed superiority in the one, and improved himself as much in the other as was necessary to support the authority of the civil law, and promote him to the dignity of consul."

"This is precisely the opinion I had formed of him," said Brutus. "For a few years ago I heard him often, and very attentively, at Samos, when I wanted to be instructed by him in the pontifical law, as far as it is connected with the civil; and I am now greatly confirmed in my opinion of him, by finding that it coincides so exactly with yours. I am likewise not a little pleased to observe, that the equality of your ages, your sharing the same honours and preferments, and the affinity of your respective studies and professions, has been so far from precipitating either of you into that envious detraction of the other's merit, which most people are tormented with, that, instead of interrupting your mutual friendship, it has only served to increase and strengthen it; for, to my own knowledge, he had the same affection for, and the same favourable sentiments of *you*, which I now discover in you towards *him*. I cannot, therefore, help regretting very sincerely, that the Roman state has so long been deprived of the benefit of his advice and of your eloquence; a circumstance which is indeed calamitous enough in itself, but must appear much more so to him who considers into what hands that once respectable authority has been of late, I will not say transferred, but forcibly wrested."

"You certainly forget," said Atticus, "that I proposed, when we began the conversation, to drop all matters of state; by all means, therefore, let us keep to our plan; for if we once begin to repeat our grievances, there will be no end, I need not say to our inquiries, but to our sighs and lamentations."

"Let us proceed, then," said I, "without any farther digression, and pursue the plan we set out upon. Crassus (for he is the orator we were just speaking of) always came into the forum ready prepared for the combat. He was expected with impatience, and heard with pleasure. When he first began his oration (which he always did in a very accurate style), he seemed worthy of the great expectations he had raised. He was very moderate in the movements of his body, had no remarkable variation of voice, never advanced from the ground he stood upon, and seldom stamped his foot; his language was forcible, and sometimes warm and pathetic; he

had many strokes of humour, which were always tempered with a becoming dignity; and, what is difficult to attain, he was at once very florid and very concise. In a close contest, he never met with his equal; and there was scarcely any kind of causes in which he had not signalised his abilities; so that he enrolled himself very early among the first orators of the time. He accused Caius Carbo, though a man of great eloquence, when he was but a youth; and displayed his talents in such a manner, that they were not only applauded, but admired by everybody. He afterwards defended the virgin Licinia, when he was only twenty-seven years of age; on which occasion he discovered an uncommon share of eloquence, as is evident from those parts of his oration which he left behind him in writing. As he was then desirous to have the honour of settling the colony of Narbonne (as he afterwards did), he thought it advisable to recommend himself by undertaking the management of some popular cause. His oration in support of the act which was proposed for that purpose, is still extant; and discovers a greater maturity of genius than might have been expected at that time of life. He afterwards pleaded many other causes; but his tribuneship was so remarkably silent, that if he had not supped with Granius the beadle when he enjoyed that office (a circumstance which has been twice mentioned by Lucilius), we should scarcely have known that a tribune of that name had existed."

"I believe so," replied Brutus; "but I have heard as little of the tribuneship of Scævola, though I must naturally suppose that he was the colleague of Crassus." "He was so," said I, "in all his other preferments; but he was not tribune till the year after him; and when he sat in the rostrum in that capacity, Crassus spoke in support of the Servilian law. I must observe, however, that Crassus had not Scævola for his colleague in the censorship; for none of the Scævolas ever solicited that office. But when the last-mentioned oration of Crassus was published (which I dare say you have frequently read), he was thirty-four years of age, which was exactly the difference between his age and mine. For he supported the law I have just been speaking of, in the very

consulship under which I was born; whereas he himself was born in the consulship of Quintus Cæpio and Caius Lælius, about three years later than Antonius. I have particularly noticed this circumstance, to specify the time when the Roman eloquence attained its first *maturity*; and was actually carried to such a degree of perfection, as to leave no room for any one to carry it higher, unless by the assistance of a more complete and extensive knowledge of philosophy, jurisprudence, and history."

"But does there," said Brutus, "or will there ever exist a man, who is furnished with all the united accomplishments you require?" "I really do not know," said I; "but we have a speech made by Crassus in his consulship, in praise of Quintus Cæpio, intermingled with a defence of his conduct, which, though a short one if we consider it as an oration, is not so as a panegyric; and another, which was his last, and which he spoke in the forty-eighth year of his age, at the time he was censor. In these we have the genuine complexion of eloquence, without any painting or disguise; but his periods (I mean those of Crassus) were generally short and concise; and he was fond of expressing himself in those minuter sentences, or members, which the Greeks call *colons*."

"As you have spoken so largely," said Brutus, "in praise of the two last-mentioned orators, I heartily wish that Antonius had left us some other specimen of his abilities than his trifling essay on the art of speaking, and Crassus more than he has; by so doing, they would have transmitted their fame to posterity, and to us a valuable system of eloquence. For as to the elegant language of Scævola, we have sufficient proofs of it in the orations he has left behind him."

"For my part," said I, "the oration I was speaking of, on Cæpio's case, has been a model which served to instruct me from my very childhood. It supports the dignity of the senate, which was deeply interested in the debate; and excites the jealousy of the audience against the party of the judges and accusers, whose powers it was necessary to expose in the most popular terms. Many parts of it are very strong and nervous; many others very cool and composed; and some are distinguished by the asperity of their language, and not a few

by their wit and pleasantry: but much more was said than was committed to writing, as is sufficiently evident from several heads of the oration, which are merely proposed without any enlargement or explanation. But the oration in his censorship against his colleague Cneius Domitius, is not so much an oration as an analysis of the subject, or a general sketch of what he had said, with here and there a few ornamental touches, by way of specimen; for no contest was ever conducted with greater spirit than this. Crassus, however, was eminently distinguished by the popular turn of his language; but that of Antonius was better adapted to judicial trials than to a public debate.

“As we have had occasion to mention him, Domitius himself must not be left unnoticed; for though he is not enrolled in the list of orators, he had a sufficient share, both of utterance and genius, to support his character as a magistrate, and his dignity as a consul. I might likewise observe of Caius Cælius, that he was a man of great application and many eminent qualities, and had eloquence enough to support the private interests of his friends, and his own dignity in the state.

“At the same time lived Marcus Herennius, who was reckoned among the middling orators, whose principal merit was the purity and correctness of their language; and yet, in a suit for the consulship, he got the better of Lucius Philippus, a man of the first rank and family, and of the most extensive connexions, and who was likewise a member of the college, and a very eloquent speaker.

“Then also lived Caius Clodius, who, besides his consequence as a nobleman of the first distinction and a man of the most powerful influence, was likewise possessed of a moderate share of eloquence. Nearly of the same age was Caius Titius, a Roman knight, who, in my judgment, arrived at as high a degree of perfection as a Roman orator was able to do, without the assistance of the Grecian literature, and a good share of practice. His orations have so many delicate turns, such a number of well-chosen examples, and such an agreeable vein of politeness, that they almost seem to have been composed in the true Attic style. He likewise transferred

his delicacies into his tragedies, with ingenuity enough, I confess, but not in the tragic taste.

“But the poet Lucius Afranius, whom he studiously imitated, was a very lively writer, and, as you well know, possessed great dramatic eloquence. Quintus Rubrius Varro, who with Caius Marius was declared an enemy by the senate, was likewise a warm and very spirited prosecutor. My relation, Marcus Gratidius, was a plausible speaker of the same kind, well versed in Grecian literature, formed by nature for the profession of eloquence, and an intimate acquaintance of Marcus Antonius; he commanded under him in Cilicia, where he lost his life; and he once commenced a prosecution against Caius Fimbria, the father of Marcus Marius Gratidianus.

“There have likewise been several among the allies, and the Latins, who were esteemed good orators; as, for instance, Quintus Vettius of Vettium, one of the Marsi, whom I myself was acquainted with, a man of sense, and a concise speaker; the Valerii, Quintus and Decimus, of Sora, my neighbours and acquaintances, who were not so remarkable for their talent in speaking, as for their skill both in Greek and Roman literature; and Caius Rusticellus of Bononia, an experienced orator, and a man of great natural volubility. But the most eloquent of all those who were not citizens of Rome, was Tiberius Betucius Barrus of Asculum, some of whose orations, which were spoken in that city, are still extant; that which he made at Rome against Cæpio, is really excellent; the speech which Cæpio delivered in answer to it, was made by Ælius, who composed a number of orations, but pronounced none himself. But among those of a remoter date, Lucius Papirius of Fregellæ in Latium, who was almost contemporary with Tiberius Gracchus, was universally esteemed the most eloquent; we have a speech of his in vindication of the Fregellans, and the Latin colonies, which was delivered before the senate.”

“And what then is the merit,” said Brutus, “which you mean to ascribe to these provincial orators?” “What else,” replied I, “but the very same which I have ascribed to the city orators; excepting that their language is not tinctured with the same fashionable delicacy.”

"What fashionable delicacy do you mean?" said he. "I cannot," said I, "pretend to define it; I only know that there is such a quality existing. When you go to your province in Gaul, you will be convinced of it. You will there find many expressions which are not current in Rome; but these may be easily changed, and corrected. But what is of greater importance, our orators have a particular accent in their manner of pronouncing, which is more elegant, and has a more agreeable effect than any other. This, however, is not peculiar to the orators, but is equally common to every well-bred citizen. I myself remember that Titus Tincas, of Placentia, who was a very facetious man, once engaged in raillery with my old friend Quintus Granius, the public crier."

"Do you mean that Granius," said Brutus, "of whom Lucilius has related such a number of stories?" "The very same," said I; "but though Tincas said as many smart things as the other, Granius at last overpowered him by a certain vernacular *goût*, which gave an additional relish to his humour; so that I am no longer surprised at what is said to have happened to Theophrastus, when he inquired of an old woman who kept a stall, what was the price of something which he wanted to purchase. After telling him the value of it, 'Honest stranger,' said she, 'I cannot afford it for less;' an answer which nettled him not a little, to think that he who had resided almost all his life at Athens, and spoke the language very correctly, should be taken at last for a foreigner. In the same manner, there is, in my opinion, a certain accent as peculiar to the native citizens of Rome, as the other was to those of Athens. But it is time for us to return home; I mean, to the orators of our own growth.

"Next, therefore, to the two capital speakers above-mentioned, (that is, Crassus and Antonius,) came Lucius Philippus, —not indeed till a considerable time afterwards; but still he must be reckoned the next. I do not mean, however, though nobody appeared in the interim who could dispute the prize with him, that he was entitled to the second, or even the third post of honour. For as in a chariot-race I cannot properly consider him as either the second or third winner, who has scarcely got clear of the starting-post, before the first has

reached the goal; so, among orators, I can scarcely honour him with the name of a competitor, who has been so far distanced by the foremost as hardly to appear on the same ground with him. But yet there were certainly some talents to be observed in Philippus, which any person who considers them, without subjecting them to a comparison with the superior merits of the two before-mentioned, must allow to have been respectable. He had an uncommon freedom of address, a large fund of humour, great facility in the invention of his sentiments, and a ready and easy manner of expressing them. He was likewise, for the time he lived in, a great adept in the literature of the Greeks; and, in the heat of a debate, he could sting, and lash, as well as ridicule his opponents.

“Almost contemporary with these was Lucius Gellius, who was not so much to be valued for his positive, as for his negative merits; for he was neither destitute of learning, nor invention, nor unacquainted with the history and the laws of his country; besides which, he had a tolerable freedom of expression. But he happened to live at a time when many excellent orators made their appearance; and yet he served his friends upon many occasions to good purpose; in short, his life was so long, that he was successively contemporary with a variety of orators of different periods, and had an extensive series of practice in judicial causes.

“Nearly at the same time lived Decimus Brutus, who was fellow-consul with Mamercus; and was equally skilled both in the Grecian and Roman literature. Lucius Scipio likewise was not an unskilful speaker; and Cnæus Pompeius, the son of Sextus, had some reputation as an orator; for his brother Sextus applied the excellent genius he was possessed of, to acquire a thorough knowledge of the civil law, and a complete acquaintance with geometry and the doctrine of the Stoics.

“A little before these, Marcus Brutus, and very soon after him Caius Bilienus, who was a man of great natural capacity, made themselves, by nearly the same application, equally eminent in the profession of the law; the latter would have been chosen consul, if he had not been thwarted by the repeated promotion of Marius, and some other collateral embarrassments which attended his suit. But the eloquence of Cnæus

Octavius, which was wholly unknown before his elevation to the consulship, was effectually displayed, after his preferment to that office, in a great variety of speeches. It is, however, time for us to drop those who were only classed in the number of good *speakers*, and turn our attention to such as were really *orators*."

"I think so too," replied Atticus; "for I understood that you meant to give us an account, not of those who took great pains to be eloquent, but of those who were so in reality."

"Caius Julius then," said I, "(the son of Lucius,) was certainly superior, not only to his predecessors, but to all his contemporaries, in wit and humour; he was not, indeed, a nervous and striking orator, but, in the elegance, the pleasantry, and the agreeableness of his manner, he has not been excelled by any man. There are some orations of his still extant, in which, as well as in his tragedies, we may discover a pleasing tranquillity of expression with very little energy. Publius Cethegus, his equal in age, had always enough to say on matters of civil regulation; for he had studied and comprehended them with the minutest accuracy; by which means he acquired an equal authority in the senate with those who had served the office of consul, and though he made no figure in a public debate, he was a serviceable veteran in any suit of a private nature.

"Quintus Lucretius Vispillo was an acute speaker, and a good civilian in the same kind of causes; but Osella was better qualified for a public harangue than to conduct a judicial process. Titus Annius Velina was likewise a man of sense, and a tolerable pleader; and Titus Juventius had a great deal of practice in the same way: the latter indeed was rather too heavy and inanimate, but at the same time was keen and artful, and knew how to seize every advantage which was offered by his antagonist; to which we may add, that he was far from being a man of no literature, but had an extensive knowledge of the civil law. His scholar, Publius Orbius, who was almost contemporary with me, had no great practice as a pleader; but his skill in the civil law was in no respect inferior to his master's. As to Titus Aufidius, who lived to a great age, he was a professed imitator of both; and was indeed a worthy

inoffensive man ; but he seldom spoke at the bar. His brother, Marcus Virgilius, who, when he was a tribune of the people, commenced a prosecution against Lucius Sylla, then advanced to the rank of general, had as little practice as Aufidius. Virgilius's colleague, Publius Magius, was more copious and diffusive.

“ But of all the orators, or rather *ranters*, I ever knew, who were totally illiterate and unpolished, and (I might have added) absolutely coarse and rustic, the readiest and keenest were Quintus Sertorius, and Caius Gorgonius, the one of consular, and the other of equestrian rank. Titus Junius (the son of Lucius), who had served the office of tribune, and prosecuted and convicted Publius Sextius of bribery, when he was prætor elect, was a prompt and an easy speaker ; he lived in great splendour, and had a very promising genius ; and, if he had not been of a weak, and indeed a sickly constitution, he would have advanced much further than he did in the road to preferment.

“ I am sensible, however, that in the account I have been giving, I have included many who were neither real, nor reputed orators ; and that I have omitted others, among those of a remoter date, who well deserved not only to have been mentioned, but to be recorded with honour. But this I was forced to do, for want of better information ; for what could I say concerning men of a distant age, none of whose productions are now remaining, and of whom no mention is made in the writings of other people ? But I have omitted none of those who have fallen within the compass of my own knowledge, or that I myself remember to have heard. For I wish to make it appear, that in such a powerful and ancient republic as ours, in which the greatest rewards have been proposed to eloquence, though all have desired to be good speakers, not many have attempted the task, and but very few have succeeded. But I shall give my opinion of every one in such explicit terms, that it may be easily understood whom I consider as a mere declaimer, and whom as an orator.

“ About the same time, or rather something later than the above-mentioned Julius, but almost contemporary with each other, were Caius Cotta, Publius Sulpicius, Quintus Varius,

Cnæus Pomponius, Caius Curio, Lucius Fufius, Marcus Drusus, and Publius Antistius; for no age whatsoever has been distinguished by a more numerous progeny of orators. Of these, Cotta and Sulpicius, both in my opinion and in that of the public at large, had an evident claim to the preference."

"But wherefore," interrupted Atticus, "do you say, *in your own opinion, and in that of the public at large?* In deciding the merits of an orator, does the opinion of the vulgar, think you, always coincide with that of the learned? Or rather, does not one receive the approbation of the populace, while another of a quite opposite character is preferred by those who are better qualified to give their judgment?"

"You have started a very pertinent question," said I; "but, perhaps, *the public at large* will not approve my answer to it." "And what concern need *that* give you," replied Atticus, "if it meets the approbation of Brutus?" "Very true," said I; "for I had rather my *sentiments* on the qualifications of an orator should please you and Brutus, than all the world besides; but as to my *eloquence*, I should wish *this* to please every one. For he who speaks in such a manner as to please the people, must inevitably receive the approbation of the learned. As to the truth and propriety of what I hear, I am indeed to judge of this for myself, as well as I am able; but the general merit of an orator must and will be decided by the effects which his eloquence produces. For (in my opinion at least) there are three things which an orator should be able to effect; viz. to *inform* his hearers, to *please* them, and to *move their passions*. By what qualities in the speaker each of these effects may be produced, or by what deficiencies they are either lost, or but imperfectly performed, is an inquiry which none but an artist can resolve; but whether an audience is really so affected by an orator as shall best answer his purpose, must be left to their own feelings, and the decision of the public. The learned therefore, and the people at large, have never disagreed about who was a good orator, and who was otherwise.

"For do you suppose, that while the speakers above-mentioned were in being, they had not the same degree of reputation among the learned as among the populace? If you had inquired of one of the latter, *who was the most eloquent*

man in the city, he might have hesitated whether to say *Antonius* or *Crassus*; or this man, perhaps, would have mentioned the one, and that the other. But would any one have given the preference to *Philippus*, though otherwise a smooth, a sensible, and a facetious speaker?—that *Philippus* whom we, who form our judgment upon these matters by rules of art, have decided to have been the next in merit? Nobody would, I am certain. For it is the invariable prerogative of an accomplished orator, to be reckoned such in the opinion of the people. Though Antigenidas, therefore, the musician, might say to this scholar, who was but coldly received by the public, *Play on, to please me and the Muses*; I shall say to my friend Brutus, when he mounts the rostra, as he frequently does, *Play to me and the people*; that those who hear him may be sensible of the effect of his eloquence, while I can likewise amuse myself with remarking the *causes* which produce it.

“When a citizen hears an able orator, he readily credits what is said; he imagines everything to be true, he believes and relishes the force of it; and, in short, the persuasive language of the speaker wins his absolute, his hearty assent. You, who are possessed of a critical knowledge of the art, what more will you require? The listening multitude is charmed and captivated by the force of his eloquence, and feels a pleasure which is not to be resisted. What here can you find to censure? The whole audience is either flushed with joy, or overwhelmed with grief; it smiles or weeps, it loves or hates, it scorns or envies, and, in short, is alternately seized with the various emotions of pity, shame, remorse, resentment, wonder, hope, and fear, according as it is influenced by the language, the sentiments, and the action of the speaker. In this case, what necessity is there to await the sanction of a critic? For here, whatever is approved by the feelings of the people, must be equally so by men of taste and erudition; and, in this instance of public decision, there can be no disagreement between the opinion of the vulgar, and that of the learned. For though many good speakers have appeared in every species of oratory, which of them who was thought to excel the rest in the judgment of the populace, was not approved as such by every man of learning? or which of our ancestors, when the

choice of a pleader was left to his own option, did not immediately fix it either upon Crassus or Antonius? There were certainly many others to be had; but though any person might have hesitated to which of the above two he should give the preference, there was nobody, I believe, who would have made choice of a third. And in the time of my youth, when Cotta and Hortensius were in such high reputation, who, that had liberty to choose for himself, would have employed any other?"

"But what occasion is there," said Brutus, "to quote the example of other speakers to support your assertion? have we not seen what has always been the wish of the defendant, and what the judgment of Hortensius, concerning yourself? for whenever the latter shared a cause with you, (and I was often present on those occasions,) the peroration, which requires the greatest exertion of the powers of eloquence, was constantly left to *you*."

"It was," said I; "and Hortensius (induced, I suppose, by the warmth of his friendship) always resigned the post of honour to me. But, as to myself, what rank I hold in the opinion of the people I am unable to determine; as to others, however, I may safely assert, that such of them as were reckoned most eloquent in the judgment of the vulgar, were equally high in the estimation of the learned. For even Demosthenes himself could not have said what is related of Antimachus, a poet of Claros, who, when he was rehearsing to an audience, assembled for the purpose, that voluminous piece of his which you are well acquainted with, and was deserted by all his hearers except Plato, in the midst of his performance, cried out, *I shall proceed notwithstanding; for Plato alone is of more consequence to me than many thousands*. The remark was very just. For an abstruse poem, such as his, only requires the approbation of the judicious few; but a discourse intended for the people should be perfectly suited to their taste. If Demosthenes, therefore, after being deserted by the rest of his audience, had even Plato left to hear him, and no one else, I will answer for it, he could not have uttered another syllable. Nor could you yourself, my Brutus, if the whole assembly were to leave you, as it once did Curio?"

"To open my whole mind to you," replied he, "I must

confess that even in such causes as fall under the cognisance of a few select judges, and not of the people at large, if I were to be deserted by the casual crowd who came to hear the trial, I should not be able to proceed."

"The case, then, is plainly this," said I: "as a flute, which will not return its proper sound when it is applied to the lips, would be laid aside by the musician as useless; so, the ears of the people are the instrument upon which an orator is to play; and if these refuse to admit the breath he bestows upon them, or if the hearer, like a restive horse, will not obey the spur, the speaker must cease to exert himself any further.

"There is, however, this exception to be made; the people sometimes give their approbation to an orator who does not deserve it. But even here they approve what they have had no opportunity of comparing with something better; as, for instance, when they are pleased with an indifferent, or, perhaps, a bad speaker. His abilities satisfy their expectation; they have seen nothing preferable; and, therefore, the merit of the day, whatever it may happen to be, meets their full applause. For even a middling orator, if he is possessed of any degree of eloquence, will always captivate the ear; and the order and beauty of a good discourse has an astonishing effect upon the human mind. Accordingly, what common hearer who was present when Quintus Scævola pleaded for Mucius Coponius, in the cause above-mentioned, would have wished for, or indeed thought it possible to find anything which was more correct, more elegant, or more complete?

"When he attempted to prove, that, as Mucius Curius was left heir to the estate only in case of the death of his future ward before he came of age, he could not possibly be a legal heir, when the expected ward was never born; what did he leave unsaid of the scrupulous regard which should be paid to the literal meaning of every testament? what of the accuracy and preciseness of the old and established forms of law? and how carefully did he specify the manner in which the will would have been expressed, if it had intended that Curius should be the heir in case of a total default of issue? in what a masterly manner did he represent the ill consequences to the public, if the letter of a will should be disregarded, its inten-

tion decided by arbitrary conjectures, and the written bequests of plain illiterate men left to the artful interpretation of a pleader? how often did he urge the authority of his father, who had always been an advocate for a strict adherence to the letter of a testament? and with what emphasis did he enlarge upon the necessity of supporting the common forms of law? All which particulars he discussed not only with great art and ingenuity; but in such a neat, such a close, and, I may add, in so florid and so elegant a style, that there was not a single person among the common part of the audience, who could expect anything more complete, or even think it possible to exist.

“But when Crassus, who spoke on the opposite side, began with the story of a notable youth, who, having found an oar-niche of a boat as he was rambling along the shore, took it into his head that he would build a boat to it; and when he applied the tale to Scævola, who, from the *oar-niche* of an argument [which he had deduced from certain imaginary ill consequences to the public], represented the decision of a private will to be a matter of such importance as to deserve the attention of the *Centumviri*; when Crassus, I say, in the beginning of his discourse, had thus taken off the edge of the strongest plea of his antagonist, he entertained his hearers with many other turns of a similar kind; and, in a short time, changed the serious apprehensions of all who were present into open mirth and good-humour; which is one of those three effects which I have just observed an orator should be able to produce. He then proceeded to remark that it was evidently the intention and the will of the testator, that in case, either by death, or default of issue, there should happen to be no son to fall to his charge, the inheritance should devolve to Curius; that most people in a similar case would express themselves in the same manner, and that it would certainly stand good in law, and always had. By these, and many other observations of the same kind, he gained the assent of his hearers; which is another of the three duties of an orator. Lastly, he supported, at all events, the true meaning and spirit of a will, against the literal construction; justly observing, that there would be an endless cavilling about words, not only in wills, but in all other

legal deeds, if the real intention of the party were to be disregarded; and hinting very smartly, that his friend Scævola had assumed a most unwarrantable degree of importance, if no person must afterwards presume to indite a legacy, but in the musty form which he himself might please to prescribe.

"As he enlarged on each of these arguments with great force and propriety, supported them by a number of precedents, exhibited them in a variety of views, and enlivened them with many occasional turns of wit and pleasantry, he gained so much applause, and gave such general satisfaction, that it was scarcely remembered that anything had been said on the contrary side of the question. This was the third, and the most important duty we assigned to an orator. Here, if one of the people were to be judge, the same person who had heard the first speaker with a degree of admiration, would, on hearing the second, despise himself for his former want of judgment; whereas a man of taste and erudition, on hearing Scævola, would have observed that he was really master of a rich and ornamental style; but if, on comparing the manner in which each of them concluded his cause, it was to be inquired which of the two was the best orator, the decision of the man of learning would not have differed from that of the vulgar.

"What advantage, then, it will be said, has the skilful critic over the illiterate hearer? A great and very important advantage; if it is indeed a matter of any consequence, to be able to discover by what means that which is the true and real end of speaking, is either obtained or lost. He has likewise this additional superiority, that when two or more orators, as has frequently happened, have shared the applauses of the public, he can judge, on a careful observation of the principal merits of each, what is the most perfect character of eloquence, since whatever does not meet the approbation of the people, must be equally condemned by a more intelligent hearer. For as it is easily understood by the sound of a harp, whether the strings are skilfully touched; so it may likewise be discovered from the manner in which the passions of an audience are affected, how far the speaker is able to command them. A man, therefore, who is a real connoisseur in the art, can sometimes by a single glance, as he

passes through the forum, and without stopping to listen attentively to what is said, form a tolerable judgment of the ability of the speaker. When he observes any of the bench either yawning, or speaking to the person who is next to him, or looking carelessly about him, or sending to inquire the time of day, or teasing the quæstor to dismiss the court; he concludes very naturally that the cause upon trial is not pleaded by an orator who understands how to apply the powers of language to the passions of the judges, as a skilful musician applies his fingers to the harp. On the other hand, if, as he passes by, he beholds the judges looking attentively before them, as if they were either receiving some material information, or visibly approved what they had already heard; if he sees them listening to the voice of the pleader with a kind of ecstasy, like a fond bird to some melodious tune; and, above all, if he discovers in their looks any strong indications of pity, abhorrence, or any other emotion of the mind; though he should not be near enough to hear a single word, he immediately discovers that the cause is managed by a real orator, who is either performing, or has already played his part to good purpose."

After I had concluded these digressive remarks, my two friends were kind enough to signify their approbation, and I resumed my subject. "As this digression," said I, "took its rise from Cotta and Sulpicius, whom I mentioned as the two most approved orators of the age they lived in, I shall first return to them, and afterwards notice the rest in their proper order, according to the plan we began upon. I have already observed that there are two classes of *good* orators (for we have no concern with any others), of which the former are distinguished by the simple neatness and brevity of their language, and the latter by their copious dignity and elevation; but although the preference must always be given to that which is great and striking; yet, in speakers of real merit, whatever is most perfect of the kind, is justly entitled to our commendation. It must, however, be observed, that the close and simple orator should be careful not to sink into a dryness and poverty of expression; while, on the other hand, the copious and more stately speaker should

be equally on his guard against a swelling and empty parade of words.

“To begin with Cotta, he had a ready, quick invention, and spoke correctly and freely; and as he very prudently avoided every forcible exertion of his voice, on account of the weakness of his lungs, so his language was equally adapted to the delicacy of his constitution. There was nothing in his style but what was neat, compact, and healthy; and (what may justly be considered as his greatest excellence) though he was scarcely able, and therefore never attempted to force the passions of the judges by a strong and spirited elocution, yet he managed them so artfully, that the gentle emotions he raised in them, answered exactly the same purpose, and produced the same effect, as the violent ones which were excited by Sulpicius. For Sulpicius was really the most striking, and, if I may be allowed the expression, the most tragical orator I ever heard: his voice was strong and sonorous, and yet sweet and flowing; his gesture and his deportment were graceful and ornamental, but in such a style as to appear to have been formed for the forum, and not for the stage; and his language, though rapid and voluble, was neither loose nor exuberant. He was a professed imitator of Crassus, while Cotta chose Antonius for his model; but the latter wanted the force of Antonius, and the former the agreeable humour of Crassus.”

“How extremely difficult, then,” said Brutus, “must be the art of speaking, when such consummate orators as these were each of them destitute of one of its principal beauties!”

“We may likewise observe,” said I, “in the present instance, that two orators may have the highest degree of merit, who are totally unlike each other; for none could be more so than Cotta and Sulpicius, and yet both of them were far superior to any of their contemporaries. It is therefore the business of every intelligent master to notice what is the natural bent of his pupil’s capacity; and taking that for his guide, to imitate the conduct of Isocrates with his two scholars Theopompus and Ephorus, who, after remarking the lively genius of the former, and the mild and timid bashfulness of the latter, is reported to have said, that he applied a spur to

the one, and a curb to the other. The orations now extant, which bear the name of Sulpicius, are supposed to have been written after his decease by my contemporary Publius Canutius, a man indeed of inferior rank, but who, in my mind, had a great command of language. But we have not a single speech of Sulpicius that was really his own; for I have often heard him say, that he neither had, nor ever could commit anything of the kind to writing. And as to Cotta's speech in defence of himself, called a vindication of the Varian law, it was composed, at his own request, by Lucius Ælius.

"This Ælius was a man of merit, and a very worthy Roman knight, who was thoroughly versed in Greek and Roman literature. He had likewise a critical knowledge of the antiquities of his country, both as to the date and particulars of every new improvement, and every memorable transaction, and was perfectly well read in the ancient writers; a branch of learning in which he was succeeded by our friend Varro, a man of genius, and of the most extensive erudition, who afterwards enlarged the plan by many valuable collections of his own, and gave a much fuller and more elegant system of it to the public. For Ælius himself chose to assume the character of a Stoic, and neither aimed to be, nor ever was an orator; but he composed several orations for other people to pronounce; as, for Quintus Metellus, Fabius Quintus Cæpio, and Quintus Pompeius Rufus; though the latter composed those speeches himself which he spoke in his own defence, but not without the assistance of Ælius. For I myself was present at the writing of them, in the younger part of my life, when I used to attend Ælius for the benefit of his instructions. But I am surprised that Cotta, who was really an excellent orator, and a man of good learning, should be willing that the trifling speeches of Ælius should be published to the world as *his*.

"To the two above-mentioned, no third person of the same age was esteemed an equal; Pomponius, however, was a speaker much to my taste; or, at least, I have very little fault to find with him. But there was no employment for any in capital causes, excepting for those I have already mentioned; because Antonius, who was always courted on these occasions, was very ready to give his service; and Crassus, though not

so compliable, generally consented, on any pressing solicitation, to give *his*. Those who had not interest enough to engage either of these, commonly applied to Philippus or Cæsar; but when Cotta and Sulpicius were at liberty, they generally had the preference; so that all the causes in which any honour was to be acquired, were pleaded by these six orators.

“We may add, that trials were not so frequent then as they are at present; neither did people employ, as they do now, several pleaders on the same side of the question; a practice which is attended with many disadvantages. For hereby we are often obliged to speak in reply to those whom we had not an opportunity of hearing; in which case, what has been alleged on the opposite side, is often represented to us either falsely or imperfectly; and besides, it is a very material circumstance, that I myself should be present to see with what countenance my antagonist supports his allegations, and, still more so, to observe the effect of every part of his discourse upon the audience. And as every defence should be conducted upon one uniform plan, nothing can be more improperly contrived, than to recommence it by assigning the peroration, or pathetic part of it, to a second advocate. For every cause can have but one natural introduction and conclusion; and all the other parts of it, like the members of an animal body, will best retain their proper strength and beauty, when they are regularly disposed and connected.

“We may add, that, as it is very difficult in a single oration of any length, to avoid saying something which does not comport with the rest of it so well as it ought to do, how much more difficult must it be to contrive that nothing shall be said, which does not tally exactly with the speech of another person who has spoken before you? But as it certainly requires more labour to plead a whole cause, than only a part of it, and as many advantageous connexions are formed by assisting in a suit in which several persons are interested, the custom, however preposterous in itself, has been readily adopted.

“There were some, however, who esteemed Curio the third best orator of the age; perhaps, because his language was brilliant and pompous, and because he had a habit (for which

I suppose he was indebted to his domestic education) of expressing himself with tolerable correctness; for he was a man of very little learning. But it is a circumstance of great importance, what sort of people we are used to converse with at home, especially in the more early part of life; and what sort of language we have been accustomed to hear from our tutors and parents, not excepting the mother. We have all read the letters of Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi; and are satisfied, that her sons were not so much nurtured in their mother's lap, as in the elegance and purity of her language. I have often too enjoyed the agreeable conversation of Lælia, the daughter of Caius, and observed in her a strong tincture of her father's elegance. I have likewise conversed with his two daughters, the Muciæ, and his grand-daughters, the two Liciniæ, with one of whom (the wife of Scipio) you, my Brutus, I believe, have sometimes been in company."

"I have," replied he, "and was much pleased with her conversation; and the more so, because she was the daughter of Crassus." "And what think you," said I, "of Crassus the son of that Licinia, who was adopted by Crassus in his will?" "He is said," replied he, "to have been a man of great genius; and the Scipio you have mentioned, who was my colleague, likewise appears to me to have been a good speaker, and an elegant companion."

"Your opinion, my Brutus," said I, "is very just. For this family, if I may be allowed the expression, seems to have been the offspring of wisdom. As to their two grandfathers, Scipio and Crassus, we have taken notice of them already; as we also have of their great grandfathers, Quintus Metellus, who had four sons; Publius Scipio, who, when a private citizen, rescued the republic from the arbitrary influence of Tiberius Gracchus; and Quintus Scævola, the augur, who was the ablest and most affable civilian of his time. And lastly, how illustrious are the names of their next immediate progenitors, Publius Scipio, who was twice consul, and was called the darling of the people; and Caius Lælius, who was esteemed the wisest of men." "A generous stock indeed!" cried Brutus, "into which the wisdom of many has been successively ingrafted, like a number of scions on the same tree!"

"I have likewise a suspicion," replied I, "(if we may compare small things with great,) that Curio's family, though he himself was left an orphan, was indebted to his father's instruction, and good example, for the habitual purity of their language; and so much the more, because, of all those who were held in any estimation for their eloquence, I never knew one who was so totally uninformed and unskilled in every branch of liberal science. He had not read a single poet, or studied a single orator; and he knew little or nothing either of public, civil, or common law.

"We might say almost the same, indeed, of several others, and some of them very able orators, who (we know) were but little acquainted with these useful parts of knowledge; as, for instance, of Sulpicius and Antonius. But this deficiency was supplied in them by an elaborate knowledge of the art of speaking; and there was not one of them who was totally unqualified in any of the five¹ principal parts of which it is composed; for whenever this is the case, (and it matters not in which of those parts it happens,) it entirely incapacitates a man to shine as an orator. Some, however, excelled in one part, and some in another. Thus Antonius could readily invent such arguments as were most in point, and afterwards digest and methodize them to the best advantage; and he could likewise retain the plan he had formed with great exactness; but his chief merit was the goodness of his delivery, in which he was justly allowed to excel. In some of these qualifications he was upon an equal footing with Crassus, and in others he was superior; but then the language of Crassus was indisputably preferable to *his*. In the same manner, it cannot be said that either Sulpicius or Cotta, or any other speaker of repute, was absolutely deficient in any one of the five parts of oratory. But we may justly infer from the example of Curio, that nothing will more recommend an orator, than a brilliant and ready flow of expression; for he was remarkably dull in the invention, and very loose and unconnected in the disposition, of his arguments.

"The two remaining parts are, pronunciation and memory; in each of which he was so miserably defective, as to excite

¹ Invention, disposition, elocution, memory, and pronunciation.

the laughter and the ridicule of his hearers. His gesture was really such as Caius Julius represented it, in a severe sarcasm, that will never be forgotten; for as he was swaying and reeling his whole body from side to side, Julius facetiously inquired *who it was that was speaking from a boat?*

“To the same purpose was the jest of Cnæus Sicinius, a man very vulgar, but exceedingly humorous, which was the only qualification he had to recommend him as an orator. When this man, as tribune of the people, had summoned Curio and Octavius, who were then consuls, into the forum, and Curio had delivered a tedious harangue, while Octavius sat silently by him, wrapt up in flannels, and besmeared with ointments, to ease the pain of the gout; *Octavius*, said he, *you are infinitely obliged to your colleague; for if he had not tossed and flung himself about to-day, in the manner he did, you would certainly have been devoured by the flies.*

“As to his memory, it was so extremely treacherous, that after he had divided his subject into three general heads, he would sometimes, in the course of speaking, either add a fourth, or omit the third. In a capital trial, in which I had pleaded for Titinia, the daughter of Cotta, when he attempted to reply to me in defence of Servius Nævius, he suddenly forgot everything he intended to say, and attributed it to the pretended witchcraft and magic artifices of Titinia. These were undoubted proofs of the weakness of his memory. But, what is still more inexcusable, he sometimes forgot, even in his written treatises, what he had mentioned but a little before. Thus, in a book of his, in which he introduces himself as entering into conversation with our friend Pansa, and his son Curio, when he was walking home from the senate-house; the senate is supposed to have been summoned by Cæsar in his first consulship; and the whole conversation arises from the son’s inquiry, what the house had resolved upon. Curio launches out into a long invective against the conduct of Cæsar, and as is generally the custom in dialogues, the parties are engaged in a close dispute on the subject; but very unhappily, though the conversation commences at the breaking up of the senate which Cæsar held when he was first consul, the author censures those very actions of the same Cæsar, which did not

happen till the next, and several other succeeding years of his government in Gaul."

"Is it possible then," said Brutus, with an air of surprise, "that any man (and especially in a written performance) could be so forgetful as not to discover, upon a subsequent perusal of his own work, what an egregious blunder he had committed?" "Very true," said I; "for if he wrote with a design to discredit the measures which he represents in such an odious light, nothing could be more stupid than not to commence his dialogue at a period which was subsequent to those measures. But he so entirely forgets himself, as to tell us, that he did not choose to attend a senate which was held in one of Cæsar's future consulships, in the very same dialogue in which he introduces himself as returning home from a senate which was held in his first consulship.

"It cannot, therefore, be wondered at, that he who was so remarkably defective in a faculty which is the handmaid of our other intellectual powers, as to forget, even in a written treatise, a material circumstance which he had mentioned but a little before, should find his memory fail him, as it generally did, in a sudden and unpremeditated harangue. It accordingly happened, though he had many connexions, and was fond of speaking in public, that few causes were intrusted to his management. But, among his contemporaries, he was esteemed next in merit to the first orators of the age; and that merely, as I said before, for his good choice of words, and his uncommon readiness, and great fluency of expression. His orations, therefore, may deserve a cursory perusal. It is true, indeed, they are much too languid and spiritless; but they may yet be of service to enlarge and improve an accomplishment, of which he certainly had a moderate share; and which has so much force and efficacy, that it gave Curio the appearance and reputation of an orator without the assistance of any other good quality.

"But to return to our subject; Caius Carbo, of the same age, was likewise reckoned an orator of the second class; he was the son, indeed, of the truly eloquent man before mentioned, but was far from being an acute speaker himself; he was, however esteemed an orator. His language was tolerably

nervous, he spoke with ease; and there was an air of authority in his address that was perfectly natural. But Quintus Varius was a man of quicker invention, and, at the same time, had an equal freedom of expression; besides which, he had a bold and spirited delivery, and a vein of elocution which was neither poor, nor coarse and vulgar; in short, you need not hesitate to pronounce him an *orator*. Cnæus Pomponius was a vehement, a rousing, and a fierce and eager speaker, and more inclined to act the part of a prosecutor, than of an advocate. But far inferior to these was Lucius Fufius; though his application was, in some measure, rewarded by the success of his prosecution against Manius Aquilius. For as to Marcus Drusus, your great uncle, who spoke like an orator only upon matters of government; Lucius Lucullus, who was indeed an artful speaker, and your father, my Brutus, who was well acquainted with the common and civil law; Marcus Lucullus, and Marcus Octavius, the son of Cnæus, who was a man of so much authority and address, as to procure the repeal of Sempronius's corn-law, by the suffrages of a full assembly of people; Cnæus Octavius, the son of Marcus; and Marcus Cato, the father, and Quintus Catulus, the son; we must excuse *these* (if I may so express myself) from the fatigues and dangers of the field,—that is, from the management of judicial causes, and place them in garrison over the general interests of the republic, a duty to which they seem to have been sufficiently adequate. I should have assigned the same post to Quintus Cæpio, if he had not been so violently attached to the equestrian order, as to set himself at variance with the senate.

“I have also remarked, that Cnæus Carbo, Marcus Marius, and several others of the same stamp, who would not have merited the attention of an audience that had any taste for elegance, were extremely well suited to address a tumultuous crowd. In the same class (if I may be allowed to interrupt the series of my narrative) Lucius Quintius lately made his appearance; though Palicanus, it must be owned, was still better adapted to please the ears of the populace. But, as I have mentioned this inferior kind of speakers, I must be so just to Lucius Apuleius Saturninus, as to observe that, of all the factious declaimers since the time of the Gracchi, he was

generally esteemed the ablest; and yet he caught the attention of the public more by his appearance, his gesture, and his dress, than by any real fluency of expression, or even a tolerable share of good sense.

“But Caius Servilius Glaucia, though the most abandoned wretch that ever existed, was very keen and artful, and excessively humorous; and notwithstanding the meanness of his birth, and the depravity of his life, he would have been advanced to the dignity of a consul in his prætorship, if it had been judged lawful to admit his suit; for the populace were entirely at his devotion, and he had secured the interest of the knights by an act he had procured in their favour. He was slain in the open forum, while he was prætor, on the same day as the tribune Saturninus, in the consulship of Marius and Flaccus: and bore a near resemblance to Hyperbolus, the Athenian, whose profligacy was so severely stigmatized in the old Attic comedies. These were succeeded by Sextus Titius, who was indeed a voluble speaker, and possessed a ready comprehension; but he was so loose and effeminate in his gesture, as to furnish room for the invention of a dance, which was called the *Titian jig*; so careful should we be to avoid every peculiarity in our manner of speaking, which may afterwards be exposed to ridicule by a ludicrous imitation.

“But we have rambled back insensibly to a period which has been already examined: let us, therefore, return to that which we were reviewing a little before. Contemporary with Sulpicius was Publius Antistius, a plausible declaimer, who, after being silent for several years, and exposed (as he often was) not only to the contempt, but the derision of his hearers, first spoke with applause in his tribuneship, in a real and very interesting protest against the illegal application of Caius Julius for the consulship; and that so much the more, because, though Sulpicius himself, who then happened to be his colleague, spoke on the same side of the debate, Antistius argued more copiously, and to better purpose. This raised his reputation so high, that many, and (soon afterwards) every cause of importance, was eagerly recommended to his patronage. To speak the truth, he had a quick conception, a methodical judgment, and a retentive memory; and though his language

was not much embellished, it was very far from being low. In short, his style was easy and flowing, and his appearance rather gentlemanly than otherwise; but his action was a little defective, partly through the disagreeable tone of his voice, and partly by a few ridiculous gestures, of which he could not entirely break himself. He flourished in the time between the flight and the return of Sylla, when the republic was deprived of a regular administration of justice, and of its former dignity and splendour. But the reception which he met with was the more favourable, as the forum was in a measure destitute of good orators. For Sulpicius was dead; Cotta and Curio were abroad; and no pleaders of eminence were left but Carbo and Pomponius, from each of whom he easily carried off the palm.

“His nearest successor in the following age was Lucius Sisenna, who was a man of learning, had a taste for the liberal sciences, spoke the Roman language with accuracy, was well acquainted with the laws and constitution of his country, and had a tolerable share of wit; but he was not a speaker of any great application, or extensive practice; and as he happened to live in the intermediate time between the appearance of Sulpicius and Hortensius, he was unable to equal the former, and forced to yield to the superior talents of the latter. We may easily form a judgment of his abilities from the historical works he has left behind him; which, though evidently preferable to anything of the kind which had appeared before, may serve as a proof that he was far below the standard of perfection, and that this species of composition had not then been improved to any great degree of excellence among the Romans. But the genius of Quintus Hortensius, even in his early youth, like one of Phidias’s statues, was no sooner beheld than it was universally admired! He spoke his first oration in the forum in the consulship of Lucius Crassus and Quintus Scævola, to whom it was personally addressed; and though he was then only nineteen years old, he descended from the rostra with the hearty approbation not only of the audience in general, but of the two consuls themselves, who were the most intelligent judges in the whole city. He died in the consulship of Lucius Paulus and Caius Marcellus; from which it appears that he was four-and-forty years a pleader. We shall review

his character more at large in the sequel; but in this part of my history, I chose to include him in the number of orators who were rather of an earlier date. This indeed must necessarily happen to all whose lives are of any considerable length; for they are equally liable to a comparison with their elders and their juniors; as in the case of the poet Attius, who says that both he and Pacuvius applied themselves to the cultivation of the drama under the same ædiles; though, at the time, the one was eighty, and the other only thirty years old.

“Thus Hortensius may be compared not only with those who were properly his contemporaries, but with me, and you, my Brutus, and with others of a prior date. For he began to speak in public while Crassus was living; but his fame increased when he appeared as a joint advocate with Antonius and Philippus (at that time in the decline of life) in defence of Cnæus Pompeius,—a cause in which (though a mere youth) he distinguished himself above the rest. He may therefore be included in the list of those whom I have placed in the time of Sulpicius; but among his proper coevals, such as Marcus Piso, Marcus Crassus, Cnæus Lentulus, and Publius Lentulus Sura, he excelled beyond the reach of competition; and after these he happened upon me, in the early part of my life (for I was eight years younger than himself), and spent a number of years with me in pursuit of the same forensic glory; and at last, (a little before his death,) he once pleaded with *you*, in defence of Appius Claudius, as I have frequently done for others.

“Thus you see, my Brutus, I am come insensibly to *yourself*, though there was undoubtedly a great variety of orators between my first appearance in the forum, and yours. But as I determined, when we began the conversation, to make no mention of those among them who are still living, to prevent your inquiring too minutely what is my opinion concerning each; I shall confine myself to such as are now no more.”

“That is not the true reason,” said Brutus, “why you choose to be silent about the living.” “What then do you suppose it to be?” said I. “You are only fearful,” replied he, “that your remarks should afterwards be mentioned by us in other company, and that, by this means, you should expose

yourself to the resentment of those whom you may not think it worth your while to notice." "Indeed," answered I, "I have not the least doubt of your secrecy." "Neither have you any reason," said he; "but after all, I suppose, you had rather be silent *yourself*, than rely upon *our* taciturnity." "To confess the truth," replied I, "when I first entered upon the subject, I never imagined that I should have extended it to the age now before us; whereas I have been drawn by a continued series of history among the moderns of latest date." "Introduce, then," said he, "those intermediate orators you may think worthy of our notice; and afterwards let us return to yourself, and Hortensius."

"To Hortensius," replied I, "with all my heart; but as to my *own* character, I shall leave it to other people to examine, if they choose to take the trouble." "I can by no means agree to *that*," said he; "for though every part of the account you have favoured us with, has entertained me very agreeably, it now begins to seem tedious, because I am impatient to hear something of *yourself*; I do not mean the wonderful qualities, but the *progressive steps*, and the advances of your eloquence; for the former are sufficiently known already both to *me*, and the whole world." "As you do not require me," said I, "to sound the praises of my own genius, but only to describe my labour and application to improve it, your request shall be complied with. But to preserve the order of my narrative, I shall first introduce such other speakers as I think ought to be previously noticed.

"And I shall begin with Marcus Crassus, who was contemporary with Hortensius. With a tolerable share of learning, and a very moderate capacity, his application, assiduity, and interest, procured him a place among the ablest pleaders of the time for several years. His language was pure, his expression neither low nor vulgar, and his ideas well digested; but he had nothing in him that was florid and ornamental; and the real ardour of his mind was not supported by any vigorous exertion of his voice, so that he pronounced almost everything in the same uniform tone. His equal, and professed antagonist, Caius Fimbria, was not able to maintain his character so long; and though he always spoke with a strong and elevated voice, and

poured forth a rapid torrent of well-chosen expressions, he was so immoderately vehement that you might justly be surprised that the people should have been so absent and inattentive as to admit a *madman*, like him, into the list of orators.

“As to Cnæus Lentulus, his action acquired him a reputation for his eloquence very far beyond his real abilities; for though he was not a man of any great penetration (notwithstanding he carried the appearance of it in his countenance), nor possessed any real fluency of expression (though he was equally specious in this respect as in the former), yet by his sudden breaks, and exclamations, he affected such an ironical air of surprise, with a sweet and sonorous tone of voice, and his whole action was so warm and lively, that his defects were scarcely noticed. For as Curio acquired the reputation of an orator with no other quality than a tolerable freedom of elocution, so Cnæus Lentulus concealed the mediocrity of his other accomplishments by his *action*, which was really excellent.

“Much the same might be said of Publius Lentulus, whose poverty of invention and expression was secured from notice by the mere dignity of his presence, his correct and graceful gesture, and the strength and sweetness of his voice; and his merit depended so entirely upon his action, that he was more deficient in every other quality than his namesake.

“But Marcus Piso derived all his talents from his erudition; for he was much better versed in Grecian literature than any of his predecessors. He had, however, a natural keenness of discernment, which he greatly improved by art, and exerted with great address and dexterity, though in very indifferent language; but he was frequently warm and choleric, sometimes cold and insipid, and now and then rather smart and humorous. He did not long support the fatigue and emulous contention of the forum; partly on account of the weakness of his constitution; and partly, because he could not submit to the follies and impertinences of the common people (which we orators are forced to swallow), either, as it was generally supposed, from a peculiar moroseness of temper, or from a liberal and ingenuous pride of heart. After acquiring, therefore, in his youth, a tolerable degree of reputation, his character began to sink; but in the trial of the Vestals, he again recovered it with

some additional lustre, and being thus recalled to the theatre of eloquence, he kept his rank, as long as he was able to support the fatigue of it; after which his credit declined, in proportion as he remitted his application.

“Publius Murena had a moderate genius, but was passionately fond of the study of antiquity; he applied himself with equal diligence to the belles lettres, in which he was tolerably versed; in short, he was a man of great industry, and took the utmost pains to distinguish himself. Caius Censorinus had a good stock of Grecian literature, explained whatever he advanced with great neatness and perspicuity, and had a graceful action, but was too cold and inanimate for the forum. Lucius Turius, with a very indifferent genius, but the most indefatigable application, spoke in public very often, in the best manner he was able; and, accordingly, he only wanted the votes of a few centuries to promote him to the consulship. Caius Macer was never a man of much interest or authority, but was one of the most active pleaders of his time; and if his life, his manners, and his very looks, had not ruined the credit of his genius, he would have ranked higher in the list of orators. He was neither copious, nor dry and barren; neither neat and embellished, nor wholly inelegant; and his voice, his gesture, and every part of his action, was without any grace; but in inventing and digesting his ideas, he had a wonderful accuracy, such as no man I ever saw either possessed or exerted in a more eminent degree; and yet, somehow, he displayed it rather with the air of a quibbler, than of an orator. Though he had acquired some reputation in public causes, he appeared to most advantage and was most courted and employed in private ones.

“Caius Piso, who comes next in order, had scarcely any exertion, but he was a speaker who adopted a very familiar style; and though, in fact, he was far from being slow in invention, he had more penetration in his look and appearance than he really possessed. His contemporary, Marcus Glabrio, though carefully instructed by his grandfather Scævola, was prevented from distinguishing himself by his natural indolence and want of attention. Lucius Torquatus, on the contrary, had an elegant turn of expression, and a clear comprehension,

and was perfectly polite and well-bred in his whole manner. But Cnæus Pompeius, my coeval, a man who was born to excel in everything, would have acquired a more distinguished reputation for his eloquence, if he had not been diverted from the pursuit of it by the more dazzling charms of military fame. His language was naturally bold and elevated, and he was always master of his subject; and as to his powers of enunciation, his voice was sonorous and manly, and his gesture noble and full of dignity.

“Decimus Silanus, another of my contemporaries, and your father-in-law, was not a man of much application, but he had a very competent share of discernment and elocution. Quintus Pompeius, the son of Aulus, who had the title of *Bithynicus*, and was about two years older than myself, was, to my own knowledge, remarkably fond of the study of eloquence, had an uncommon stock of learning, and was a man of indefatigable industry and perseverance; for he was connected with Marcus Piso and me, not only as an intimate acquaintance, but as an associate in our studies and private exercises. His elocution was but ill recommended by his action; for though the former was sufficiently copious and diffusive, there was nothing graceful in the latter. His contemporary, Publius Autronius, had a very clear and strong voice; but he was distinguished by no other accomplishment. Lucius Octavius Reatinus died in his youth, while he was in full practice; but he ascended the rostra with more assurance than ability. Caius Staienus, who changed his name into *Ælius* by a kind of self-adoption, was a warm, an abusive, and indeed a furious speaker; which was so agreeable to the taste of many, that he would have risen to some rank in the state, if it had not been for a crime of which he was clearly convicted, and for which he afterwards suffered.

“At the same time were the two brothers Caius and Lucius Cæpasius, who, though men of an obscure family and little previous consequence, were yet, by mere dint of application, suddenly promoted to the quæstorship, with no other recommendation than a provincial and unpolished kind of oratory. That I may not seem wilfully to omit any declaimer, I must also notice Caius Cosconius Calidianus, who, without any discernment, amused the people with a rapidity of language (if

such it might be called) which he attended with a perpetual hurry of action, and a most violent exertion of his voice.

"Of much the same cast was Quintus Arrius, who may be considered as a second-hand Marcus Crassus. He is a striking proof of what consequence it is in such a city as ours to devote oneself to the interests of *the many*, and to be as active as possible in promoting their safety, or their honour. For by these means, though of the lowest parentage, having raised himself to offices of rank, and to considerable wealth and influence, he likewise acquired the reputation of a tolerable patron, without either learning or abilities. But as inexperienced champions, who, from a passionate desire to distinguish themselves in the circus, can bear the blows of their opponents without shrinking, are often overpowered by the heat of the sun, when it is increased by the reflection of the sand; so *he*, who had hitherto supported even the sharpest encounters with good success, could not stand the severity of that year of judicial contest, which blazed upon him like a summer's sun."

"Upon my word," cried Atticus, "you are now treating us with the very *dregs* of oratory, and you have entertained us in this manner for some time; but I did not offer to interrupt you, because I never dreamed you would have descended so low as to mention the *Staieni* and *Autronii*!"

"As I have been speaking of the dead, you will not imagine, I suppose," said I, "that I have done it to court their favour; but in pursuing the order of history, I was necessarily led by degrees to a period of time which falls within the compass of our own knowledge. But I wish it to be noticed, that after recounting all who ever ventured to speak in public, we find but few (very few indeed!) whose names are worth recording; and not many who had even the *repute* of being orators. Let us, however, return to our subject.

"Titus Torquatus, then, the son of Titus, was a man of learning, (which he first acquired in the school of Molo in Rhodes,) and of a free and easy elocution which he received from nature. If he had lived to a proper age, he would have been chosen consul, without any solicitation; but he had more ability for speaking, than inclination; so that, in fact, he did not do justice to the art he professed; and yet he was never

wanting to his duty, either in the private causes of his friends and dependents, or in his senatorial capacity. My townsman, too, Marcus Pontidius, pleaded a number of private causes. He had a rapidity of expression, and a tolerable quickness of comprehension; but he was very warm, and indeed rather too choleric and irascible; so that he often wrangled, not only with his antagonist, but (what appears very strange) with the judge himself, whom it was rather his business to sooth and gratify. Marcus Messala, who was something younger than myself, was far from being a poor and abject pleader, and yet he was not a very elegant one. He was judicious, penetrating, and wary, very exact in digesting and methodizing his subject, and a man of uncommon diligence and application, and of very extensive practice.

“As to the two Metelli, (Celer and Nepos,) these also had a moderate share of employment at the bar; but being destitute neither of learning nor abilities, they chiefly applied themselves (and with some success) to debates of a more popular kind. But Cnæus Lentulus Marcellinus, who was never reckoned a bad speaker, was esteemed a very eloquent one in his consulship. He wanted neither sentiment nor expression; his voice was sweet and sonorous; and he had a sufficient stock of humour. Caius Memmius, the son of Lucius, was a perfect adept in the learning of the Greeks; for he had an insuperable disgust to the literature of the Romans. He was a neat and polished speaker, and had a sweet and harmonious turn of expression; but as he was equally averse to every laborious effort either of the mind or the tongue, his eloquence declined in proportion as he lessened his application.”

“But I heartily wish,” said Brutus, “that you would give us your opinion of those orators who are still living; or, if you are determined to say nothing of the rest, there are two at least, (that is, Cæsar and Marcellus, whom I have often heard you speak of with the highest approbation,) whose characters would give me as much entertainment as any of those you have already specified.”

“But why,” answered I, “should you expect that I should give you my opinion of men who are as well known to yourself as to me?” “Marcellus, indeed,” replied he, “I am very well

acquainted with; but as to Cæsar, I know little of him. For I have heard the former very often; but by the time I was able to judge for myself, the latter had set out for his province."

"But what," said I, "think you of him whom you have heard so often?" "What else can I think," replied he, "but that you will soon have an orator, who will very nearly resemble yourself?" "If that is the case," answered I, "pray think of him as favourably as you can."

"I do," said he; "for he pleases me very highly; and not without reason. He is absolutely master of his profession, and, neglecting every other, has applied himself solely to *this*; and, for that purpose, has persevered in the rigorous task of composing a daily essay in writing. His words are well chosen; his language is full and copious; and everything he says receives an additional ornament from the graceful tone of his voice, and the dignity of his action. In short, he is so complete an orator, that there is no quality I know of, in which I can think him deficient. But he is still more to be admired, for being able, in these unhappy times, (which are marked with a distress that, by some cruel fatality, has overwhelmed us all,) to console himself, as opportunity offers, with the consciousness of his own integrity, and by the frequent renewal of his literary pursuits. I saw him lately at Mitylene; and then (as I have already hinted) I saw him a *thorough man*. For though I had before discovered a strong resemblance of yourself, the likeness was much improved after he was enriched by the instructions of your learned and very intimate friend Cratippus."

"Though I acknowledge," said I, "that I have listened with pleasure to your eulogies on a very worthy man, for whom I have the warmest esteem, they have led me insensibly to the recollection of our common miseries, which our present conversation was intended to suspend. But I would willingly hear what is Atticus's opinion of Cæsar."

"Upon my word," replied Atticus, "you are wonderfully consistent with your plan, to say nothing *yourself* of the living; and indeed, if you were to deal with *them*, as you already have with the *dead*, and say something of every paltry fellow that occurs to your memory, you would plague us with *Autronii*

and *Staieni* without end. But though you might possibly have it in view not to encumber yourself with such a numerous crowd of insignificant wretches; or perhaps, to avoid giving any one room to complain that he was either unnoticed, or not extolled according to his imaginary merit; yet, certainly, you might have said something of Cæsar; especially, as your opinion of *his* abilities is well known to everybody, and his concerning *yours* is very far from being a secret. But, however," said he, (addressing himself to Brutus,) "I really think of Cæsar, and everybody else says the same of this accurate master in the art of speaking, that he has the purest and the most elegant command of the Roman language of all the orators that have yet appeared; and that not merely by domestic habit, as we have lately heard it observed of the families of the Lælii and the Mucii, (though even here, I believe, this might partly have been the case,) but he chiefly acquired and brought it to its present perfection, by a studious application to the most intricate and refined branches of literature, and by a careful and constant attention to the purity of his style. But that *he*, who, involved as he was in a perpetual hurry of business, could dedicate to *you*, my Cicero, a laboured treatise on the art of speaking correctly; that *he*, who, in the first book of it, laid it down as an axiom, that an accurate choice of words is the foundation of eloquence; and who has bestowed," said he, (addressing himself again to Brutus,) "the highest encomiums on this friend of ours, who yet chooses to leave Cæsar's character to *me*;—that *he* should be a perfect master of the language of polite conversation, is a circumstance which is almost too obvious to be mentioned. I said, *the highest encomiums*," pursued Atticus, "because he says in so many words, when he addresses himself to Cicero, 'If others have bestowed all their time and attention to acquire a habit of expressing themselves with ease and correctness, how much is the name and dignity of the Roman people indebted to you, who are the highest pattern, and indeed the first inventor of that rich fertility of language which distinguishes your performances.'"

"Indeed," said Brutus, "I think he has extolled your merit in a very friendly and a very magnificent style; for you

are not only the *highest pattern*, and even the *first inventor* of all our *fertility* of language, which alone is praise enough to content any reasonable man, but you have added fresh honours to the name and dignity of the Roman people; for the very excellence in which we had hitherto been conquered by the vanquished Greeks, has now been either wrested from their hands, or equally shared, at least, between us and them. So that I prefer this honourable testimony of Cæsar, I will not say to the public thanksgiving which was decreed for your *own* military services, but to the triumphs of many heroes."

"Very true," replied I, "provided this honourable testimony was really the voice of Cæsar's judgment, and not of his friendship; for he certainly has added more to the dignity of the Roman people, whoever he may be, (if indeed any such man has yet existed,) who has not only exemplified and enlarged, but first produced this rich fertility of expression, than the doughty warriors who have stormed a few paltry castles of the Ligurians, which have furnished us, you know, with many repeated triumphs. In reality, if we can submit to hear the truth, it may be asserted (to say nothing of those godlike plans, which, supported by the wisdom of our generals, have frequently saved the sinking state both abroad and at home) that an orator is justly entitled to the preference to any commander in a petty war. But the general, you will say, is the more serviceable man to the public. Nobody denies it: and yet (for I am not afraid of provoking your censure, in a conversation which leaves each of us at liberty to say what he thinks) I had rather be the author of the single oration of Crassus, in defence of Curius, than be honoured with two Ligurian triumphs. You will, perhaps, reply, that the storming a castle of the Ligurians was a thing of more consequence to the state, than that the claim of Curius should be ably supported. This I own to be true. But it was also of more consequence to the Athenians, that their houses should be securely roofed, than to have their city graced with a most beautiful statue of Minerva; and yet, notwithstanding this, I would much rather have been a Phidias, than the most skilful joiner in Athens. In the present case, therefore, we are not to consider a man's usefulness, but the strength of his abilities;

especially as the number of painters and statuaries who have excelled in their profession, is very small; whereas there can never be any want of joiners and mechanical labourers. But proceed, my Atticus, with Cæsar; and oblige us with the remainder of his character."

"We see then," said he, "from what has just been mentioned, that a pure and correct style is the groundwork, and the very basis and foundation, upon which an orator must build his other accomplishments; though it is true, that those who had hitherto possessed it, derived it more from early habit, than from any principles of art. It is needless to refer you to the instances of Lælius and Scipio; for a purity of language, as well as of manners, was the characteristic of the age they lived in. It could not, indeed, be applied to every one; for their two contemporaries, Cæcilius and Pacuvius, spoke very incorrectly; but yet people in general who had not resided out of the city nor been corrupted by any domestic barbarisms, spoke the Roman language with purity. Time, however, as well at Rome as in Greece, soon altered matters for the worse; for this city (as had formerly been the case at Athens) was resorted to by a crowd of adventurers from different parts, who spoke very corruptly; which shows the necessity of reforming our language, and reducing it to a certain standard, which shall not be liable to vary like the capricious laws of custom. Though we were then very young, we can easily remember Titus Flamininus, who was joint-consul with Quintus Metellus; he was supposed to speak his native language with correctness, but was a man of no literature. As to Catulus, he was far indeed from being destitute of learning, as you have already observed; but his reputed purity of diction was chiefly owing to the sweetness of his voice and the delicacy of his accent. Cotta, who, by his broad pronunciation, lost all resemblance of the elegant tone of the Greeks, and affected a harsh and rustic utterance, quite opposite to that of Catulus, acquired the same reputation of correctness, by pursuing a wild and unfrequented path. But Sisenna, who had the ambition to think of reforming our phraseology, could not be lashed out of his whimsical and new-fangled turns of expression, by all the raillery of Caius Rusius."

“What do you refer to?” said Brutus; “and who was the Caius Rusius you are speaking of?” “He was a noted prosecutor,” replied he, “some years ago. When this man had supported an indictment against one Caius Rutilius, Sisenna, who was counsel for the defendant, told him, that several parts of his accusation were *spitatical*.¹ My lords, cried Rusius to the judges, *I shall be cruelly over-reached, unless you give me your assistance. His charge overpowers my comprehension; and I am afraid he has some unfair design upon me. What, in the name of heaven, can he intend by SPITACAL? I know the meaning of SPIT, or SPITTLE; but this horrid ATICAL, at the end of it, absolutely puzzles me.* The whole bench laughed very heartily at the singular oddity of the expression; my old friend, however, was still of opinion, that to speak correctly, was to speak differently from other people.

“But Cæsar, who was guided by the principles of art, has corrected the imperfections of a vicious custom, by adopting the rules and improvements of a good one, as he found them occasionally displayed in the course of polite conversation. Accordingly, to the purest elegance of expression, (which is equally necessary to every well-bred citizen, as to an orator,) he has added all the various ornaments of elocution; so that he seems to exhibit the finest painting in the most advantageous point of view. As he has such extraordinary merit even in the tenor of his language, I must confess that there is no person I know of, to whom he should yield the preference. Besides, his manner of speaking, both as to his voice and gesture, is splendid and noble, without the least appearance of artifice or affectation; and there is a dignity in his very presence, which bespeaks a great and elevated mind.”

“Indeed,” said Brutus, “his orations please me highly; for I have had the satisfaction to read several of them. He has likewise written some commentaries, or short memoirs, of his own transactions.” “And such,” said I, “as merit the highest approbation; for they are plain, correct, and graceful,

² In the original *sputatilica*, worthy to be spit upon. It appears, from the connexion, to have been a word whimsically derived by the author of it from *sputa*, spittle.

and divested of all the ornaments of language, so as to appear (if I may be allowed the expression) in a kind of undress. But while he pretended only to furnish the loose materials, for such as might be inclined to compose a regular history, he may, perhaps, have gratified the vanity of a few literary *friseurs*; but he has certainly prevented all sensible men from attempting any improvement on his plan. For, in history, nothing is more pleasing than a correct and elegant brevity of expression. With your leave, however, it is high time to return to those orators who have quitted the stage of life.

“Caius Sicinius, then, who was a grandson of the censor Quintus Pompey, by one of his daughters, died after his advancement to the quæstorship. He was a speaker of some merit and reputation, which he derived from the system of Hermagoras; who, though he furnished but little assistance for acquiring an ornamental style, gave many useful precepts to expedite and improve the invention of an orator. For in this system we have a collection of fixed and determinate rules for public speaking; which are delivered indeed without any show or parade, (and I might have added, in a trivial and homely form,) but yet are so plain and methodical, that it is almost impossible to mistake the road. By keeping close to these, and always digesting his subject before he ventured to speak upon it, (to which we may add, that he had a tolerable fluency of expression,) he so far succeeded, without any other assistance, as to be ranked among the pleaders of the day.

“As to Caius Visellius Varro, who was my cousin, and a contemporary of Sicinius, he was a man of great learning. He died while he was a member of the court of inquests, into which he had been admitted after the expiration of his ædileship. The public, I confess, had not the same opinion of his abilities that I have: for he never passed as a man of sterling eloquence among the people. His speech was excessively quick and rapid, and consequently indistinct; for, in fact, it was embarrassed and obscured by the celerity of its course; and yet, after all, you will scarcely find a man who had a better choice of words, or a richer vein of sentiment. He had besides, a complete fund of polite literature, and a thorough

knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence, which he learned from his father Aculeo.

“To proceed in our account of the dead, the next that presents himself is Lucius Torquatus, whom you will not so readily pronounce a proficient in the art of speaking (though he was by no means destitute of elocution), as what is called by the Greeks, a *political adept*. He had a plentiful stock of learning, not indeed of the common sort, but of a more abstruse and curious nature; he had likewise an admirable memory, and a very sensible and elegant turn of expression; all which qualities derived an additional grace from the dignity of his deportment, and the integrity of his manners. I was also highly pleased with the style of his contemporary Triarius, which expressed to perfection the character of a worthy old gentleman, who had been thoroughly polished by the refinements of literature. What a venerable severity was there in his look! what forcible solemnity in his language! and how thoughtful and deliberate every word he spoke!”

At the mention of Torquatus and Triarius, for each of whom he had the most affectionate veneration, “It fills my heart with anguish,” said Brutus, “(to omit a thousand other circumstances,) when I reflect, as I cannot help doing, on your mentioning the names of these worthy men, that your long-respected authority was insufficient to procure an accommodation of our differences. The republic would not otherwise have been deprived of these, and many other excellent citizens.” “Not a word more,” said I, “on this melancholy subject, which can only aggravate our sorrow; for as the remembrance of what is already past is painful enough, the prospect of what is yet to come is still more afflicting. Let us, therefore, drop our unavailing complaints, and (agreeably to our plan) confine our attention to the forensic merits of our deceased friends.

“Among those, then, who lost their lives in this unhappy war, was Marcus Bibulus, who, though not a professed orator, was a very accurate writer, and a solid and experienced advocate; and Appius Claudius, your father-in-law, and my colleague and intimate acquaintance, who was not only a hard student, and a man of learning, but a practised orator, a skillful augurist and civilian, and a thorough adept in the Roman

history. As to Lucius Domitius, he was totally unacquainted with any rules of art; but he spoke his native language with purity, and had a great freedom of address.

"We had likewise the two Lentuli, men of consular dignity; one of whom, (I mean Publius,) the avenger of my wrongs, and the author of my restoration, derived all his powers and accomplishments from the assistance of art, and not from the bounty of nature; but he had such a great and noble disposition, that he claimed all the honours of the most illustrious citizens, and supported them with the utmost dignity of character. The other (Lucius Lentulus) was an animated speaker, for it would be saying too much, perhaps, to call him an orator; but, unhappily, he had an utter aversion to the trouble of thinking. His voice was sonorous; and his language, though not absolutely harsh and forbidding, was warm and vigorous, and carried in it a kind of terror. In a judicial trial, you would probably have wished for a more agreeable and a keener advocate; but in a debate on matters of government, you would have thought his abilities sufficient. Even Titus Postumius had such powers of utterance as were not to be despised; but in political matters, he spoke with the same unbridled ardour he fought with; in short, he was much too warm; though it must be owned he possessed an extensive knowledge of the laws and constitution of his country."

"Upon my word," cried Atticus, "if the persons you have mentioned were still living, I should be apt to imagine that you were endeavouring to solicit their favour. For you introduce everybody who had the courage to stand up and speak his mind; so that I almost begin to wonder how Marcus Servilius has escaped your notice."

"I am, indeed, very sensible," replied I, "that there have been many who never spoke in public, that were much better qualified for the task, than those orators I have taken the pains to enumerate;¹ but I have, at least, answered one purpose by it, which is to show you, that in this populous city we have not had very many who had the resolution to speak at all; and that even among these, there have been few who were

¹ This was probably intended as an indirect compliment to Atticus.

entitled to our applause. I cannot, therefore, neglect to take some notice of those worthy knights, and my intimate friends, very lately deceased, Publius Cominius Spoletinus, against whom I pleaded in defence of Caius Cornelius, and who was a methodical, spirited, and ready speaker; and Tiberius Accius, of Pisaurum, to whom I replied in behalf of Aulus Cluentius, and who was an accurate, and a tolerably copious advocate: he was also well instructed in the precepts of Hermagoras, which, though of little service to embellish and enrich our elocution, furnish a variety of arguments, which, like the weapons of the light infantry, may be readily managed, and are adapted to every subject of debate. I must add, that I never knew a man of greater industry and application.

“As to Caius Piso, my son-in-law, it is scarcely possible to mention any one who was blessed with a finer capacity. He was constantly employed either in public speaking, and private declamatory exercises, or, at least, in writing and thinking: and, consequently, he made such a rapid progress, that he rather seemed to fly than to run. He had an elegant choice of expression, and the structure of his periods was perfectly neat and harmonious; he had an astonishing variety and strength of argument, and a lively and agreeable turn of thought; and his gesture was naturally so graceful, that it appeared to have been formed (which it really was not) by the nicest rules of art. I am rather fearful, indeed, that I should be thought to have been prompted by my affection for him to have given him a greater character than he deserved; but this is so far from being the case, that I might justly have ascribed to him many qualities of a different and more valuable nature; for in continence, social ardour, and every other kind of virtue, there was scarcely any of his contemporaries who was worthy to be compared with him.

“Marcus Cælius too must not pass unnoticed, notwithstanding the unhappy change, either of his fortune or disposition, which marked the latter part of his life. As long as he was directed by my influence, he behaved himself so well as a tribune of the people, that no man supported the interests of the senate, and of all the good and virtuous, in opposition to the factious and unruly madness of a set of

abandoned citizens, with more firmness than *he* did; a part in which he was enabled to exert himself to great advantage, by the force and dignity of his language, and his lively humour and polite address. He spoke several harangues in a very sensible style, and three spirited invectives, which originated from our political disputes; and his defensive speeches, though not equal to the former, were yet tolerably good, and had a degree of merit which was far from being contemptible. After he had been advanced to the ædileship, by the hearty approbation of all the better sort of citizens, as he had lost my company (for I was then abroad in Cilicia) he likewise lost himself; and entirely sunk his credit, by imitating the conduct of those very men, whom he had before so successfully opposed.

“But Marcus Calidius has a more particular claim to our notice for the singularity of his character; which cannot so properly be said to have entitled him to a place among our other orators, as to distinguish him from the whole fraternity; for in him we beheld the most uncommon and the most delicate sentiments, arrayed in the softest and finest language imaginable. Nothing could be so easy as the turn and compass of his periods; nothing so ductile; nothing more pliable and obsequious to his will; so that he had a greater command of words than any orator whatever. In short, the flow of his language was so pure and limpid, that nothing could be clearer; and so free, that it was never clogged or obstructed. Every word was exactly in the place where it should be, and disposed (as Lucilius expresses it) with as much nicety as in a curious piece of mosaic work. We may add, that he had not a single expression which was either harsh, unnatural, abject, or far-fetched; and yet he was so far from confining himself to the plain and ordinary mode of speaking, that he abounded greatly in the metaphor,—but such metaphors as did not appear to usurp a post that belonged to another, but only to occupy their own. These delicacies were displayed, not in a loose and effeminate style, but in such a one as was strictly *numerous*, without either appearing to be so, or running on with a dull uniformity of sound.

“He was likewise master of the various ornaments of

language and thought which the Greeks call *figures*, whereby he enlivened and embellished his style as with so many forensic decorations. We may add that he readily discovered, upon all occasions, what was the real point of debate, and where the stress of the argument lay; and that his method of ranging his ideas was extremely artful, his action gentlemanly, and his whole manner very engaging and very sensible. In short, if to speak agreeably is the chief merit of an orator, you will find no one who was better qualified than Calidius.

“But as we have observed a little before, that it is the business of an orator to instruct, to please, and *to move the passions*; he was, indeed, perfectly master of the first two; for no one could better elucidate his subject, or charm the attention of his audience. But as to the third qualification, the moving and alarming the passions, which is of much greater efficacy than the former, he was wholly destitute of it. He had no force, no exertion; either by his own choice, and from an opinion that those who had a loftier turn of expression, and a more warm and spirited action, were little better than madmen; or because it was contrary to his natural temper and habitual practice; or, lastly, because it was beyond the strength of his abilities. If, indeed, it is a useless quality, his want of it was a real excellence; but if otherwise, it was certainly a defect. I particularly remember, that when he prosecuted Quintus Gallius for an attempt to poison him, and pretended that he had the plainest proofs of it, and could produce many letters, witnesses, informations, and other evidences to put the truth of his charge beyond a doubt, interspersing many sensible and ingenious remarks on the nature of the crime;—I remember, I say, that when it came to my turn to reply to him, after urging every argument which the case itself suggested, I insisted upon it as a material circumstance in favour of my client, that the prosecutor, while he charged him with a design against his life, and assured us that he had the most indubitable proofs of it then in his hands, related his story with as much ease, and as much calmness and indifference, as if nothing had happened.

“‘Would it have been possible,’ said I, (addressing myself to Calidius,) ‘that you should speak with this air of unconcern,

unless the charge was purely an invention of your own? And, above all, that you, whose eloquence has often vindicated the wrongs of other people with so much spirit, should speak so coolly of a crime which threatened your life? Where was that expression of resentment which is so natural to the injured? Where that ardour, that eagerness, which extorts the most pathetic language even from men of the dullest capacities? There was no visible disorder in your mind, no emotion in your looks and gesture, no smiting of the thigh or the forehead, nor even a single stamp of the foot. You were, therefore, so far from interesting our feelings in your favour, that we could scarcely keep our eyes open, while you were relating the dangers you had so narrowly escaped.' Thus we employed the natural defect, or, if you please, the sensible calmness of an excellent orator, as an argument to invalidate his charge."

"But is it possible to doubt," cried Brutus, "whether this was a sensible quality, or a defect? For as the greatest merit of an orator is to be able to inflame the passions, and give them such a bias as shall best answer his purpose; he who is destitute of this must certainly be deficient in the most capital part of his profession."

"I am of the same opinion," said I, "but let us now proceed to him (Hortensius) who is the only remaining orator worth noticing; after which, as you seem to insist upon it, I shall say something of myself. I must first, however, do justice to the memory of two promising youths, who, if they had lived to a riper age, would have acquired the highest reputation for their eloquence."

"You mean, I suppose," said Brutus, "Caius Curio, and Caius Licinius Calvus." "The very same," replied I. "One of them, besides his plausible manner, had such an easy and voluble flow of expression, and such an inexhaustible variety, and sometimes accuracy of sentiment, that he was one of the most ready and ornamental speakers of his time. Though he had received but little instruction from the professed masters of the art, nature had furnished him with an admirable capacity for the practice of it. I never, indeed, discovered in him any great degree of application; but he was certainly very am-

bitious to distinguish himself; and if he had continued to listen to my advice, as he had begun to do, he would have preferred the acquisition of real honour to that of untimely grandeur."

"What do you mean?" said Brutus, "or in what manner are these two objects to be distinguished?" "I distinguish them thus," replied I; "as honour is the reward of virtue, conferred upon a man by the choice and affection of his fellow-citizens, he who obtains it by their free votes and suffrages is to be considered, in my opinion, as an honourable member of the community. But he who acquires his power and authority by taking advantage of every unhappy incident, and without the consent of his fellow-citizens, as Curio aimed to do, acquires only the name of honour, without the substance. Whereas, if he had hearkened to me, he would have risen to the highest dignity, in an honourable manner, and with the hearty approbation of all men, by a gradual advancement to public offices, as his father and many other eminent citizens had done before.

"I often gave the same advice to Publius Crassus, the son of Marcus, who courted my friendship in the early part of his life; and recommended it to him very warmly, to consider *that* as the truest path to honour which had been already marked out to him by the example of his ancestors. For he had been extremely well educated, and was perfectly versed in every branch of polite literature; he had likewise a penetrating genius, and an elegant variety of expression; and appeared grave and sententious without arrogance, and modest and diffident without dejection. But, like many other young men, he was carried away by the tide of ambition; and after serving a short time with reputation as a volunteer, nothing could satisfy him but to try his fortune as a general, an employment which was confined by the wisdom of our ancestors to men who had arrived at a certain age, and who, even then, were obliged to submit their pretensions to the uncertain issue of a public decision. Thus, by exposing himself to a fatal catastrophe, while he was endeavouring to rival the fame of Cyrus and Alexander, who lived to finish their desperate career, he lost all resemblance of Lucius Crassus, and his other worthy progenitors.

"But let us return to Calvus, whom we have just mentioned, an orator who had received more literary improvements than Curio, and had a more accurate and delicate manner of speaking, which he conducted with great taste and elegance; but, (by being too minute and nice a critic upon himself,) while he was labouring to correct and refine his language, he suffered all the force and spirit of it to evaporate. In short, it was so exquisitely polished, as to charm the eye of every skilful observer; but it was little noticed by the common people in a crowded forum, which is the proper theatre of eloquence."

"His aim," said Brutus, "was to be admired as an *Attic* orator; and to this we must attribute that accurate exility of style, which he constantly affected." "This, indeed, was his professed character," replied I; "but he was deceived himself, and led others into the same mistake. It is true, whoever supposes that to speak in the *Attic* taste, is to avoid every awkward, every harsh, every vicious expression, has, in this sense, an undoubted right to refuse his approbation to everything which is not strictly *Attic*. For he must naturally detest whatever is insipid, disgusting, or incorrect; while he considers correctness and propriety of language as the religion and good-manners of an orator; and every one who pretends to speak in public should adopt the same opinion. But if he bestows the name of Atticism on a meagre, a dry, and a niggardly turn of expression, provided it is neat, correct, and polished, I cannot say, indeed, that he bestows it improperly; as the Attic orators, however, had many qualities of a more important nature, I would advise him to be careful that he does not overlook their different kinds and degrees of merit, and their great extent and variety of character. The Attic speakers, he will tell me, are the models upon which he wishes to form his eloquence. But which of them does he mean to fix upon? for they are not all of the same cast. Who, for instance, could be more unlike each other than Demosthenes and Lysias? or than Demosthenes and Hyperides? Or who more different from either of them, than Æschines? Which of them, then, do you propose to imitate? If only *one*, this will be a tacit implication, that none of the rest were true

masters of Atticism; if *all*, how can you possibly succeed, when their characters are so opposite? Let me further ask you, whether Demetrius Phalereus spoke in the Attic style? In my opinion, his orations have the very taste of Athens. But he is certainly more florid than either Hyperides or Lysias; partly from the natural turn of his genius, and partly by choice.

“There were likewise two others at the time we are speaking of, whose characters were equally dissimilar; and yet both of them were truly *Attic*. The first (Charisius) was the author of a number of speeches, which he composed for his friends, professedly in imitation of Lysias; and the other (Demochares, the nephew of Demosthenes) wrote several orations, and a regular history of what was transacted in Athens under his own observation; not so much, indeed, in the style of an historian, as of an orator. Hegesias took the former for his model, and was so vain of his own taste for Atticism, that he considered his predecessors, who were really masters of it, as mere rustics in comparison of himself. But what can be more insipid, more frivolous, or more puerile, than that very concinnity of expression which he actually acquired? ‘But still we wish to resemble the Attic speakers.’ Do so by all means. But were not those, then, true Attic speakers, we have just been mentioning? ‘Nobody denies it; and these are the men we imitate.’ But how? when they are so very different, not only from each other, but from all the rest of their contemporaries? ‘True; but Thucydides is our leading pattern.’ This, too, I can allow, if you design to compose histories, instead of pleading causes. For Thucydides was both an exact and a stately historian; but he never intended to write models for conducting a judicial process. I will even go so far as to add, that I have often commended the speeches which he has inserted in his history in great numbers; though I must frankly own, that I neither *could* imitate them, if I *would*, nor indeed *would*, if I *could*; like a man who would neither choose his wine so new as to have been tunned off in the preceding vintage, nor so excessively old as to date its age from the consulship of Opimius or Anicius. ‘The latter,’ you will say, ‘bears the highest price.’ Very probably; but when it has too much age, it has lost that delic-

ious flavour which pleases the palate, and, in my opinion, is scarcely tolerable. 'Would you choose, then, when you have a mind to regale yourself, to apply to a fresh, unripened cask?' By no means; but still there is a certain age, when good wine arrives at its utmost perfection. In the same manner, I would recommend neither a raw, unmellowed style, which (if I may so express myself) has been newly drawn off from the vat; nor the rough and antiquated language of the grave and manly Thucydides. For even *he*, if he had lived a few years later, would have acquired a much softer and mellowed turn of expression.

"'Let us, then, imitate Demosthenes.' Good Gods! to what else do I direct all my endeavours, and my wishes! But it is, perhaps, my misfortune not to succeed. These *Atticisers*, however, acquire with ease the paltry character they aim at; not once recollecting that it is not only recorded in history, but must have been the natural consequence of his superior fame, that when Demosthenes was to speak in public, all Greece flocked in crowds to hear him. But when our *Attic* orators venture to speak, they are presently deserted, not only by the little throng around them who have no interest in the dispute, (which alone is a mortifying proof of their insignificance,) but even by their associates and fellow-advocates. If to speak, therefore, in a dry and lifeless manner, is the true criterion of Atticism, they are heartily welcome to enjoy the credit of it; but if they wish to put their abilities to the trial, let them attend the Comitia, or a judicial process of real importance. The open forum demands a fuller and more elevated tone; and *he* is the orator for me, who is so universally admired, that when he is to plead an interesting cause, all the benches are filled beforehand, the tribunal crowded, the clerks and notaries busy in adjusting their seats, the populace thronging about the rostra, and the judge brisk and vigilant; *he*, who has such a commanding air, that when he rises up to speak, the whole audience is hushed into a profound silence, which is soon interrupted by their repeated plaudits and acclamations, or by those successive bursts of laughter, or violent transports of passion, which he knows how to excite at his pleasure; so than even a distant observer, though unacquainted with the

subject he is speaking upon, can easily discover that his hearers are pleased with him, and that a *Roscius* is performing his part on the stage. Whoever has the happiness to be thus followed and applauded, is, beyond dispute, an Attic speaker; for such was Pericles, such was Hyperides, and Æschines, and such, in the most eminent degree, was the great Demosthenes! If, indeed, these connoisseurs, who have so much dislike to everything bold and ornamental, only mean to say that an accurate, a judicious, and a neat and compact, but unembellished style, is really an Attic one, they are not mistaken. For in an art of such wonderful extent and variety as that of speaking, even this subtile and confined character may claim a place; so that the conclusion will be, that it is very possible to speak in the Attic taste without deserving the name of an orator; but that all, in general, who are truly eloquent, are likewise Attic speakers.

"It is time, however, to return to Hortensius." "Indeed, I think so," cried Brutus; "though I must acknowledge that this long digression of yours has entertained me very agreeably." "But I made some remarks," said Atticus, "which I was several times inclined to mention; only I was loth to interrupt you. As your discourse, however, seems to be drawing towards an end, I think I may venture to state them." "By all means," replied I.

"I readily grant, then," said he, "that there is something very humorous and elegant in that continued *irony*, which Socrates employs to so much advantage in the dialogues of Plato, Xenophon, and Æschines. For when a dispute commences on the nature of wisdom, he professes, with a great deal of humour and ingenuity, to have no pretensions to it himself; while, with a kind of concealed raillery, he ascribes the highest degree of it to those who had the arrogance to lay an open claim to it. Thus, in Plato, he extols Protagoras, Hippias, Prodicus, Gorgias and several others, to the skies; but represents himself as quite ignorant. This in *him* was peculiarly becoming; nor can I agree with Epicurus, who thinks it censurable. But in a professed history, (for such, in fact, is the account you have been giving us of the Roman orators,) I shall leave you to judge, whether an application

of the *irony* is not equally reprehensible, as it would be in giving judicial evidence."

"Pray, what are you driving at?" said I; "for I cannot comprehend you." "I mean," replied he, "in the first place, that the commendations which you have bestowed upon some of our orators, have a tendency to mislead the opinion of those who are unacquainted with their true characters. There were likewise several parts of your account, at which I could scarcely forbear laughing; as, for instance, when you compared old Cato to Lysias. He was, indeed, a great, and a very extraordinary man. Nobody, I believe, will say to the contrary. But shall we call him an orator? Shall we pronounce him the rival of Lysias, who was the most finished character of the kind? If we mean to jest, this comparison of yours would form a pretty *irony*; but if we are talking in real earnest, we should pay the same scrupulous regard to truth, as if we were giving evidence upon oath. As a citizen, a senator, a general, and, in short, a man who was distinguished by his prudence, his activity, and every other virtue, your favourite Cato has my highest approbation. I can likewise applaud his speeches, considering the time he lived in. They exhibit the outlines of a great genius; but such, however, as are evidently rude and imperfect. In the same manner, when you represented his *Antiquities* as replete with all the graces of oratory, and compared Cato with Philistus and Thucydides, did you really imagine, that you could persuade Brutus and me to believe you? or would you seriously degrade those, whom none of the Greeks themselves have been able to equal, into a comparison with a stiff country gentleman, who scarcely suspected that there was any such thing in being as a copious and ornamental style?

"You have likewise said much in commendation of Galba;—if as the best speaker of his age, I can so far agree with you, for such was the character he bore;—but if you meant to recommend him as an *orator*, produce his orations (for they are still extant), and then tell me honestly, whether you would wish your friend Brutus here to speak as *he* did? Lepidus, too, was the author of several speeches, which have received your approbation; in which I can partly join with you,

if you consider them only as specimens of our ancient eloquence. The same might be said of Africanus and Lælius, than whose language (you tell us) nothing in the world can be sweeter; nay, you have mentioned it with a kind of veneration, and endeavoured to dazzle our judgment by the great character they bore, and the uncommon elegance of their manners. Divest it of these adventitious graces, and this sweet language of theirs will appear so homely, as to be scarcely worth noticing. Carbo, too, was mentioned as one of our capital orators; and for this only reason,—that in speaking, as in all other professions, whatever is the best of its kind, for the time being, how deficient soever in reality, is always admired and applauded. What I have said of Carbo, is equally true of the Gracchi; though, in some particulars, the character you have given them was no more than they deserved. But to say nothing of the rest of your orators, let us proceed to Antonius and Crassus, your two paragons of eloquence, whom I have heard myself, and who were certainly very able speakers. To the extraordinary commendation you have bestowed upon them, I can readily give my assent; but not, however, in such an unlimited manner as to persuade myself that you have received as much improvement from the speech in support of the Servilian law, as Lysippus said he had done by studying the famous statue¹ of Polycletus. What you have said on *this* occasion I consider as absolute *irony*; but I shall not inform you why I think so, lest you should imagine I design to flatter you. I shall therefore pass over the many fine encomiums you have bestowed upon *these*; and what you have said of Cotta and Sulpicius, and but very lately of your pupil Cælius. I acknowledge, however, that we may call them orators; but as to the nature and extent of their merit, let your own judgment decide. It is scarcely worth observing, that you have had the additional good-nature to crowd so many daubers into your list, that there are some, I believe, who will be ready to wish they had died long ago, that you might have had an opportunity to insert *their* names among the rest."

¹ *Doryphorus*. A spearman.

"You have opened a wide field of inquiry," said I, "and started a subject which deserves a separate discussion; but we must defer it to a more convenient time. For, to settle it, a great variety of authors must be examined, and especially Cato; which could not fail to convince you, that nothing was wanting to complete his pieces, but those rich and glowing colours which had not then been invented. As to the above oration of Crassus, he himself, perhaps, could have written better, if he had been willing to take the trouble; but nobody else, I believe, could have mended it. You have no reason, therefore, to think I spoke *ironically*, when I mentioned it as the guide and *tutoress* of my eloquence; for though you seem to have a higher opinion of my capacity, in its present state, you must remember that, in our youth, we could find nothing better to imitate among the Romans. And as to my admitting so *many* into my list of orators, I only did it (as I have already observed) to show how few have succeeded in a profession, in which all were desirous to excel. I therefore insist upon it that you do not consider *me* in the present case as a *practiser of irony*; though we are informed by Caius Fannius, in his history, that *Africanus* was a very excellent one."

"As you please about *that*," cried Atticus; "though, by the bye, I did not imagine it would have been any disgrace to you, to be what Africanus and Socrates have been before you." "We may settle *this* another time," interrupted Brutus; "but will you be so obliging," said he, (addressing himself to me,) "as to give us a critical analysis of some of the old speeches you have mentioned?" "Very willingly," replied I; "but it must be at Cuma, or Tusculum, when opportunity offers: for we are near neighbours, you know, in both places. At present, let us return to *Hortensius*, from whom we have digressed a second time.

"Hortensius, then, who began to speak in public when he was very young, was soon employed even in causes of the greatest moment; and though he first appeared in the time of Cotta and Sulpicius, (who were only ten years older,) and when Crassus and Antonius, and afterwards Philippus and Julius, were in the height of their reputation, he was thought worthy to be compared with either of them in point of elo-

quence. He had such an excellent memory as I never knew in any person; so that what he had composed in private, he was able to repeat, without notes, in the very same words he had made use of at first. He employed this natural advantage with so much readiness, that he not only recollected whatever he had written or premeditated himself, but remembered everything that had been said by his opponents, without the help of a prompter. He was likewise inflamed with such a passionate fondness for the profession, that I never saw any one who took more pains to improve himself; for he would not suffer a day to elapse without either speaking in the forum, or composing something at home; and very often he did both in the same day. He had, besides, a turn of expression which was very far from being low and unelevated; and possessed two other accomplishments, in which no one could equal him,—an uncommon clearness and accuracy in stating the points he was to discuss; and a neat and easy manner of collecting the substance of what had been said by his antagonist, and by himself. He had likewise an elegant choice of words, an agreeable flow in his periods, and a copious elocution, for which he was partly indebted to a fine natural capacity, and which was partly acquired by the most laborious rhetorical exercises. In short, he had a most retentive view of his subject, and always divided and distributed it into distinct parts with the greatest exactness; and he very seldom overlooked anything which the case could suggest, that was proper either to support his *own* allegations, or to refute those of his opponent. Lastly, he had a sweet and sonorous voice; but his gesture had rather more art in it, and was managed with more precision than is requisite in an orator.

“While he was in the height of his glory, Crassus died, Cotta was banished, our public trials were intermitted by the Marsic war, and I myself made my first appearance in the forum. Hortensius joined the army, and served the first campaign as a volunteer, and the second as a military tribune; Sulpicius was made a lieutenant-general; and Antonius was absent on a similar account. The only trial we had, was that upon the Varian law; the rest, as I have just observed, having been intermitted by the war.

"We had scarcely anybody left at the bar but Lucius Memmius and Quintus Pompeius, who spoke mostly on their own affairs; and, though far from being orators of the first distinction, were yet tolerable ones, (if we may credit Philip-pus, who was himself a man of some eloquence, and, in sup-porting evidence, displayed all the poignancy of a prosecutor, with a moderate freedom of elocution. The rest, who were esteemed our capital speakers, were then in the magistracy, and I had the benefit of hearing their harangues almost every day. Caius Curio was chosen a tribune of the people, though he left off speaking after being once deserted by his whole audience. To him I may add Quintus Metellus Celer, who, though certainly no orator, was far from being destitute of utterance; but Quintus Varius, Caius Carbo, and Cnæus Pom-ponius, were men of real elocution, and might almost be said to have lived upon the rostra. Caius Julius too, who was then a curule ædile, was daily employed in making speeches to the people, which were composed with great neatness and ac-curacy.

"But while I attended the forum with this eager curiosity, my first disappointment was the banishment of Cotta; after which I continued to hear the rest with the same assiduity as before; and though I daily spent the remainder of my time in reading, writing, and private declamation, I cannot say that I much relished my confinement to these preparatory ex-ercises. The next year Quintus Varius was condemned, and banished by his own law; and I, that I might acquire a com-petent knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence, then at-tached myself to Quintus Scævola, the son of Publius, who, though he did not choose to undertake the charge of a pupil, yet, by freely giving his advice to those who consulted him, answered every purpose of instruction to such as took the trouble to apply to him. In the succeeding year, in which Sylla and Pompey were consuls, as Sulpicius, who was elected a tribune of the people, had occasion to speak in public almost every day, I had opportunity to acquaint myself thoroughly with his manner of speaking. At this time Philo, a philoso-pher of the first name in the Academy, with many of the prin-cipal Athenians, having deserted their native home, and fled

to Rome, from the fury of Mithridates, I immediately became his scholar, and was exceedingly taken with his philosophy; and, besides the pleasure I received from the great variety and sublimity of his matter, I was still more inclined to confine my attention to that study; because there was reason to apprehend that our laws and judicial proceedings would be wholly overturned by the continuance of the public disorders. In the same year Sulpicius lost his life; and Quintus Catulus, Marcus Antonius, and Caius Julius, three orators who were partly contemporary with each other, were most inhumanly put to death. Then also I attended the lectures of Molo the Rhodian, who was newly come to Rome, and was both an excellent pleader, and an able teacher of the art.

“I have mentioned these particulars, which, perhaps, may appear foreign to our purpose, that *you*, my Brutus, (for Atticus is already acquainted with them,) may be able to mark my progress, and observe how closely I trod upon the heels of Hortensius. The three following years the city was free from the tumult of arms; but either by the death, the voluntarily retirement, or the flight of our ablest orators, (for even Marcus Crassus, and the two Lentuli, who were then in the bloom of youth, had all left us,) Hortensius, of course, was the first speaker in the forum. Antistius, too, was daily rising into reputation; Piso pleaded pretty often; Pomponius, not so frequently; Carbo, very seldom: and Philippus, only once or twice.

“In the meanwhile I pursued my studies of every kind, day and night, with unremitting application. I lodged and boarded at my own house (where he lately died) Diodotus the Stoic; whom I employed as my preceptor in various other parts of learning, but particularly in logic, which may be considered as a close and contracted species of eloquence; and without which, you yourself have declared it impossible to acquire that full and perfect eloquence, which they suppose to be an open and dilated kind of logic. Yet with all my attention to Diodotus, and the various arts he was master of, I never suffered even a single day to escape me, without some exercise of the oratorical kind. I constantly declaimed in private with Marcus Piso, Quintus Pompeius, or some other of

my acquaintance; pretty often in Latin, but much oftener in Greek; because the Greek furnishes a greater variety of ornaments, and an opportunity of imitating and introducing them into the Latin; and because the Greek masters, who were far the best, could not correct and improve us, unless we declaimed in that language.

“This time was distinguished by a violent struggle to restore the liberty of the republic; the barbarous slaughter of the three orators, Scævola, Carbo, and Antistius; the return of Cotta, Curio, Crassus, Pompey, and the Lentuli; the re-establishment of the laws and courts of judicature, and the entire restoration of the commonwealth; but we lost Pomponius, Censorinus, and Murena, from the roll of orators. I now began, for the *first* time, to undertake the management of causes, both private and public; not, as most did, with a view to learn my profession, but to make a trial of the abilities which I had taken so much pains to acquire. I had then a second opportunity of attending the instructions of Molo, who came to Rome while Sylla was dictator, to solicit the payment of what was due to his countrymen for their services in the Mithridatic war. My defence of Sextus Roscius, which was the first cause I pleaded, met with such a favourable reception, that, from that moment, I was looked upon as an advocate of the first class, and equal to the greatest and most important causes; and after this I pleaded many others, which I precomposed with all the care and accuracy I was master of.

“But as you seem desirous not so much to be acquainted with any incidental marks of my character, or the first sallies of my youth, as to know me thoroughly, I shall mention some particulars, which otherwise might have seemed unnecessary. At this time my body was exceedingly weak and emaciated; my neck long and slender; a shape and habit which I thought to be liable to great risk of life, if engaged in any violent fatigue, or labour of the lungs. And it gave the greater alarm to those who had a regard for me, that I used to speak without any remission or variation, with the utmost stretch of my voice, and a total agitation of my body.

“When my friends, therefore, and physicians, advised me to meddle no more with forensic causes, I resolved to run

any hazard rather than quit the hopes of glory which I had proposed to myself from pleading; but when I considered, that by managing my voice, and changing my way of speaking, I might both avoid all future danger of that kind and speak with greater ease, I took a resolution of travelling into Asia, merely for an opportunity to correct my manner of speaking; so that after I had been two years at the bar, and acquired some reputation in the forum, I left Rome. When I came to Athens, I spent six months with Antiochus, the principal and most judicious philosopher of the old Academy; and under this able master, I renewed those philosophical studies which I had laboriously cultivated and improved from my earliest youth. At the same time, however, I continued my *rhetorical exercises* under Demetrius the Syrian, an experienced and reputable master of the art of speaking.

"After leaving Athens, I traversed every part of Asia, where I was voluntarily attended by the principal orators of the country, with whom I renewed my rhetorical exercises. The chief of them was Menippus of Stratonica, the most eloquent of all the Asiatics; and if to be neither tedious nor impertinent is the characteristic of an Attic orator, he may be justly ranked in that class. Dionysius also of Magnesia, Æschylus of Cnidos, and Xenocles of Adramyttium, who were esteemed the first rhetoricians of Asia, were continually with me.

"Not contented with these, I went to Rhodes, and applied myself again to Molo, whom I had heard before at Rome; and who was both an experienced pleader and a fine writer, and particularly judicious in remarking the faults of his scholars, as well as in his method of teaching and improving them. His principal trouble with me was to restrain the luxuriancy of a juvenile imagination, always ready to overflow its banks, within its due and proper channel. Thus, after an excursion of two years, I returned to Italy, not only much improved, but almost changed into a new man. The vehemence of my voice and action was considerably abated; the excessive ardour of my language was corrected; my lungs were strengthened; and my whole constitution confirmed and settled.

"Two orators then reigned in the forum (I mean Cotta

and Hortensius), whose glory fired my emulation. Cotta's way of speaking was calm and easy, and distinguished by the flowing elegance and propriety of his language. The other was splendid, warm, and animated; not such as you, my Brutus, have seen him, when he had shed the blossom of his eloquence, but far more lively and pathetic both in his style and action. As Hortensius, therefore, was nearer to me in age, and his manner more agreeable to the natural ardour of my temper, I considered him as the proper object of my competition. For I observed that when they were both engaged in the same cause, (as, for instance, when they defended Marcus Canuleius, and Cneius Dolabella, a man of consular dignity,) though Cotta was generally employed to open the defence, the most important parts of it were left to the management of Hortensius. For a crowded audience and a clamorous forum require an orator who is lively, animated, full of action, and able to exert his voice to the highest pitch.

"The first year, therefore, after my return from Asia, I undertook several capital causes; and in the interim I put up as a candidate for the quæstorship, Cotta for the consulate, and Hortensius for the ædileship. After I was chosen quæstor, I passed a year in Sicily, the province assigned to me by lot; Cotta went as consul into Gaul; and Hortensius, whose new office required his presence at Rome, was left of course the undisputed sovereign of the forum. In the succeeding year, when I returned from Sicily, my oratorical talents, such as they were, displayed themselves in their full perfection and maturity.

"I have been saying too much, perhaps, concerning myself; but my design in it was not to make a parade of my eloquence and ability, which I have no temptation to do, but only to specify the pains and labour which I have taken to improve it. After spending the five succeeding years in pleading a variety of causes, and with the ablest advocates of the time, I was declared an ædile, and undertook the patronage of the Sicilians against Hortensius, who was then one of the consuls elect.

"But as the subject of our conversation not only requires

an historical detail of orators, but such preceptive remarks as may be necessary to elucidate their characters; it will not be improper to make some observations of this kind upon that of Hortensius. After his appointment to the consulship (very probably, because he saw none of consular dignity who were able to rival him, and despised the competition of others of inferior rank) he began to remit that intense application which he had hitherto persevered in from his childhood; and having settled himself in very affluent circumstances, he chose to live for the future what he thought an *easy* life, but which, in truth, was rather an indolent one. In the three succeeding years, the beauty of his colouring was so much impaired as to be very perceptible to a skilful connoisseur, though not to a common observer. After that, he grew every day more unlike himself than before, not only in other parts of eloquence, but by a gradual decay of the former celerity and elegant texture of his language.

“I, at the same time, spared no pains to improve and enlarge my talents, such as they were, by every exercise that was proper for the purpose, but particularly by that of writing. Not to mention several other advantages I derived from it, I shall only observe, that about this time, and but a very few years after my ædileship, I was declared the first prætor, by the unanimous suffrages of my fellow-citizens. For, by my diligence and assiduity as a pleader, and my accurate way of speaking, which was rather superior to the ordinary style of the bar, the novelty of my eloquence had engaged the attention and secured the good wishes of the public. But I will say nothing of myself; I will confine my discourse to our other speakers, among whom there is not one who has gained more than a common acquaintance with those parts of literature which feed the springs of eloquence; not one who has been thoroughly nurtured at the breast of Philosophy, which is the mother of every excellence either in deed or speech; not one who has acquired an accurate knowledge of the civil law, which is so necessary for the management even of private causes, and to direct the judgment of an orator; not one who is a complete master of the Roman history, which would enable us, on many occasions, to appeal to the venerable

evidence of the dead; not one who can entangle his opponent in such a neat and humorous manner, as to relax the severity of the judges into a smile or an open laugh; not one who knows how to dilate and expand his subject, by reducing it from the limited considerations of time and person, to some general and indefinite topic; not one who knows how to enliven it by an agreeable digression; not one who can rouse the indignation of the judge, or extort from him the tear of compassion; or who can influence and bend his soul (which is confessedly the capital perfection of an orator), in such a manner as shall best suit his purpose.

“When Hortensius, therefore, the once eloquent and admired Hortensius, had almost vanished from the forum, my appointment to the consulship, which happened about six years after his own promotion to that office, revived his dying emulation; for he was unwilling that, after I had equalled him in rank and dignity, I should become his superior in any other respect. But in the twelve succeeding years, by a mutual deference to each other’s abilities, we united our efforts at the bar in the most amicable manner; and my consulship, which had at first given a short alarm to his jealousy, afterwards cemented our friendship, by the generous candour with which he applauded my conduct. But our emulous efforts were exerted in the most conspicuous manner, just before the commencement of that unhappy period, when Eloquence herself was confounded and terrified by the din of arms into a sudden and total silence; for after Pompey had proposed and carried a law, which allowed even the party accused but three hours to make his defence, I appeared (though comparatively as a mere *noviciate* by this new regulation) in a number of causes which, in fact, were become perfectly the same, or very nearly so; most of which, my Brutus, you were present to hear, as having been my partner and fellow-advocate in many of them, though you pleaded several by yourself; and Hortensius, though he died a short time afterwards, bore his share in these limited efforts. He began to plead about ten years before the time of your birth; and in his sixty-fourth year, but a very few days before his death, he was engaged with you in the defence of Appius, your father-in-law. As to our

respective talents, the orations we have published will enable posterity to form a proper judgment of them.

“But if we mean to inquire, why Hortensius was more admired for his eloquence in the younger part of his life than in his latter years, we shall find it owing to the following causes. The first was, that an *Asiatic* style is more allowable in a young man than in an old one. Of this there are two different kinds. The former is sententious and sprightly, and abounds in those turns of thought which are not so much distinguished by their weight and solidity as by their neatness and elegance; of this cast was Timæus the historian, and the two orators so much talked of in our younger days, Hierocles of Alabanda, and his brother Menecles, but particularly the latter; both whose orations may be reckoned master-pieces of this kind. The other sort is not so remarkable for the plenitude and richness of its thoughts, as for its rapid volubility of expression, which at present is the ruling taste in Asia; but, besides its uncommon fluency, it is recommended by a choice of words which are peculiarly delicate and ornamental; of this kind were Æschylus the Cnidian, and my contemporary Æschines the Milesian; for they had an admirable command of language, with very little elegance of sentiment. These showy kinds of eloquence are agreeable enough in young people; but they are entirely destitute of that gravity and composure which befits a riper age.

“As Hortensius therefore excelled in both, he was heard with applause in the earlier part of his life. For he had all that fertility and graceful variety of sentiment which distinguished the character of Menecles: but, as in Menecles, so in him, there were many turns of thought which were more delicate and entertaining than really useful, or indeed sometimes convenient. His language also was brilliant and rapid, and yet perfectly neat and accurate; but by no means agreeable to men of riper years. I have often seen it received by Philip-pus with the utmost derision, and, upon some occasions, with a contemptuous indignation; but the younger part of the audience admired it, and the populace were highly pleased with it. In his youth, therefore, he met the warmest approbation of the public, and maintained his post with ease as the first

orator in the forum. For the style he chose to speak in, though it has little weight or authority, appeared very suitable to his age; and as it discovered in him the most visible marks of genius and application, and was recommended by the numerous cadence of his periods, he was heard with universal applause. But when the honours he afterwards rose to, and the dignity of his years, required something more serious and composed, he still continued to appear in the same character, though it no longer became him; and as he had, for some considerable time, intermitted those exercises, and relaxed that laborious attention which had once distinguished him, though his former neatness of expression and luxuriancy of conception still remained, they were stripped of those brilliant ornaments they had been used to wear. For this reason, perhaps, my Brutus, he appeared less pleasing to you than he would have done, if you had been old enough to hear him, when he was fired with emulation, and flourished in the full bloom of his eloquence."

"I am perfectly sensible," said Brutus, "of the justice of your remarks; and yet I have always looked upon Hortensius as a great orator, but especially when he pleaded for Messala, in the time of your absence." "I have often heard of it," replied I; "and his oration, which was afterwards published, they say, in the very same words in which he delivered it, is no way inferior to the character you give it. Upon the whole, then, his reputation flourished from the time of Crassus and Scaevola (reckoning from the consulship of the former), to the consulship of Paullus and Marcellus; and I held out in the same career of glory from the dictatorship of Sylla, to the period I have last mentioned. Thus the eloquence of Hortensius was extinguished by his *own* death, and mine by that of the commonwealth."

"Presage more favourably, I beg of you," cried Brutus. "As favourably as you please," said I, "and that, not so much upon my own account as yours. But *his* death was truly fortunate, who did not live to behold the miseries which he had long foreseen; for we often lamented, between ourselves, the misfortunes which hung over the state, when we discovered the seeds of a civil war in the insatiable ambition of a few

private citizens, and saw every hope of an accommodation excluded by the rashness and precipitancy of our public counsels. But the felicity which always marked his life seems to have exempted him, by a seasonable death, from the calamities that followed. But as, after the decease of Hortensius, we seem to have been left, my Brutus, as the sole guardians of an *orphan* eloquence, let us cherish her, within our own walls at least, with a generous fidelity; let us discourage the addresses of her worthless and impertinent suitors; let us preserve her pure and unblemished in all her virgin charms, and secure her, to the utmost of our ability, from the lawless violence of every armed ruffian. I must own, however, though I am heartily grieved that I entered so late upon the road of life as to be overtaken by a gloomy night of public distress, before I had finished my journey, that I am not a little relieved by the tender consolation which you administered to me in your very agreeable letters; in which you tell me I ought to recollect my courage, since my past transactions are such as will speak for me when I am silent, and survive my death; and such as, if the Gods permit, will bear an ample testimony to the prudence and integrity of my public counsels, by the final restoration of the republic; or, if otherwise, by burying me in the ruins of my country.

“But when I look upon *you*, my Brutus, it fills me with anguish to reflect that, in the vigour of your youth, and when you were making the most rapid progress in the road to fame, your career was suddenly stopped by the fatal overthrow of the commonwealth. This unhappy circumstance has stung me to the heart; and not *me* only, but my worthy friend here, who has the same affection for you and the same esteem for your merit which I have. We have the warmest wishes for your happiness, and heartily pray that you may reap the rewards of your excellent virtues, and live to find a republic in which you will be able, not only to revive, but even to add to the fame of your illustrious ancestors. For the forum was your birthright, your native theatre of action; and you were the only person that entered it, who had not only formed his elocution by a rigorous course of private practice, but enriched his oratory with the furniture of philosophical science,

and thus united the highest virtue to the most consummate eloquence. Your situation, therefore, wounds us with the double anxiety that *you* are deprived of the *republic*, and the republic of *you*.

“But still continue, my Brutus, (notwithstanding the career of your genius has been checked by the rude shock of our public distresses,) continue to pursue your favourite studies, and endeavour (what you have almost, or rather entirely effected already) to distinguish yourself from the promiscuous crowd of pleaders with which I have loaded the little history I have been giving you. For it would ill befit you (richly furnished as you are with those liberal arts which, unable to acquire at home, you imported from that celebrated city which has always been revered as the seat of learning) to pass after all as an ordinary pleader. For to what purposes have you studied under Pammenes, the most eloquent man in Greece? or what advantage have you derived from the discipline of the old Academy, and its hereditary master Aristus, (my guest and very intimate acquaintance,) if you still rank yourself in the common class of orators? Have we not seen that a whole age could scarcely furnish two speakers who really excelled in their profession? Among a crowd of contemporaries, Galba, for instance, was the only orator of distinction; for old Cato (we are informed) was obliged to yield to his superior merit, as were likewise his two juniors, Lepidus and Carbo.

“But, in a public harangue, the style of his successors, the Gracchi, was far more easy and lively; and yet, even in their time, the Roman eloquence had not reached its perfection. Afterwards came Antonius and Crassus; and then Cotta, Sulpicius, Hortensius, and—but I say no more; I can only add, that if I had been so fortunate—[*The conclusion is lost.*]

CICERO
ORATIONS AGAINST CATILINE

TRANSLATED BY
ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

THE FIRST ORATION AGAINST CATILINE¹

SPOKEN IN THE SENATE, 8TH NOVEMBER

A.U.C. 690 [63 B.C.]

How long, Catiline,² will you dare to abuse our patience? how long are we to be the sport of your frantic fury? to what extremity do you mean to carry your unbridled insolence? has the guard stationed every night on Mount Palatine made no impression on you? does the watch that patrols the streets of Rome excite no alarm? The people are covered with consternation; all honest men are of one mind; they unite against you in every quarter: and are you not struck with terror? not struck by this awful meeting of the Fathers, assembled, as you see, in this place of strength and security? behold their countenances; observe the looks with which they view you: and does not your heart shrink within you? do you not feel that your guilt is detected? that your designs stand manifest to view? that your conspiracy is defeated? do you imagine that in this assembly there is a single person who is not aware of your proceedings? who does not know what you did last night, or on the night preceding; where you held your convention; who were your associates; and what measures you concerted? But, O degenerate times! the senate is informed; the consul knows every circumstance, and yet the traitor lives! Lives, did I say? he comes into the house; he takes his seat among us; he throws his eyes around, and marks every one of us for destruction; while we, brave men! sit here in tame

¹ For an account of Catiline's Conspiracy, and the circumstances under which Cicero's oration was delivered, see the Conspiracy of Catiline by Sallust in volume five.

² Catiline had the hardiness to attend the meeting, and to take his seat among the Fathers. Cicero rose, and, in a burst of indignation, poured forth the torrent of his eloquence. The speech, of course, was unprepared, but, as Sallust observes, it was afterwards reduced to writing, and published to the world.

debate, conceiving, if we ward off the danger from ourselves, that we discharge our duty to our country.

Your fate, Catiline, has been too long deferred: before this time you ought to have suffered death by order of the consul. The ruin which you have planned, ought long before this day to have fallen on your own head. Could that eminent Roman, Publius Scipio, when he was no more than chief pontiff, by his own private authority cut off Tiberius Gracchus, an enemy, indeed, to the state, but still a man who wished to alter, not to overturn the government; and shall we, the chief magistrates, the consuls of Rome, tamely suffer the machinations of a traitor, who means with sword and fire to lay waste the Roman world? I will not go back for ancient precedents; I omit the example of Quintus Servilius Ahala, who with his own right arm put to death Spurius Melius, a man charged with meditating innovations in the state. There was in ancient times that energy of mind, yes, in this republic there was that patriot spirit, that could punish a domestic traitor with a weight of vengeance never inflicted on the most inveterate foreign enemy. Even at this time we have against you, Catiline, a just and awful decree of the senate: the commonwealth is defended by prudent counsel, and in this august assembly there is ample authority; but we, the consuls, I speak my mind with freedom, we, the consuls, are deficient in our duty.

In a former period of our history, the senate ordained by a decree, that Lucius Opimius, the consul, *should take care that the commonwealth received no injury*. Not a single night intervened, when Caius Gracchus was put to death for seditious practices; that very Gracchus, who was descended from a father of distinguished merit, from a grandfather of eminent character, and a line of illustrious ancestors. Marcus Fulvius, a man of consular dignity, suffered in like manner: his two sons perished with him.

By a similar decree, the commonwealth was committed to the two consuls, Caius Marius and Lucius Valerius: on that occasion, was the punishment of Lucius Saturninus, a tribune of the people, and Caius Servilius, then one of the prætors, deferred for a single day: they both fell a sacrifice



CATILINE LISTENING TO CICERO'S DENUNCIATION
*From a portion of a painting by Cesare Maccari in the Senate
Chamber in Rome*

"CATILINE HAD THE HARDINESS TO ATTEND THE MEETING, AND TO
TAKE HIS SEAT AMONG THE FATHERS. CICERO ROSE, AND, IN A BURST
OF INDIGNATION, POURED FORTH THE TORRENT OF HIS ELOQUENCE."

—Page 123, footnote.

detest, considering, if we want off the danger from ourselves, that we discharge our duty to our country.

Your fate, Catiline, has been too long deferred: but at this time you ought to have suffered death by order of the consul. The man which you have pleased ought long before this day to have fallen on your own head. Could that eminent Roman, Publius Scipio, when he was no more than chief pontiff, by his own private authority put off Titinius Gracchus, an enemy, indeed, to the state, but still a citizen, so as to alter, not to overturn the government; and would we the chief magistrates, the consuls of Rome, suffer the machinations of a traitor, who means with secret and secret lay waste the Roman world? I will not go back for precedents: I seek the example of Quintus Servilius Ahala, who with his own right arm put to death Spurius Maelius, a man charged with conspiring innovations in the state. There is still one other person, Catiline, that would punish a domestic enemy with a weight of punishment equalled on the most cruel tyrants. I speak of Marcus Cato, a man not only brave of his country, the commonwealth, but also by nature cruel, and by that nature capable of such a weight of punishment: but this, the example, I speak of, will not be sufficient to deter you from your crime in our day.

In a former period of our history, when the commonwealth was in a decree, that Lucius Opius, the consul, should be put to death that the commonwealth might be saved, and a single night intervened, when Caius Gracchus was put to death for seditious practices; that very consul, who was descended from a father of distinguished name, from a grandfather of eminent character, and a line of illustrious ancestors. Marcus Fulvius, a man of consular rank, suffered in like manner: his two sons perished with him.

By a similar decree, the commonwealth was committed to the two consuls, Caius Marcius and Lucius Valerius: on that occasion, was the punishment of Lucius Saturninus, a tribune of the people, and Caius Servilius, then one of the

From a portion of a painting by Cesare Maratti in the Senate Chamber in Rome

"CATILINE HAD THE HARDINESS TO ATTEND THE MEETING, AND TO TAKE HIS SEAT AMONG THE FATHERS. CICERO ROSE, AND IN A BURST OF INDIGNATION, Poured FORTH THE TORRENT OF HIS ELOQUENCE."



Coupiégnavure

to the justice of their country. And yet, during the last twenty days, we, the consuls, have suffered the authority of this assembly to languish in our hands. We are armed with a similar decree; but it is with us a mere matter of record, like a sword enclosed in the scabbard. By that authority you, Catiline, have been long since condemned to death. You live, notwithstanding, but you live, not to repent of your crimes, but to cherish them in your heart, and add to your iniquity.

To administer justice with mercy, conscript Fathers, is the propensity of my heart; but in this dangerous crisis I am not willing to appear remiss; but still, it must be acknowledged, I have remained inactive; my conscience upbraids me for it. An army has been levied: the rebels are encamped in the defiles of Etruria: their numbers increase every day. The commander of that army, the chief of that hostile crew, walks at large among us. We see him in the senate, bent on mischief, and meditating scenes of blood and massacre. Should I this moment, Catiline, order you to be seized, and hurried away to execution, good men, I fear, would still pronounce me slow and tardy in the discharge of my duty: none would think me rigorous or vindictive.

But this act of justice, which ought to have been long since performed, I choose for weighty reasons to defer for the present. You shall then be sent to execution, when there cannot be found a man so vile and profligate, so like yourself, as not to acknowledge that you deserved your fate. As long as there breathes a man hardy enough to defend your cause, I will allow you to live; but you shall live, as you now do, encompassed by a numerous guard, whose watchful care will not suffer you to move or stir against your country. The eyes of men, when you little suspect it, will be fixed upon you, and their ears will be ready to catch each treasonable word that you shall dare to utter.

Thus situated, Catiline, what have you to expect? The gloom of night cannot conceal your fell designs; the walls of your own house are not thick enough to enclose the voice of treason; every syllable is heard; your dark complottings all transpire. Then take my advice; renounce your frantic projects; think no more of massacre and ruin. You are hemmed

in on every side; your designs are seen in open daylight. To convince you, I will give you a detail of the whole:

You may remember what passed in the senate on the twelfth before the calends of November: on that occasion, I declared aloud, that on a certain day the standard of rebellion would be reared. I even named the day, the 27th of October: I gave notice, that on that day, Caius Manlius, your accomplice, your general officer, would be in open arms. Was I a false prophet? did I not foretell that horrible event? what is more, did I not fix the very day? But this is not all: I declared to the Fathers, that the 28th of the same month was the day fixed by yourself for a general massacre of the most eminent citizens: Rome was to be made a theatre of blood and horror. On that day, a considerable number of the most illustrious men withdrew from the city, not so much to avoid your band of assassins, as to defeat your execrable project. Can you deny, that on that day you were closely besieged by a guard under my direction? that by my vigilance all your measures were defeated? When you found that numbers had withdrawn from the reach of your poniards, what was your declaration? the men, you said, who made their escape, were of no consequence, provided that I, who kept my post in the city, fell a victim to your fury. Nay more; your design against Prænesté was to be carried into execution on the calends of November; in the dead of night that fortress was to be taken by assault; but you found all your measures counteracted. By my orders the garrison secured the colony. You do nothing, you form no plan, you harbour no design, but I hear, I see, I discover all.

Let us now review the transactions of last night. A true state of the facts will convince you, that I am more active to save the commonwealth, than you to destroy it. Where were you last night? I will tell you, and I will name the place: you were at the house of Marcus Lecca, in consultation with your accomplices. Do you deny it? why that sullen silence? the proof is in my power: I now see in this assembly men of senatorian rank, who are leagued with you in your frantic schemes; they attended your midnight council.

Immortal gods! where are we? in what city do we reside?

of what republic are we members? Here, conscript Fathers, here in this very house, in this great council of the commonwealth, in this august assembly, the most venerable on the face of the globe, here in a Roman senate, we have among us a lurking band of traitors, who have resolved on the murder of your consul; who have conspired against you all; who have planned the ruin of this city, and, by consequence, of the Roman world. I see the men now before me; in the character of consul I behold them; I am to collect their votes in this debate; and, when I ought to send them to the sword of justice, I forbear to mention their names.

But my business, Catiline, is with you: you were last night at the house of Lecca; you fixed your stations in different parts of Italy; you ordered your emissaries to their several posts; you selected some to be left at Rome, and others to attend you to the camp; you marked out the quarter of the city where the conflagration was to begin; you declared your intention to join your army, but your journey was to be deferred, because I was still alive. In that moment it was found that there existed two Roman knights ready to bear the assassin's dagger. They undertook to relieve you from your anxiety; they promised before the dawn of day to poniard me in my bed. Your assembly was scarce dissolved when I was informed of all. I strengthened my guards; I secured my house; your assassins came, and were refused admittance. They were the very men whose names I had mentioned to several illustrious citizens, with all the particulars of their insidious visit, and the very hour when their black design was to be executed.

Things standing thus, what hinders you, Catiline, from pursuing your original plan? proceed as you intended; leave the city; the gates are open to you; begin your journey. The Manlian camp has been too long held in suspense; your soldiers expect their general; take with you your whole band of conspirators; if not all, take the greatest part, and let Rome disgorge the cankers of her peace: you will deliver me from my fears; a wall between us will be a sufficient safeguard. You cannot remain among us; I will not bear it; I will not suffer it; I will not allow it.

Immortal gods! the thanks of a whole people are due to you; and chiefly to thee, Jupiter Stator, in whose temple we now are: to thee, thou ancient guardian of the state, our vows and supplications ought now to ascend; to thee we owe it, that on so many occasions we have escaped the fury of this worst of enemies, this most pernicious citizen, this monster of iniquity. But it is now time to close this scene of terror. The commonwealth must not be for ever exposed to the machinations of one desperate traitor.

Before I entered on the high office which I hold; when I was no more than consul elect, I was well aware, Catiline, of your designs against my life; but I was able by my own vigilance, without calling on the public for protection, to ward off every danger. At the last election of consuls for the ensuing year, I was doomed, with the candidates that opposed you, to bleed in the field of Mars; but even then I raised no alarm; the assistance of my friends was sufficient to defeat your horrid purpose. In a word, as often as your poniard was aimed at me, I stood alone in opposition to your fury, though I clearly saw that my life was interwoven with the public safety. Your blow at present is levelled at the vitals of the commonwealth; the temples of our gods, the mansions of the people, and the lives of our fellow-citizens, are doomed to destruction; all Italy is to be laid waste, and the whole country to be a scene of desolation.

And yet even now, in this awful crisis, I am not willing to enforce the laws established by ancient usage, and the spirit of the constitution. Another expedient presents itself, less severe to the criminal, but more conducive to the public safety. Were I to pronounce judgment of death, the execution of one man would not remove the rest of the traitors, who still continue to lurk among us. If you, Catiline, proceed on your intended journey, the whole crew of your adherents will issue forth, and purge the city. Do you hesitate? can you refuse to execute by my orders what was your own preconcerted plan? the consul commands an enemy to retire: you ask me, must you go into banishment? I do not order it; but, if you want to know my opinion, I advise it.

What attraction can you find at present? what allurements

can detain you in this city? If we except your own abandoned followers, is there to be found a man who does not live in dread of you? who does not behold you with detestation? is there a vice with which you are not branded? no new note of infamy can be added to your name; your eyes are deformed by libidinous passions; your hands are red with murder; your body is stained with pollution. In the number of young men whom your seducing arts have added to your train, is there one whose hand you have not armed with a dagger? is there one whose passions you have not inflamed, and pandered for his lust?

Nay more; when lately, upon the death of your former wife, you cleared your house to make way for a second bride, did you not add to that foul proceeding a crime of the most atrocious dye, and fill the measure of your guilt? but I draw a veil over that transaction: I am willing to consign it to oblivion, lest it should be known hereafter that so horrible a deed was perpetrated in this city, or, being perpetrated, that it passed with impunity. I say nothing of your ruined fortunes; the ensuing ides will crush you with a load of debt. I pass over the infamy of your private life, your enormous vices, your flagitious practices: I proceed to what is of more importance, the public safety, the interest of all good men, and the very existence of the commonwealth.

For let me ask you, can you within the walls of Rome enjoy the light of the sun? can you with pleasure breathe the vital air, when you reflect that there is not one among us who does not know, that on the last day of December, when Lepidus and Tullus were on the eve of closing their consulship, you carried with you to an assembly of the people a concealed dagger; that you were attended by a band of ruffians, ready by your orders to imbrue their hands in the blood of the consuls and the first men in Rome? It is true, that this execrable plot miscarried, not because you repented; not because you was capable of fear or remorse: the guardian genius of Rome prevented a general massacre.

I will not dwell on this subject: the facts are well known, and there are others of a recent date. How often have your snares been laid for me, not only when I was consul elect,

but since I entered on the magistracy? your poniard has been often aimed at me in a direction that seemed inevitable, but I escaped the danger by shifting my ground, or, in the gladiator's phrase, by a new posture. There is nothing you can plan, nothing you can undertake, nothing you can attempt, that does not come directly to my knowledge; and yet your invention is not exhausted, your courage is not alarmed, your obstinacy is not fatigued. How often has your dagger been wrested out of your hand; how often has it fallen useless to the ground? and yet you are not disarmed: to what infernal god, and by what rites, you have dedicated your poniard, I do not know; but you cherish it as a consecrated weapon, never to be laid aside till you have sheathed it in the heart of a consul.

In your present condition, is yours a life that any man would choose to lead? I now address you, not in the tone of indignation, which your guilt has provoked, but in the language of compassion, to which you have forfeited every claim. You chose this day to shew yourself in the senate. When you entered the house, who in this assembly acknowledged you? who among your numerous friends and relations rose to salute you? If such a reception is without a precedent; if in the memory of man no instance of the kind has happened, need I exalt my voice, when the awful silence of the Fathers has more emphatically condemned you? When you came forward, those benches were deserted; when you took your seat, the senators of consular rank, for whose blood your dagger had long been thirsting, all rose at once, and left a void on that side of the house. What are now the sensations of your heart? By heaven, if my domestic slaves had as good reason to fear me, as every honest man has to hold you in detestation, I should abandon my house; and will you presume to remain in the city? Let me tell you more: were it my misfortune, even without just cause, to be abhorred by my fellow-citizens, I should remove to a distant scene, rather than stay among them, to bear the glance of resentment, and the scowling eye of suspicion. And will you, whose conscience in bitter accents tells you that you have incurred the public hatred; will you, I say, remain at Rome? will you by your presence

wound the eyes of men, whose indignation your crimes have already provoked?

If your parents lived in dread of you; if they beheld you with a degree of aversion, which nothing could appease, you would in that case, I have no doubt, retire and shun their sight. At present your country, the common parent of us all, fears and detests you; she considers you as the worst of paricides, a pernicious traitor, who have long been brooding over scenes of blood and desolation: and will you not respect her authority? not submit to her judgment? not yield to her lawful power?

Her very silence is eloquent, and thus she reasons with you:

“There has not been for several years a crime or a flagitious deed committed without your participation: yours was the head to plan, or yours the hand to execute. Your sword has been glutted with the blood of Roman citizens; the provinces have been plundered by your rapacity; and yet all, all has passed without so much as an inquiry into your conduct; as if you had a privilege to be a villain with impunity. By you the tribunals of justice have been silenced; by you the laws have been abolished. Those grievances called aloud for redress, and yet I endured them all. But to be for ever in dread of your horrible designs; in every sudden commotion to start and tremble at the name of Catiline; in every treason to find you the grand contriver of all; it is more than I can bear; these repeated alarms are insupportable. I command you, therefore, to retire; depart from the city, and appease my fears; if they are well founded, that I may avoid calamity and ruin; if false, that I may cease to live in misery.”

Such is the language of your country: and ought not her sacred voice, even if she had not power to enforce it, to have due weight with you; with you, who have offered to surrender yourself a voluntary prisoner? To remove all cause of suspicion, you were willing to commit yourself to the custody of Marcus Lepidus; rejected by him, you had the hardiness to address yourself to me; you petitioned to be a prisoner in my house: and what was my answer? I told you, that not thinking myself safe within the walls of the same city, I would not live under one roof with you. You then applied

to Quintus Metellus, the prætor, and, meeting with a repulse, you had recourse to your friend Marcus Marcellus, persuaded, as we may suppose, that he would have vigilance to watch your motions, sagacity to discover your secret machinations, and resolution to oppose your projects. And now I desire to know, when a man has confessed that he ought not to be snffered to go at large, is it not high time to send him loaded with fetters to a dungeon?

This, Catiline, is the state to which you have reduced yourself: and since you cannot with any degree of comfort reside any longer among us, will it not be prudent to seek some foreign land, where you may hide your head in solitude, and protract a life, which has been long since forfeited to the justice of your country? To this you answer, "Move the question; put it to the vote of the Fathers; and if they order you into banishment, you are ready to obey their decree." I will make no such motion; it is contrary to my way of thinking. But still you shall know the sentiments of this assembly: "*Go, Catiline, withdraw from the city of Rome; go, and deliver us from our fears; depart at once, and, if you expect the word, go into banishment.*"

How! do you hesitate? Observe the solemn taciturnity of this august assembly; the Fathers hear me; they are silent; they acquiesce. Do you expect the form of words? their consent emphatically condemns you.

Were my discourse directed in the same strain to that excellent youth, Publius Sextius, or to that illustrious citizen, Marcus Marcellus, the Fathers would revolt against such presumption, and even in this temple, forgetting the sanctity of the place, rise in a body against their consul. With regard to you, Catiline, they are impressed with very different sentiments; while they remain quiet, they approve; while they hear me with patience, they decree; while they are silent, they proclaim aloud.

You perceive the sentiments of this illustrious order, whose authority you affect to reverence, while your poniard thirsts for their blood. But it is not here alone that you stand condemned: the Roman knights, a brave and generous band, and those worthy citizens who guard the avenues of the temple, are all of one mind. You have seen their numbers,

and their ardour in the cause of their country: you heard their acclamations. It is with difficulty that I have restrained them from an act of immediate justice; but they are still under my influence; leave the city, and I will answer that they shall conduct you to the gates.

But wherefore do I thus expostulate with you? That you should change your purpose, and retire to solitude, is more than I have reason to expect. May the gods inspire you with such a resolution! As to myself, should you take my advice, and go into voluntary exile, I know that a storm of ill-will and calumny will be ready to burst upon me; not, perhaps, in the present juncture, while the public mind still glows with indignation, but in some future period, when no sense of danger remaining, resentment shall have spent its force. Be the consequence what it may, let the constitution stand, I am prepared for the worst calamity. But that your conscience should reproach you; that you should bend to the authority of the laws; that you should relent in favour of your country; these are things foreign to your heart. You are not the man whom a sense of honour can reform, whom danger can deter, whom reason can reclaim from madness.

And yet I repeat my advice; go forth, and quit the city. If I am, as you frequently declare, your implacable enemy, go into voluntary exile, and by that step revenge your cause. If you comply, a load of obloquy will fall on me; when the public are informed, that the consul drove you into banishment, the clamour will be loud and violent. But if you rather choose to add new glory to my name, go with the dregs and refuse of your desperate gang; proceed to the Manlian camp; muster all your forces; renounce the society of honest men; declare an impious war against your country; let Italy be deluged with blood, and shew yourself in your true colours, not as a man cast out by the consul, but a rebel chief invited by his crew of incendiaries.

But wherefore do I recommend this measure? you have already taken your resolution; you have sent forward an armed force to meet you at the village called Forum Aurelium. I know that you have fixed your day with Manlius; I know that you have sent forward your silver eagle, which, I trust,

will prove fatal to you and yours; that boasted eagle, to which you raised an altar, and offered impious rites in your sacrilegious chapel. Follow it; you cannot live without it; it was the idol of your superstitious worship as often as you went on a desperate enterprise. The same hand that offered incense to your new divinity, was in a short time red with the blood of your fellow-citizens.

I know you will pursue your intended plan; you will go where your frantic fury leads the way: you leave nothing here to regret; your enterprise will be the delight of your heart. Wild commotion is your element; your nature formed you for it; your inclination trained you to it; your fate has reserved you for it. Neither repose, nor even war, could minister to your pleasure, unless they were both endeared by a mixture of guilt and horror. At length your utmost wish is gratified; you have an army made up of the scum of Rome and Italy; a set of wretches reduced to beggary, and destitute of hope. What a scene of delight for a mind like yours! In that society you may exult with joy and rapture, unmolested by the appearance of a single virtue, without so much as one honest man to grate your ear; not one to shock your sight. The labours of your life, those famous labours for which your name is so much celebrated, have prepared and hardened you for your present undertaking. You have been in the habit of lying on the bare ground, sometimes to commit a rape, at others to wait in ambush for your prey, to take advantage of an unsuspecting husband, or to plunder your neighbour. Your present enterprise will call forth all your boasted vigour; your patience of cold, of hunger, and want of every kind. But your fortitude, I trust, will soon be conquered. The victory which I gained, by defeating your hopes of the consulship, has this advantage; in the character of consul you will not be able to oppress your country; your project must be the frantic effort of a man proscribed. It cannot be called a war; it will be the desperate attempt of a robber and murderer.

Permit me now, conscript Fathers, to obviate the complaints which may be urged against me. I request your serious attention; hear my sentiments, and give them a place in your memory. I will suppose my country, which I hold dearer

than my life; I will suppose all Italy and the commonwealth, all with one voice accosting me in terms like these:

“Review your conduct, Marcus Tullius, and consider well the part you now are acting. You have before you a man, whom you know to be a public enemy; who is preparing to take the field at the head of hostile numbers; who is hourly expected in the camp to take upon him the command; a man who planned the black conspiracy; who designs to raise an insurrection of the slaves, and invites a crew of abandoned citizens to his standard: and will you permit the traitor to go forth unmolested, not as if expelled from the city, but sent to return in force, and take it by assault? will you not rather seize his person, load him with irons, and order him to instant execution, a victim to the justice of his country? Say, what is your motive? what restrains you? you cannot plead ancient usage; traitors, it is well known, have been often put to death, even by private citizens, without the sanction of public authority. The laws, that regulate the punishment of Roman citizens, afford you no apology; a traitor has no rights; he is no longer a citizen. Do you dread the reproaches of posterity? that excuse will ill become a new man, who brought with him no credentials from his ancestors, but by his own genius forced himself into notice; who has passed with a rapid progress through the gradations of the magistracy, and by the suffrages of the people has been raised to the highest office in the state. And will you, after so many favours conferred upon you, will you now shrink from the cause of your country? shall the fear of censure, or of danger, alienate your heart from the commonwealth? it were the worst ingratitude. If fear is to operate, which do you think is most to be dreaded, reproach for cowardice, or censure for magnanimity? When Italy is laid waste; when her cities are taken by storm; when her temples and mansions are wrapt in flames; it is then your danger will begin; it is then that the clamours of mankind will be loud against you.”

To those complaints of my country, to her sacred voice, and to all who reason in the same way, my answer shall be short. If I could persuade myself, conscript Fathers, that the death of Catiline would close the scene, that impious

gladiator should not live an hour. If the illustrious characters of a former day were not disgraced, but, on the contrary, honoured and ennobled for the spirit that dared to shed the blood of Saturninus, of Flaccus, and the Gracchi, with many others recorded in history; with that precedent before me, I could have no reason to fear, that for the execution of a traitor and a parricide I should stand condemned by the voice of posterity. But let me add, were the severest censure to be the certain consequence, it has ever been my settled opinion, that reproach, when earned by virtue, is not reproach, but the truest glory.

Yet even now, in this very assembly, there are senators, and those not a few, who do not see the impending danger; or, seeing it, think proper to disguise their sentiments. By specious moderation they have pampered the hopes of Catiline, and, affecting to think my fears no more than a false alarm, they favoured the conspiracy in its birth. By their example numbers have been influenced; the evil-minded raised a spirit of discontent, and the weak joined in the clamour. All of that description would be ready to pronounce the death of Catiline the act of a violent and arbitrary consul. But, should the traitor pursue his design, and join Manlius in his camp, it will then be evident that treason has been at work. There will be none so blind as not to perceive it; no man so profligate as not to acknowledge it.

Were I to pronounce judgment of death, what advantage could accrue to the state? by that measure the conspiracy would be suppressed, not radically cured. But now, should Catiline rush into open war; should he order his crew of adherents to follow in his train; should he draw to his camp a general conflux of the vile and profligate, we shall be able in that case, not only to crush his frantic insurrection, but the very roots of discord will be torn up; the seedpots of rebellion destroyed.

The conspiracy, conscript Fathers, has grown by degrees to its present maturity; but by what fatality the whole collected force of guilt, and rage, and madness, has been reserved for my consulship, it is impossible for me to decide. This, however, is certain; were the leading traitor cut off from that detestable league, our wounds might seem to be bound up, but

they would be bound up to open again, and bleed afresh. The poison would be left rankling in the vitals of the commonwealth. As men in a fever seem by a draught of water to allay the violence of their disorder, but soon find it more inflamed than ever; so the danger that threatens the state might subside for a short interval, soon to break out again with redoubled fury.

For these reasons, conscript Fathers, let the evil-minded depart at once; let them separate themselves from honest men; let them appear in open arms; let the walls of Rome divide us; let them cease to besiege your consul in his own house, to surround the tribunals of justice with a band of ruffians; let them no longer invest the senate with their armed assassins, and prepare their combustibles for a general conflagration; in a word, let the public mind be known, and let the sentiments and wishes of all upright citizens be legible in their countenances. Thus much, conscript Fathers, I will venture to promise; you may rely upon the vigilance of your consuls: with the authority of this order, with the zeal and activity of the Roman knights, with the spirit of union that pervades and animates all honest men, I here undertake, that, as soon as Catiline shall retire, the whole of his impious project shall be laid open, exposed to public view, confounded, and duly punished.

For these reasons, Catiline, I once more warn you to withdraw; go with these sure presages of public peace and security; with these omens of ruin to your cause, and the total overthrow of your desperate partisans; go forth at once, proceed to your camp, and wage an impious war against your country.

And thou, O Jupiter! whose religious rites were established by Romulus, coeval with the foundation of Rome; thou, whom we truly call Stator, the prop and preserver of the constitution; thou, our guardian deity! thou wilt drive this traitor from thy sacred altars; from the temples of the gods; from the walls of Rome; from the lives and fortunes of the people; and let thy awful justice fall on the enemies of all good men, on the plunderers of Italy, on the detestable crew who are now combined in an impious league against their country; exterminate the whole race, and in this world and the next pursue them with eternal vengeance.

THE SECOND ORATION AGAINST CATILINE

DELIVERED BEFORE AN ASSEMBLY OF THE
PEOPLE, 9TH NOVEMBER, A.U.C. 690 [63 B.C.]¹

At length, my fellow-citizens, Lucius Catiline, that nefarious traitor, burning with frantic fury, breathing vengeance and destruction; that public enemy, who meditated the ruin of his country, and threatened this city with sword and fire; that monster of iniquity, has sounded his retreat. We have expelled him, or dismissed him, or with the language of indignation have pursued him to the gates. He is gone; he is fled; he has escaped; he has disappeared. That prodigy of wickedness is no longer harboured within the walls which he meant to level with the ground. The ringleader of rebellion has yielded without resistance. In the field of Mars, in the forum, in the senate, his dagger will be no longer pointed at our breasts. We shall now be safe in our houses. When he left the city, he fled from his post. We are now at open war with him. When we drove him from his secret machinations, we ruined the man, and obtained a complete victory.

What think you are his reflections now? he is gone in misery of heart, lamenting that he did not carry with him a poniard stained with blood; that we were able to wrest his sword out of his hand; that he had not time to execute a general massacre, and leave the city smoking on the ground. These were the thoughts that distracted him. His cause is ruined; his hopes are blasted; he looks back to the city of Rome, and with a malignant eye surveys the walls which he hoped to level in the dust. But the city has discharged a pestilence, and now enjoys her triumph.

¹ In the course of the night, after Cicero had delivered his first flaming oration, Catiline (as related by Sallust) rushed out of Rome to join Manlius in his camp. On the following day, Cicero called the people together in the forum, in order to give them an account of all that passed in the senate.

If in this great audience there is a man, who feels, as I hope all do, the love of his country warm at his heart, and if that person condemns my conduct as too remiss, convinced in his own mind, that, instead of conniving at the escape of a traitor, I ought to have secured his person; my answer is, the measure I pursued is not to be imputed to me, but to the times. It is true, that such atrocious guilt deserved the severest sentence; the practice of our ancestors, the spirit of the laws, and the interests of the commonwealth, called aloud for vengeance; but if Catiline had suffered death, how many do you think would have been ready to declare him innocent? how many through weaknesses would have espoused his cause; how many through wickedness, and with the worst motives, would have stood forth to vindicate his character, and pronounce him an injured man?

Believe me, my fellow-citizens, that if I had reason to think that by Catiline's death I could extinguish the flame of civil discord, the traitor should not have survived to disturb the commonwealth. Neither the fear of censure, nor a regard for my own life, should have restrained the hand of justice. In your cause I was willing to hazard all. But had I acted with due rigour, what would have been the consequence? The proofs of Catiline's guilt were not before you, and, in that case, the malice of my enemies would have put it out of my power to arraign his accomplices. At present, things are brought to this issue: your enemy has reared his standard, and you now may meet him at the head of his lines.

In his present situation, he is not in force to give us any kind of alarm; so far from it, that nothing grieves me so much as the slender train of followers that attended him. Would he had taken with him his whole crew of incendiaries! he has indeed released me from Tongillus, who in his youth was the favourite object of his master's unnatural passions; he has removed Publicius and Munatius, two profligate men, whose tavern-bills would have overwhelmed them both in ruin. Without disturbing the public peace, they might have passed away: but who are the men whom he has left in the heart of the city? they are oppressed with a load of debts;

and yet how great their influence! how strong their party, and how powerful their connexions!

But, my fellow-citizens, when I consider the legions from Gaul, and the levies raised by Quintus Metellus in the territory of Picenum and the adjacent country, the force of the rebels dwindles into nothing. Their army consists of men drooping in years, and driven to despair; of peasants ruined by idleness and debauchery; of a wretched crew of bankrupts, who would rather fly from their bail than from the camp. To put them to the rout, the sword of the Roman legions is by no means necessary; shew them the prætor's warrant, and that object of terror will disperse them all.

Catiline has taken with him the dregs and refuse of his party: I wish he had selected the men who figure in the forum; who gather in crowds round the senate-house, and even enter that august assembly; who anoint their persons with rich perfumes, and flutter about in purple pride; I wish he had led forth all of that description. Should they remain here, it is not in the Manlian camp that we are to look for our most dangerous enemies; they are here at Rome, in the heart of the city; the deserters from the army are the traitors to be dreaded, and the more so, because they know that I am apprised of all their motions, and yet abate nothing of their audacity. I perfectly well know their posts and stations; I know who is to command in Apulia; to whom Etruria is allotted; who is to act in the territory of Picenum; who in Cisalpine Gaul; and who are commissioned to lay waste the city. These men are aware that I have learned by sure intelligence all that passed at their last nocturnal meeting. Yesterday I laid open the whole conspiracy to the senate: Catiline was struck with terror; he betook himself to flight. Why do his accomplices linger here? what hope can they entertain? what do they expect? if they imagine that the lenity which I have hitherto shewn, is to govern my future conduct, they will find themselves in a fatal error.

One main object I had in view, and in that I have succeeded: it is now evident that I have not raised a false alarm; it is evident that a conspiracy was actually formed; it is evident that the men who are linked with Catiline in every vice,

are also leagued with him in his treasonable practices. There is now no room for gentle measures; the time demands the utmost rigour. One concession, and one only, I am willing to grant to the traitors still lurking among us; let them follow their leader; let them issue forth at once, and not leave their chief to mourn the absence of his friends. I will point out the way they are to take: their master has chosen the Aurelian road; if they travel with expedition, they will overtake him before night.

When the city has vomited forth that horde of traitors, I shall think the commonwealth regenerated: by the expulsion of Catiline alone she seemed to recover health and vigour. For let me ask, is there a vile flagitious deed of which he was not capable? can the heart of man conceive a crime that has not been familiar to a mind like his? is there in Italy a villain practised in the trade of poison; is there a gladiator, a robber, or a murderer; is there a parricide, a forger of deeds, a notorious cheat, a lewd adulterer, a ruffian, or an assassin, with whom that monster has not lived in the closest intimacy? Is there an abandoned strumpet, a corrupter of youth, a felon, or a profligate wretch of any kind, who has not been his bosom friend? What murder has been committed without his assistance? what rape, in which he was not either principal or accessory? who has ever had such various talents, so many arts of seduction? He gratified his own unnatural passions, and he pimped for his favourites. He inveigled some young men by the baits of pleasure, and some by the murder of their parents; ever ready with a head to conceive, and a hand to execute any mischief. Hence the number of desperate adventurers, whom in a short time he has mustered together, not only from Rome, but from every part of Italy. There is not a bankrupt in this great city, or throughout the country, whom he has not drawn into the vortex of his desperate politics.

There never was a character composed of such various elements, such opposite and almost incompatible qualities. Choose in the schools and public spectacles a gladiator of a bold and daring spirit: he is Catiline's intimate friend. Is there on the public stage a comedian of loose and profligate

manners? his vices have recommended him to the esteem of Catiline. Though dissolved in luxury amidst his scenes of pleasure and voluptuous riot, this same man, with wonderful patience, could endure hunger and thirst, and cold, and midnight vigils. For this bodily vigour he has been celebrated by his adherents. The truth is, Catiline abused the gifts of nature: he possessed the powers that lead to industry and virtue, but he devoted them to vice and infamy.

If his whole crew had followed him, if Rome had dis-embogued the whole gang, I should then have been able to pronounce you free from danger, and to enjoy the glory of a fortunate consulship.

But vice has gone on with giant strides; the passions of men know no bounds; their crimes are monstrous, and no longer to be endured. They think of nothing but rapine, murder, and desolation. They have consumed their patrimony; their fortunes are wasted; they have neither money nor credit; and yet, when the means have failed, they still retain a rage for riot and debauchery. But if debauchery and the gratification of inordinate desires had been their only object, they might still deserve some lenity; their gaming-tables, their banquets, and their harlots might be in some degree forgiven: the men, it is true, would have been lost to every virtue, but the commonwealth would have been safe. The case is now very different: that cowards should lie in ambush for the brave; that fools should lay snares for the wise and good; that sots and drunkards should plot against the sober, and sluggards combine against the vigilant; this who can bear? And it is by such despicable traitors that the city is thrown into consternation; by a set of abandoned wretches, lolling at ease on their convivial couches, caressing their strumpets, intoxicated with liquor, crowned with garlands, sweetened with perfumes, and enervated by their vicious pleasures. Men of that description take upon them to reform the state; over their cups they disgorge their treasonable designs, and in bitter execrations devote us all to destruction.

But their own fate, I trust, is now approaching: their hour draws nigh, and they will shortly pay the forfeit of their crimes. Though my consulship has not the power to work a

reformation, yet by exterminating the whole seditious crew I shall be able to heal our wounds; and from that æra the commonwealth will be revived, not for a short interval, but for ages to come. A prospect of uninterrupted tranquillity lies before us: no foreign nation gives us jealousy; nor is there a king who can venture to stand the hazard of a war. By the virtue and warlike genius of one commander, peace is established by sea and land. Our only danger is at home; treason lurks within our walls; the enemy is in the heart of the city. Luxury, villany, and madness, are the foes we are to encounter. In such a war, my fellow-citizens, I offer to be your leader. The malice of desperate men has no terror for me. Whatever admits a remedy, my care shall heal it. What is unsound shall be cut away, not suffered to rankle in the veins of the commonwealth. Let our enemies, therefore, depart in time; or, if they will remain among us, let them remain in peace. By wilful obstinacy they are sure to provoke the vengeance due to their crimes.

It has been said, and you no doubt have heard, that Catiline is banished by my order. My answer is, if a word from me could bring about such an event, I should, without hesitation, banish the authors of that report. According to them, Catiline is a man of timid modesty; the consul's voice was too much for his tender frame; he heard the word of command, and obeyed it. But how stands the fact? Yesterday morning, having narrowly escaped the danger of the assassins, who came to murder me in my bed, I convened the senate in the temple of Jupiter Stator, and before that august assembly laid open the whole conspiracy. Catiline came to the meeting: not one senator rose to salute him. All eyes were fixed upon him; all beheld him, I will not say, as a bad citizen, but as a public enemy, and the worst of traitors. As he advanced to take his seat, the principal senators rose at once, and left the benches empty.

In that moment I rose to speak my sentiments. The cruel and overbearing consul, who by a single word can send a Roman citizen into exile, addressed himself to Catiline. I asked him, whether he had not held a midnight meeting at the house of Marcus Lecca? Intrepid as he is, his courage

failed him; the power of conscience was too great; he made no answer. I proceeded to give the Fathers a detail of the facts; I stated the transactions of that night, the places he visited, the business reserved for the following night, and the whole plan of his warlike preparations. He was abashed, confounded, unable to utter a word. I desired to know what detained him from the place to which he had long since resolved to go? I told him that I knew every circumstance; I knew that he had sent forward a quantity of arms, the axis, the fasces, trumpets, colours, and standards, with that silver eagle, to which, as to a divinity, he had consecrated a place of worship in his house. And am I now to be told, that the man who was going to put himself at the head of his rash levied numbers, was banished by my order? Are we to believe that Manlius, the centurion, who has pitched his camp near Fesulæ,¹ has presumed in his own name to declare war against the Roman people? are we to believe that Catiline is not expected in the camp? are we to suppose, that, being driven into banishment, the unhappy man intends to retire to Marseilles, and there fix his place of residence?

In this medley of reports, what a weight of care falls to the lot of him who undertakes to conduct your affairs! how hard the task not only of guiding the helm, but, what is more, of preventing a total wreck! Should Catiline, finding himself disabled by my diligence, my councils, my unremitting labours, be struck with sudden terror, and in that state of mind change his purpose, abandon his accomplices, and renounce his frantic purpose; should he turn from the road that leads to the camp, and seek a quiet retreat in some distant place; what will then be my situation? what will be the cry of the day? not that he was disarmed, defeated, driven to despair by my vigilance, my unceasing labours, but that an innocent man, unheard and uncondemned, was hurried into banishment by the arbitrary will of an imperious consul. Numbers will be ready to espouse his cause; to declare that there was no conspiracy; to pronounce Catiline an innocent, an oppressed, an injured man, and the consul a cruel and implacable tyrant.

¹Fesulæ, now Fiesoli, a city in Tuscany.

I am prepared, my fellow-citizens, to meet this load of calumny; I can bear it all, if at that price I deliver you from the impending danger. Let it be reported that by my authority he was driven into exile: if he goes thither, I am satisfied. But believe me, he has no such design. For the sake of justifying my conduct, I am incapable of forming a wish that you may hear of him at the head of a rebel army; and yet within three days that news will reach you. It will then be no longer matter of obloquy, that he was banished by my order: men will change their tone, and the reproach will be, that I suffered him to escape.

But since there are those, who in the present state of things make an outcry about banishment, what would be their language had Catiline been put to death? When they tell us that he is gone to seek a retreat at Marseilles, they do not believe the story. They speak their fears, and not their wishes. In the whole number of those who treat his name with so much tenderness, there is not one that would be glad to shelter him in safety at Marseilles; they hope to hear of him in the Manlian camp. Even he himself, if he had not set out with a premeditated design, would scorn to lead a quiet and inglorious life: he would rather die in his vocation, and perish as a robber and a traitor. As matters stand at present, all his projects, except that of general massacre, have succeeded to his wish: then why complain that he is banished? that event were the best that could happen.

But enough has been said of a single enemy; an enemy who avows his treason; an enemy whom I no longer dread, for there is a wall between us. There are other enemies who demand our attention: the concealed enemies, who act in disguise, who still lurk in the city, who mix in our public meetings; what shall be said of them? To bring them to condign punishment were an act of justice; but I wish rather to reclaim them from their madness: I would, if possible, recall them to a sense of their duty. If they will take my advice, they still may see their error. To this end, my fellow-citizens, I will give you in the truest colours a picture of the men who compose their faction. When they have all passed in review before you, I will then point out the cure of their frenzy, and, to enforce it, will exert my best endeavours.

The first class consists of men who are encumbered with debts, but still have vast possessions. To exonerate themselves, they are not willing to sell any part of their lands; such is the vanity of having a large estate. In the whole body of disaffected citizens, these are the men who make the most specious appearance; they are rich, but void of principle; they are seditious, and their motive is infamous. Deluded men! you have extensive lands, magnificent villas, a splendid display of plate, a grand retinue, with all the elegancies of life; and will you not sell a part, in order to add to your credit? What are your hopes? what do you expect? you pant for war and civil commotions: and do you imagine, that, in a scene of carnage and devastation, your possessions will stand secure? Perhaps a sponge to wipe away all debts, is what you want; that you will never obtain from Catiline. A law to regulate matters between debtor and creditor will probably be enacted at my recommendation, but it will be with a clause, directing a sale by auction of part of your estates, in order to satisfy your creditors. By this expedient, and this only, the men of great possessions will be saved from ruin. Had they adopted this plan in time, instead of struggling to support a load of incumbrances, they would now be richer men and better citizens. But, in fact, the danger from that quarter gives me no alarm; they may see reason to be reconciled to their country; if not, their treason will evaporate in wishes for the success of our enemies: they will never venture to appear in arms.

The second class consists of men of ruined fortunes, and, at the same time, vast ambition. They aim at power, and vainly hope, amidst the distractions of their country, to rise to dignities, which in quiet times are out of their reach. The advice which I give to all, is the best these men can follow: let them desist from their vain pursuit: their wishes will never be accomplished. My care, my vigilance, my exertions, will frustrate their dark designs. The number of upright citizens now in Rome is a tower of strength; all honest men are combined against them; one mind pervades them all; they are ready to stand forth in the cause of their country—one head, one heart, one hand. We have numerous armies in the field,

and the gods are on our side. The gods, I trust, the immortal gods will look down propitious on this victorious nation; this flourishing empire, this magnificent city, the capital of the world. And after all, if the rebels could carry their point, what do these men propose to themselves? Do they hope, from the ashes of the city, and a scene of blood and carnage, to spring up consuls, dictators, or kings? Have they not the sense to see, that, in a convulsion of the state, the supreme authority must vest at last in some upstart slave or abandoned gladiator?

A third class is composed of men advanced in years, but inured to hardship, and still retaining the vigour of robust constitutions. Such is Manlius, who now resigns the command of his army to Catiline. The colonies, which Sylla planted at Fesulæ, are the founders of this race of malcontents; a race, I verily believe, composed at first of worthy citizens, who were unhappily undone by prosperity. They found themselves enriched beyond their hopes, and soon exhausted their substance in vice and prodigality. In their day of wealth and grandeur they had a taste for building; they adorned their villas; they enlarged their domains; they made a figure with their train of servants, with their splendid equipages, and their carousing banquets. By this course of life they involved themselves in debt, and now, to relieve their wants, they must recall Sylla from his grave. These men hope to renew their scenes of plunder, and by magnificent promises have drawn over to their party a poor and ignorant rabble of deluded peasants. But I warn them not to think of dictators and proscriptions. The days of Sylla will return no more. In those distracted times the commonwealth bled at every vein; her wounds are not yet closed; and such is the impression on the public mind, that an attempt to recall those scenes of horror would rouse the indignation of all honest men. The very beasts of the field, I am bold to say, would not endure it.

The fourth class is a motley crew of turbulent men, long since undone beyond the reach of redemption; men, who by their folly, by inattention to their business, and by their extravagance, involved themselves in deep distress, and now, grown weary of suits at law, of judgments and executions, fly from the city, and all quarters of the country, to find a sanctuary

in the rebel camp. I cannot call them soldiers; they are bankrupts who have fled from their bail. If they cannot maintain themselves, let them fall victims to their own folly; but let them fall in silence, unknown to the public, unfelt by their neighbours. If they cannot live in splendour, why should they choose to die with infamy? Why should they think it less painful to perish amidst heaps of their slaughtered countrymen, than to die alone, obscure and unlamented?

In the fifth class may be reckoned the whole tribe of parricides, assassins, common stabbers, and villains of every denomination. I do not wish to recall them from Catiline's banners; they are too closely connected. Let them perish in their desperate enterprise; our prisons are not large enough to contain them.

I come in the sixth place to Catiline's favourite friends, his select companions. They are the last in my list, and for their vices the last of mankind. The whole class is easily known; you see them fluttering with their hair in ringlets, and their beards, if any they have, neatly trimmed; with sleeves to their tunics, and, instead of the Roman gown, with robes almost transparent. Their lives are spent in luxurious indolence; the only fatigue they know, is that of sitting up all night in convivial riot. In this society are included the whole race of gamblers, sharpers, lewd adulterers, and the profligate of every description. Delicate as they are, to love and be loved, to dance and sing, is not their only accomplishment: they know the use of the poniard, and they can drug the bowl. If this whole crew is not exterminated, Catiline will fall in vain; there will be still at Rome a Catilinian seminary. But what do these men intend? do they mean to conduct their harlots to the camp? In these bleak and dreary nights their ladies may be necessary: without their company the frost and snow of the Appenines may be too much for delicate constitutions. But, perhaps, they think themselves able to endure the rigour of the season: they have danced naked at their carousing festivals, and by that exercise their bodies may be hardened. The war, it must be acknowledged, has a formidable appearance, when with such men the commander in chief has formed his prætorian band.

And now, my fellow-citizens, since we see the strength of the enemy, let us review the forces of the commonwealth, and the garrisons and armies which she has ready to take the field against Catiline and his gallant troops. In the first place, oppose your consuls and your generals to a maimed, a worn-out, a superannuated gladiator. Draw forth your hardy veterans, and the flower of Italy, against a wretched crew of miserable debtors. You have strong holds and fortified municipal towns, while Catiline must take shelter behind his woods, and ramparts of sod thrown up in a tumultuary manner. But why should I compare your legions and your vast resources with the rash levies of a desperate adventurer? We have on our side, the senate, the Roman knights, the people of Rome, the treasury, the revenues of the state, the hearts and hands of all Italy, the provinces, and all foreign nations: but, waving all these advantages, let us attend to the motives that animate both parties, and we shall clearly see the abject condition of the enemy, and our own superiority. We have on our side virtue and modesty; in the adverse camp they have folly and indolence; here is purity of manners, there the vilest profligacy; here integrity and good faith, there fraud and villany; here piety, there every kind of guilt; here constancy and unshaken courage, there rage and madness; on this side honour, on that the basest infamy; here moderation, there unbridled fury; here equity, temperance, fortitude, every virtue, against iniquity, luxury, rashness, and every crime. In a word, wealth is at war with poverty; reason with madness; wisdom with folly, and well-founded hope with deep despair. In such a contest, even if the zeal of man should fail, the immortal gods will interpose, and by their awful dispensation grant to so many virtues a decided victory over such a collection of the most detestable vices.

In this situation of affairs, all that remains on your part, my fellow-citizens, is, as I have already told you, to watch and guard your own habitations. For the peace and good order of the city effectual measures have been already taken. The colonies and municipal towns are, by my direction, informed of Catiline's flight, and consequently will be on their guard against any sudden attack. The gladiators, whom

Catiline considered as his best soldiers, and firmly attached to his interest, shall not be allowed to join him. They are honest men, and better affected than some patricians whom I could name; but still I think it right to watch them with a jealous eye. Foreseeing many events that have occurred, I concerted my measures in time, and sent Quintus Metellus to take upon him the command in the territory of Picenum and Cisalpine Gaul. Every thing will be secured in that quarter: that officer will be able either to give the traitor a total overthrow, or to watch his motions, and to counteract all his attempts. And now, in order to arrange and expedite whatever may be necessary, I am going to confer with the conscript Fathers, who, as you perceive, are already assembling.

With regard to the men whom Catiline has left behind him, charged with the execution of his horrid purpose, though they are now pernicious traitors, yet since they were born citizens of Rome, they have been hitherto treated with lenity. I have given them my best advice, and am still willing to repeat it. The moderation with which I have acted, I know has been censured as weakness on my part; but I would have those men understand, that what may have seemed remissness, was policy in disguise, and had for its object a full discovery of the whole conspiracy. But there is now no time to be lost; I neither can nor will forget that this is my country; that I am your consul, and that I must either live with you, my fellow-citizens, or perish in your cause. No sentinel is stationed at the gates; no guard is placed in ambush on the high roads; all who choose to withdraw themselves may go unmolested: but if I find the smallest stir in the city; if an attempt is made against the public peace; the author of the first commotion shall know to his cost that Rome is provided with vigilant and active consuls; with upright magistrates; with a firm and vigorous senate: it shall then be known, that we have a sufficient force under arms, and a jail provided by our ancestors for the punishment of detected guilt.

In the conduct of this business, rely, my fellow-citizens, upon my care: no tumult, no alarm, shall be excited. The most important measures shall be executed with perfect tranquillity; the greatest dangers shall be repelled without noise or uproar;

an intestine war, the most horrible that ever happened in the memory of man, shall be ended by a city magistrate, by your consul in his gown. I will farther add, that if I am able to accomplish my own design, not one of the guilty shall suffer, within the precinct of the city, the punishment due to his crimes. But should any man be hardy enough to provoke his fate; should the magnitude of the danger press too strongly, I shall then renounce all lenient measures; but I still promise you, however difficult it may be in a conspiracy so foul and dangerous, that not one honest citizen shall be injured. By the punishment of a few, all shall be saved from destruction.

When I make these ample promises, I do not rely on the prudence of my own administration, nor on the wisdom of human councils; I rely on the protection of the immortal gods, who, by unerring signals, have declared their awful dispensations. Their gracious providence has guided all my measures, and now inspires me with becoming confidence. The gods assist us, not, as formerly, at a distance, when we were engaged with foreign enemies; they are present; they watch over the city; they hover over their temples; they protect your buildings and your houses.

It is therefore now your duty, my fellow-citizens, to offer up your homage, and with prayers and humble supplications to implore the holy powers above, since it was their will to make Rome the most grand and flourishing city in the known world; since they have enabled us to subdue our enemies by land and sea, that they may now protect their own holy work from the sacrilegious hands of cruel and unnatural citizens.

THE THIRD ORATION AGAINST CATILINE

ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE, 3^D DECEMBER,
A.U.C. 690 [63 B.C.]¹

THIS day, my fellow-citizens, this very day beholds you all in a state of perfect safety : this day beholds the commonwealth, your lives and liberties, your houses and your effects, your wives and children, delivered from impending ruin. This flourishing city, the seat of empire, snatched, as I may say, from sword and fire, is now restored to you by the special protection of the immortal gods, and, under their guardian care, by the labours, the vigilance, and the councils, which, at the peril of my life, I have exerted in your service.

From this event you will reckon as from a new æra; for it is undoubtedly true, that the day on which we are rescued from calamity, is more dear and precious than the day of our birth: we feel our preservation with joy and gratitude, but we come into the world upon precarious and uncertain terms; we are born without any sense of the advantage, but we are saved when we know the value of the blessing; we enjoy it, we reflect upon it with delight and rapture. Our ancestors, acting from motives of love and gratitude, assigned to Romulus, the founder of the city, a place among the immortal gods; and will it be too much, if I presume to hope, that he who saved that city in all its pride and grandeur, may be honoured with applause by the present age, and remembered with grati-

¹ Between the speaking of the second oration and the third an interval of more than three weeks elapsed. Cicero, in the mean time, exerted his utmost vigilance, and obtained complete proof against the chiefs of the conspiracy, who remained at Rome. Sallust relates the particulars that passed in the senate, when the several malefactors were examined. It does not appear that Cicero, on that occasion, felt himself called upon to make a set speech; but on the following day he thought proper to give the people a detail of all circumstances, however minute.

tude by posterity? The flames that threatened to involve in one general conflagration the domes and temples, the walls and buildings of this imperial city, I can say with truth, have been extinguished by me; the swords that were drawn against the commonwealth, have been wrested from the hands of desperate men; and the dagger that was pointed at your throats is now blunt and useless.

The particulars of this horrible conspiracy have been laid before the senate. It is now fit that I explain to you how the plot was brought to light, and by what proofs established beyond the possibility of a doubt. Your impatience to know the whole is natural: I will endeavour, therefore, to give you a succinct but full detail. You will then be able to judge of the magnitude of the danger, and the evidence that lays open a scene of the blackest villany.

In the first place, when I compelled Catiline to leave the city (I say compelled him, for I am not now afraid of using the expression; I am more afraid of censure for having suffered him to depart alive)—but I repeat my words, when I compelled him to leave the city, I had no doubt but his confederates would follow him; or, if they remained behind, I was sure that, in the absence of their chief, their efforts would be weak and ineffectual. I was in some sort disappointed; the worst and vilest of his train continued to lurk among us. The time was big with danger: I remained like a sentinel at his post; I watched the motions of the conspirators, and night and day exerted my utmost efforts to gain sure intelligence of their actions, and to unravel their dark designs. Without proof of their guilt, I knew that all I could say would make no impression; the magnitude of the crime surpassed all belief; but the treason is now unmasked; it is detected; it is confirmed by undoubted evidence; the danger is manifest, and to provide against it is your business and your duty.

The steps that led to a full discovery were these: being informed that Lentulus had been tampering with the Allobrogian deputies,¹ in order to excite commotions in Gaul, and

¹ The Allobrogiens inhabited the country now called *Dauphiné*, and the *duchy of Savoy*, with part of *Piedmont*. As they were situated

involve us in a Transalpine war; and having further learned, that those deputies, on their way to their own country, were to have a conference with Catiline, in order to ratify the treaty; and that Volturcius, a man intrusted with letters and instructions for Catiline, was to conduct them to the meeting: I then conceived that what I had often devoutly requested of the gods was at length in my power. I seized the opportunity to collect such undeniable facts, as would not only satisfy myself, but also place the conspiracy in the clearest light before the senate and the people of Rome.

With that intent I yesterday sent for the prætors, Lucius Flaccus and Caius Pomptinus, two excellent citizens; both distinguished by their courage and their zeal in the cause of their country. I held a conference with them; I explained my design; they undertook to execute it. Towards the close of day they set out with secrecy for the Milvian bridge.¹ At that place they divided their force, and placed their men in ambush on each side of the Tiber. They had with them a strong and resolute party; they were reinforced, by my orders, from the district of Reate, by a band of brave young men, whom I have often employed in sudden exigencies. About the end of the third watch, the Allobrogian deputies, with a train of attendants, appeared on the bridge. Volturcius was their guide. They were attacked without delay; swords were drawn on both sides, and a conflict began, when the two prætors, who alone were intrusted with the secret, shewed themselves at the head of their men. The combat ceased; the letters, with the seals unbroken, were delivered to Flaccus and Pomptinus; the deputies were seized, and at the dawn of day conducted to my house.

As soon as they arrived, I sent to Gabinius, that busy agent in this scene of iniquity, and desired to see him, ignorant and unsuspecting, before he could hear what had happened. I likewise invited Lucius Statilius, Cethegus, and Lentulus. The two first came without delay, but Lentulus was slow and

in Transalpine Gaul, Cicero sometimes calls them *Gauls*, and sometimes *Allobrogians*.

¹ Now *Ponte Molle*; it is about two miles distant from Rome.

lazy; most probably, because he had been up the greater part of the night, not indeed engaged in his usual manner, but busy in writing letters and sending dispatches to his friends.

In a short time afterwards, several eminent and illustrious citizens, who had heard the news, paid me a morning visit. They were all of opinion that it would be right to open the letters, and be sure of the contents, before I produced them to the senate. If nothing of moment appeared, they thought the city ought not to be alarmed. I did not comply with their advice. In a crisis of public danger, it appeared to me that all documents ought to be, in the first instance, examined by the great council of the state. Should my intelligence want confirmation, even in that case I saw no reason to apprehend, that care and diligence in such a conjuncture would be liable to reproach. I determined, therefore, to convene the senate. The Fathers, as you might observe, came to a full meeting. In the mean time, by the advice of the deputies from Gaul, I sent that excellent man, Caius Sulpicius, the prætor, to search the house of Cethegus, and bring away all the arms he could find. He seized a quantity of swords and daggers.

Volturcius was the first witness whom I cited to the bar of the senate. The Gauls were not then called in. By order of the Fathers, I informed Volturcius that he might rely on the public faith, and with perfect security disclose all he knew. The man was covered with confusion; but as soon as he was able to collect himself, he confessed that he had letters from Lentulus to Catiline, and also verbal instructions, urging the rebel chief to arm the slaves, and advance by rapid marches to the gates of the city, to the end, that when the conflagration and a general massacre began, according to the plan that had been settled, he might be on the spot to intercept all who endeavoured to save themselves by flight, and co-operate with his brave associates within the walls of Rome.

The Gauls were then introduced and examined. They informed the house, that Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius bound themselves by an oath to perform their engagement, and at the same time charged them with letters to the Allobrogian state. They added, that the three conspirators already mentioned, with the concurrence of Lucius Cassius, their associate,

required a body of cavalry to be sent without delay into Italy, where they would find the infantry in force to support them. Lentulus, they further told us, confiding in certain Sibylline predictions, and the responses of augurs,¹ did not scruple to assure them, that he was the third Cornelius destined to be the sovereign of Rome, the prophecy being already verified in the persons of Cornelius Cinna and Cornelius Sylla. They added, that Lentulus declared that this year, the tenth from the acquittal of the vestal virgins, and the twentieth from the burning of the capitol, would be the last of the commonwealth. It appeared by the testimony of the same witnesses, that there had been a difference of opinion between the conspirators, about fixing a day for the execution of their horrible design: Lentulus and his partisans declared for the Saturnalian festival; but to the impatient spirit of Cethegus the interval seemed to be loss of time, and cold delay.

And now, my fellow-citizens, to avoid too minute a detail, I ordered the letters to be produced in regular order, as they were delivered by the respective writers. To Cethegus I shewed his own seal; he acknowledged it. I opened the packet, and read the letter. It was in his own hand-writing, directed to the senate and people of the Allobrogian state, assuring them that he would faithfully perform all his engagements, and, in return, requesting that they would carry into execution what had been promised by their deputies. This made an impression on Cethegus: he had endeavoured at first to varnish over the affair of the daggers found in his house: his answer was, that he had been always curious in the article of good blades and well-wrought weapons. Upon hearing his letter read, he looked abashed, confounded, and dejected; his conscience reproached him inwardly; his heart failed him; he was not able to utter a word.

Statilius was the next that appeared; he acknowledged his hand-writing and his seal. His letter was read, in substance the same as the former: he confessed the whole.

¹ In the history of Rome, no extraordinary event took place without some wonderful phenomenon. Lentulus knew this disposition of his countrymen, and, in order to make an impression on the populace, called the Sibylline predictions to his aid.

I then addressed myself to Lentulus: I shewed him his packet, and asked him if he knew the seal? He owned it to be his. You may well acknowledge it, I told him; it is a well-known seal, the head of your grandfather, that illustrious Roman, whose ruling passion was the love of his country. That image, mute as it is, ought to have deterred you from so black a crime. His letter to the Transalpine state was then read: I asked him what he had to say in his defence? He insisted on his innocence; but finding himself pressed by the weight of evidence, he rose on a sudden, and asked the Allobrogians, what concern he had with them? and, what business brought them to his house? He put the same question to Volturcius. The deputies, in a tone of firmness, told him at whose request, and on what business, they had been frequently at his house. In their turn, they desired to know, whether he had not boasted of his vast expectations from the promise of the Sibylline Oracle? That question touched him to the quick; and then was seen the power of conscience over a guilty mind; he might have denied the charge, but, to the surprise of the whole assembly, he acknowledged it. His talents, and his usual flow of words, deserted him at his utmost need. Even his usual effrontery, unequalled as it was, afforded him no relief: he sunk under the weight of detected guilt.

Volturcius, in that moment, called for the letter which he had received from Lentulus to be delivered to Catiline, and desired that it might be read. Lentulus seemed thunderstruck by this unexpected demand, and in his confusion owned both his hand-writing and his seal. No name was subscribed: the letter was in these words:—*“Who I am that now write to you, you will know from the bearer. Remember that your affairs are now brought to a crisis, and never forget what becomes a man of valour. Consider well your resources; avail yourself of all whom you can allure to your standard, and do not despise the assistance of the meanest.”*

Gabinus was the last in order: he set out with undaunted assurance, but in the end confirmed all that had been stated by the Allobrogians.

And thus, my fellow-citizens, the proofs against these men rise to demonstration; their letters, their hand-writing, their

seals, their own confession, all things conspire to establish their guilt: and yet to my apprehension there were circumstances still more convincing: the looks of the men, their change of colour, the cast of their eyes, their air and mien, and their sullen silence, deposed against them. Their eyes were rivetted to the ground, except when raised at intervals to survey each other with the stolen glance of natural guilt. Under all those manifest symptoms, they had not the appearance of men brought to their trial on the testimony of others; they looked like traitors to themselves.

The facts being thus laid open, and clearly proved, I thought it time to move the Fathers to take the state of the commonwealth into consideration, and form a resolution suited to so dangerous a crisis. The principal senators spoke their minds with a degree of energy that did them honour. They recommended vigorous measures, and their advice, without variation or amendment, was unanimously adopted. The decree is not yet drawn up in form, but from my memory I will undertake to state it with precision. In the first place, they passed a vote of thanks, in terms highly flattering, to the consul, who by his diligence, his counsels, and his public virtue, saved the commonwealth from ruin. Honourable mention was also made of the two prætors, Flaccus and Pomptinus, who executed their commission with alacrity and vigour. Antonius, my colleague in office, was also commended for the service he had done, by removing from his presence, and from the public councils, all suspected persons. The decree further enacts, that Lentulus, after abdicating the office of prætor, should be committed to safe custody; and that the like care should be taken of Cethegus, Statilius, and Gabinius, who were all three present at the debate. The same sentence was pronounced against Lucius Cassius, whose madness prompted him to solicit and undertake the charge of setting fire to the city; against Marcus Cæparius, who was commissioned to raise an insurrection in Apulia; against Publius Furius, one of the colony planted by Sylla at Fæsulæ; against Quintus Manlius Chilo, who, in concert with Furius, had negotiated with the Gauls; and finally, against Publius Umbranus, an enfranchised slave, who, as appeared in evidence, was the person

that brought the Gallic deputies to their first interview with Gabinius. In the whole of these proceedings, the lenity of the senate is remarkable. The Fathers knew that the number of our internal enemies is great, but they were willing to hope, by letting their weight fall on no more than nine, that the example may operate on the minds of the rest, and by consequence extinguish the rebellion.

To all these salutary regulations the Fathers added a clause, ordaining public vows and thanks to the immortal gods for their gracious care of the commonwealth. Upon this occasion they did me particular honour; an honour, I believe, before this time granted to none but military commanders, and never to a civil magistrate in his gown. The words of the decree are, "*That a public supplication shall be offered to the gods in my name, because I had rescued the city from devouring flames, the citizens from a general massacre, and Italy from the calamities of war.*" It will occur to you, my fellow-citizens, that this distinguished honour was, on former occasions, conferred on men, who with virtue and integrity had governed the state; at present it is granted for saving it.

The next care of the senate was, to take a preliminary step, which appeared to be necessary, and to require their immediate attention. Accordingly, Lentulus, who, on full proof and his own confession, was adjudged to have forfeited the prætorship and the rights of a Roman citizen, was obliged to abdicate his office. The point and spirit of this proceeding was, to shew that the Fathers acted with more caution than Caius Marius, who did not scruple to destroy Caius Glaucia, the prætor, though neither a decree nor a judicial sentence had been pronounced against him. Marius punished a Roman magistrate: Lentulus is reduced to the condition of a private man, and we have no legal objection to embarrass us.

And now, my fellow-citizens, since the leaders in this horrible treason are in safe custody, we may rest assured that the danger is over, and that Catiline will shortly find all his resources cut off and all his hopes utterly defeated. This was the grand object of all my labours. I concluded, that, as soon as Catiline was exterminated, I should then have nothing to fear from the lethargic torpor of Lentulus, the unwieldy corpulence

of Cassius, or the headlong rashness of Cethegus. Their chief indeed was to be dreaded. Of all his crew, he, and he only, could keep us in a constant alarm; but that only while he remained within our walls: he knew every thing that passed; he had access to all descriptions of men; he could tempt, invite, solicit, and inveigle, all whom he thought fit for his purposes; and what he could he dared; he had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute. He had the exact measure of every man's abilities, and could assign to each his proper station. He thought nothing done, because he had given his orders; he was sure to follow his blow; he acted in person; he watched, he laboured, he saw every thing executed; active, vigilant, indefatigable, and, to a degree almost incredible, patient of cold, and thirst, and hunger.

Such was the man: and if, with all his various talents, his subtle craft, his active spirit, and his genius for mischief, he has not been driven from his post, and forced into open rebellion, I do not think (I speak my mind with freedom) that I should have been able to avert the impending storm: I should, at least, have found it a difficult task. Catiline would not have deferred the execution of his plot to so distant a time as the Saturnalia; his fatal day would not have been known so long beforehand; his seal would not have been produced; nor would he have suffered letters in his own hand-writing to give evidence against him. In his absence all this had been effected: no robbery in a private house was ever brought to light upon such clear, such convincing evidence as this detestable conspiracy.

Had Catiline remained at Rome till this day, though it is true that I have been able, even while he staid among us, to make head against him, and to counteract his measures, yet I cannot help saying, that the struggle would have been attended with difficulties almost insurmountable. The commonwealth, in that case, would have harboured a bosom-traitor, and the convulsion that threatened the state would not have been prevented with so much ease and tranquillity as we now enjoy.

But the merit of these transactions is not to be ascribed to me. The immortal gods directed all my ways: I was an instru-

ment in their hands. In a crisis big with danger, human wisdom was not equal to the task. A special Providence interposed in our favour, and with such manifest signs, that the gods have been almost visible to mortal eyes. To say nothing of streams of light in the west, of the broad effulgence of the heavens, of the thunder that shook the firmament, and the earthquake that followed, with all the prodigies that happened during my consulship, as if they were the voice of the immortal gods revealing with awful denunciation the whole train of recent events; I say, my fellow-citizens, though I omit these wonderful occurrences, there is still a fact, which demands your serious attention.

You may remember, during the consulship of Cotta and Torquatus, the towers of the capitol struck down by lightning, the images of the gods dashed on the ground, the statues of ancient worthies hurled from their base, and the brazen tables, on which the laws were engraved, reduced to a state of liquefaction. At the same time, the statue of Romulus, the founder of our city, was touched by celestial fire. That statue, as we all remember, stood in the capitol: it represented our ancient hero in the attitude of drawing nourishment from the dugs of a wolf. Upon that occasion the soothsayers were summoned from Etruria. According to them, the several prodigies denounced fire and slaughter, the total overthrow of the laws, civil discord, and all the calamities of war, with the utter ruin of the commonwealth, unless the gods, appeased by prayer and public devotion, should be graciously pleased to extend their mercy to the Roman empire, and suspend the decrees of fate. In obedience to the augurs, solemn games were instituted for the space of ten days successively. No religious ceremony was omitted. The same interpreters of the will of Heaven gave directions, that a statue of Jupiter, of a larger size than the former, should be erected in some conspicuous place, in a position contrary to the last, with its face turned towards the east; and if it was so situated, that it might at once behold the rising sun, the forum, and the senate-house, they further declared, that the machinations of internal enemies would be laid open to the Fathers, and the whole body of the people. In conformity to this advice, the consuls of

that period gave orders to have the statue prepared; but the work proceeded by such slow degrees, that it was not erected till this very day.

And now let me ask, is there a man so deaf to reason, so blind to truth, so obstinate in error, as not to acknowledge, that this universal frame, and, in particular, this magnificent city, are not under the special care and the moral government of the gods? For let it be observed, that when the Etrurian soothsayers denounced conflagration and massacre, it was not believed that there existed Roman citizens capable of so vile a treason. The enormity of the crime rendered the prediction altogether incredible. But now, what shall we say, when we see the plot not only formed, but well nigh accomplished? when we reflect, that this morning, as the prisoners passed over the forum in their way to the Temple of Concord, the new statue was erected in that very moment? The hand of Jupiter, supreme of gods, is manifest in this transaction. The prophecy was then fulfilled; the statue surveyed the forum and the senate-house, and, that being accomplished, the conspirators were arraigned, convicted, and ordered into custody.

Things standing thus, what punishment can be too heavy for the unnatural traitors, who combined in an impious league to deluge the city with blood, and set fire to the domes and temples of the immortal gods? As to myself, can I claim the glory of this astonishing discovery? No, my fellow-citizens, it were the height of presumption. It was the all-governing Mind, it was Jupiter himself, that brought about this wonderful event. He saved the capitol; he defended his own altars and temples; he protected this great and flourishing city; he shielded us all from ruin and destruction. It was the divine will that guided all my counsels, inspired me with resolution, and furnished me with decisive evidence against the malefactors.

If we attend for a moment to the negotiation with the deputies from Gaul, the finger of Providence is visible in all that has happened: for, if Lentulus and his faction had not been by a visitation from the gods deprived of all sense and reason, is it in the nature of things, that, in a business of such importance, they would have committed themselves to strangers

and barbarians? would they have hazarded their letters in such hands? And again, what could induce those foreign delegates, the subjects of a disaffected nation, of the only state that has the power, and, perhaps, the inclination to declare war against us; what, I say, could prevail on them to change their minds so suddenly? What could induce them to prefer the safety of Rome to the promise of liberty and independence, with which they were flattered by men of patrician rank? This was the immediate influence of the gods. To conquer the commonwealth, the Allobrogians had no occasion to undertake a war: their silence would have ruined us.

For these reasons, my fellow-citizens, since vows and supplications are by a decree of the senate to be offered up at all the shrines and altars of the city, go with your wives and children to the several temples, and with becoming ardour celebrate your present felicity. Your homage has been often due to the gods, but never so justly as in the present juncture. You have been saved miraculously, without an army, without bloodshed, and without a battle. You have had no occasion to change your gowns for the military dress; you have had no general but your consul in his robes of peace; and yet you have triumphed over your enemies.

The danger from which you have been rescued will be seen in its true colours, if we compare it with former civil commotions. I will not dwell on those which happened before your time; but let us call to mind the troubles which we all have seen, and have reason to remember. Lucius Sylla cut off Publius Sulpicius; he exterminated Caius Marius, who had been the protector of the city; and by his orders numbers of eminent men were either massacred or driven into banishment. Cneius Octavius, the consul, was at the head of a powerful faction. He expelled his colleague, Cornelius Cinna, by force of arms. In that dreadful commotion, the place where we now are assembled, was deluged with blood, and covered with mangled bodies. Cinna, supported by Marius, conquered in his turn. The best blood in Rome was spilt on that occasion, and the first ornaments of the city fell in the general carnage. Sylla, in a short time afterwards, gained a complete victory, and had his measure of revenge. The horrors of those times

may be passed by in silence; they need no description. Fierce dissensions broke out between Marcus Lepidus and that illustrious Roman, Quintus Catulus. The former was defeated: he was a man that might be spared; but his friends who perished with him were a public loss.

In all these convulsions, what was the object of the contending factions? They wished to alter the government, not to destroy it. It was by no means the principle of the leading men that there should be no constitution; they aspired to be at the head of the state, the rulers of the commonwealth. They had no design to fire the city; they desired to be masters of it. In all those distracted times, it is remarkable, that the contest was never ended by a compromise between the parties; it was decided sword in hand by the blood and slaughter of the people. The present war cannot be paralleled in the annals of the world; it is horrible in its nature, and even among barbarians never equalled. In this war Catiline, Lentulus, Cassius, and Cethegus, act on a new principle; they mean to be guided by their own laws; and by their laws, all good citizens who wished well to the constitution of their country, were to be deemed enemies, and put to the sword. In this war, none but those who escaped from the assassin's dagger, were to be left alive; no part of Rome, except what was not devoured by the raging fire, was to be left standing; and yet against such a combination of enemies it has been my good fortune to protect the city of Rome, and to save you, your wives and children, from destruction.

For these services, the only favour I request of you, my fellow-citizens, is, that this day may stand recorded in your memory. I ask no other honour; that to me will be the best reward, the brightest recompense of virtue, the truest monument of glory. Your hearts are the temples in which I wish to erect all my titles of honour, all my ensigns of triumph, all my trophies of victory. I want no silent statues, no inanimate figures: those vain memorials, which are often obtained, and not always deserved, I resign to others. Mute and insensible matter has no charms for me. Your kind remembrance will give a lustre to my actions; your discourse will be the voice of fame; your annals will consign my name

to the latest posterity. One and the same day will make the Roman people and my consulship immortal. Ages yet unborn will hear with pleasure, that the commonwealth had, at one period, two contemporary citizens; one of them destined to make the circuit of the sun the boundary of empire; the other, to preserve the capitol of the Roman world.

It remains to be observed to you, that the part which I have acted in quelling this intestine war, is very different from the lot of the general who commands your armies abroad. When a foreign war is ended, the officer leaves his enemies either slain or subdued: I must live in the thick of those whose dark designs I have defeated. Your generals reap the fruit of their conquest; that I may not suffer by the victory I have obtained, it will be yours, my fellow-citizens, to provide by your esteem and benevolence. By my unwearied diligence your enemies are crushed; that their malice may never revive against me, you, I trust, will take sufficient care.

But the danger is not great: the friendship of good and honourable men is a certain shield, and with that I am provided. The authority of government will be on my side. Even the worst and most abandoned men are under the control of their own inward conscience; if, bent on mischief, they endeavour to emancipate themselves, and aim their blow at me, they will find to their cost that they are their own enemies. Besides this, I have resources in my own breast: the courage that inspires, animates, and invigorates my conduct, will never shrink from the menaces of desperate men; on the contrary, I am willing to be at open war with the whole race of pernicious citizens.

But after all, should the malice of traitors, whom I have encountered in your just defence, collect its scattered spirit, and fall with united force on me alone, it will then be for you, my fellow-citizens, to consider what must be the condition of the generous patriot who may hereafter expose himself to danger on your account.

For myself, what further advantage in life can I now expect or desire? There is no promotion, no dignity, no reward of virtue to exalt me above the glory of this day. My ambition is satisfied. All that remains on my part, is to take

due care that the rest of my life may correspond with the whole tenour of my consulship. If the honour acquired by saving my country should hereafter give umbrage to ill-designing men, their envenomed rancour will disgrace themselves, and add new lustre to my name. As a private citizen, I shall remember the conduct I have held; and it shall be the study of my life to prove, that my actions did not spring from chance, but flowed from an inward source of virtue and public spirit.

And now, my fellow-citizens, since the day is closing fast, it will become you to offer up your grateful homage to Jupiter, the guardian god of this splendid city. As soon as you have performed that act of piety, retire to your respective dwellings, and there, though the danger is now averted, keep guard, and watch with as much diligence as you did on the preceding night. That the same fatigue may be no longer necessary, and that you may for the future live in perfect security, shall be my unceasing care.

THE FOURTH ORATION AGAINST CATILINE

SPOKEN IN THE SENATE, 5TH DECEMBER, A.U.C. 690
[63 B.C.]¹

I SEE, conscript Fathers, all your looks directed this way, and every eye fixed on me. I see the deep concern which you all feel for the state of your country, and, even when the danger shall be removed, I read in all your countenances the kind anxiety with which you are impressed on my account. Your generous friendship touches me nearly, and, in this important moment, administers the most pleasing consolation. But I conjure you, waste not a thought on me; forget my interest, and think only for yourselves, your wives and children.

As to myself, if the terms on which I hold the consular dignity, require that I should drink the cup of bitterness; if I am doomed to undergo toil and vexation, pain and peril, I am prepared to meet the worst adversity that can befall me. In your defence I am ready to endure the worst distress, not only with courage, but with alacrity and pleasure; and if by my unwearied labours I am able to restore the dignity of the commonwealth, and the safety of the people, I desire no other recompense.

In me, conscript Fathers, you behold a consul, who in the

¹ Two days after the third harangue before the people. The question to be debated was, "What punishment ought to be decreed against the conspirators?" Two opposite opinions were proposed; one, for sentence of death; the other, instead of capital punishment, that the prisoners should be condemned to perpetual imprisonment. The last was the motion of Julius Cæsar. Sallust has given the speech, or probably, the substance of it, in his own style. The historian, who certainly was not amicable to Cicero, takes no notice of this fourth oration, but tells us that Cato, in answer to Cæsar, declared for immediate execution, and thereupon the senate decreed accordingly. It must, however, be presumed, that Cicero's speech had great weight in the decision.

whole course of his administration has known no place of rest : not even the forum, surrounded as it is by the tribunals of justice ; not the field of Mars, though consecrated by religious auspices ; not the senate, where all nations meet with protection ; not my own house, which in common with others ought to be a safe retreat, nor even my bed, the refuge of weary nature ; in a word, not this curule chair, the seat of the highest civil honour, has been free from insidious designs against my life.

In that whole time, I have persevered with patience and with firmness : I have concealed a great deal ; I have made concessions to many ; I have found a lenitive for your afflictions, and none for my own. But I am satisfied ; and should the gods allow to my consulship the glory of redeeming you and the Roman people from fire and devastation, your wives and children, and the vestal virgins, from the hands of barbarians ; the shrines and temples of this flourishing city from devouring flames, and all Italy from the horrors of a civil war ; I say, conscript Fathers, should the gods grant me that special favour, let adverse fortune try me with affliction ; I am prepared to bear it all. If Lentulus, relying on the predictions of sooth-sayers, could presume to boast that his name, by some fatality, was designed to be disastrous to the commonwealth, may not I, in my turn, be allowed to flatter myself, that my consulship, by a contrary destiny, was pre-ordained to save my country from destruction ?

In this crisis, conscript Fathers, your own safety demands your care. Defend yourselves and your families ; protect your fortunes from rapacious hands ; preserve the commonwealth, and the dignity of the Roman name. Be no longer alarmed on my account. The gods, I trust, the guardian gods of Rome, will requite my services. If I am doomed to fall a sacrifice in your cause, I am resigned to my fate. To a well-prepared spirit death can never be dishonourable ; to a consul never premature ; to a wise man it never can be an evil. When I say this, let me not be thought insensible of the touch of nature. I am not so far divested of humanity, as not to be affected by the grief of a beloved and most affectionate brother. The tears of my friends, whom I see mourning round me, are enough to unman me. I turn my thoughts to my family, and

there I see a tender wife overwhelmed with sorrow; a daughter pierced with anguish; and an infant son, whom I consider as an early hostage for my integrity in the hands of the commonwealth. My son-in-law stands here before you, waiting with anxiety the result of this day's debate. All these objects present themselves at once, and weigh upon my heart; but the wish, the ardent wish which they excite is, whatever shall be my lot, that they may live and flourish long among you, and not be doomed to perish with us all in one general wreck.

The conjuncture, conscript Fathers, calls for your utmost vigour: exert your vigilance, to avert the storm that gathers round us. You have not now before you a Tiberius Gracchus, who aspired a second time to make himself tribune of the people; you have not a Caius Gracchus, who endeavoured by seditious insurrections to enforce his Agrarian laws; nor a Lucius Saturninus, by whose order Caius Memmius was put to death; no, conscript Fathers; you are now to pronounce judgment on the insidious traitors who chose to remain at Rome with a fell design to cut all your throats, to reduce the city to ashes, and open the gates to Catiline. Their letters, their hand-writing, their seals, their own confession, all are evidence against them. They tampered with the Gauls; they forced the slaves to rise in arms; they resolved to sheath a dagger in every honest heart, and never to let destruction cease, while a man survived to weep over the ruins of a mighty empire, or lament the utter extinction of the Roman name.

These are the facts now in proof before you: the malefactors are condemned by the judgment you have pronounced; they are traitors on record. When you honoured me with a vote of thanks for the part I have acted; when you ordered Lentulus to abdicate his office; when you committed him and his accomplices to safe custody; and, above all, when by a decree you appointed a supplication to the gods to be celebrated in my name, and thereby conferred on me a public distinction, never before this time granted to any but military men; and finally, when yesterday you granted ample rewards to the Allobrogian deputies, and also to Volturcius; in all those instances you avowed your sentiments, and, in fact, decided against the malefactors now in custody.

But it is my intention to reconsider the whole business, and to state it as a new question, that you may rejudge the fact, and determine the measure of punishment. In doing this, allow me to premise what has occurred to myself, and to lay before you the sentiments, which, in the character of consul, I think it my duty to submit to your consideration.

That the seeds of discontent have been laid by ill-designing men, and that a spirit of innovation has been working in the minds of many, I have perceived for a long time past; but that the latent sparks would rise to a flame like the present, is what I could not foresee. As matters stand at present, you have no time to lose: whatever your resolution may be, pronounce it without delay. Before the night comes on, you must finally determine. The guilt of the conspirators is before you in all its horror; but if you imagine that it extends only to a few, you are greatly deceived. It has spread like a contagion through all Italy; it has passed the Alps, and by imperceptible degrees is now sapping its way through the provinces. Delay and temporizing measures will not suppress the mischief. The treason calls aloud for vengeance; form your resolution, and pronounce it.

Two different opinions have been proposed; one by Decius Silanus, who thinks that the men who combined in a league to overturn our frame of government, and give the citizens of Rome to the sword, ought to be sent to immediate execution; the other, by Julius Cæsar, who objects to capital punishment, but adjudges the criminals to the severest pains and penalties. They both delivered their sentiments in a style worthy of their rank and dignity. Silanus contends, that the unnatural traitors, who intended to destroy this august assembly, to massacre the people, and annihilate the Roman name, ought not to be allowed a single hour to breathe the vital air. This sentence, he has told you, is founded on the usage of our ancestors, who, as it appears by a number of cases and precedents, proceeded with due deliberation, and pronounced judgment of death against all pernicious citizens.

Cæsar, on the other hand, considers death not as a punishment, but as the natural condition of human life, a relief from pain and misery. Hence it follows, that the wise die contented,

and the brave, by their own voluntary act, throw the burden from them. Chains and perpetual imprisonment appear to him the proper mode of civil policy for the punishment of enormous crimes. He therefore concludes, that the state prisoners should be confined in separate dungeons in the municipal towns. But this proposition seems to be attended with some difficulty: if by your authority you oblige the municipalities to receive the prisoners, you impose a hardship; if you make it your request, are we sure that they will comply? Should that, however, be the sense of the house, declare it by a decree. I will undertake to carry your commands into execution, and men, I trust, will be found, ready to perform what you think necessary for the public safety.

Cæsar adds a clause, imposing a severe fine on the municipal towns, if any of the prisoners should be suffered to escape. He condemns the malefactors to the horrors of a dungeon, and by various sanctions, severe it must be allowed, but in such a case highly expedient, he forbids any motion to be made in their favour, either in the senate or before the people. By this measure he takes from the guilty every gleam of hope, that only balm of afflicted minds. He orders their estates to be confiscated, and leaves them nothing but life, convinced, as it should seem, that if he condemned them to execution, he should by that stroke of justice put an end to all bodily pain, to agony of mind, and the pangs of a guilty conscience. It was for this reason, he says, that legislators, in the first ages of the world, inculcated the notion of rewards and punishments in a future state, conceiving that, without those impressions, death would lose its terror.

Between these opposite opinions, I see on which side my interest lies. Cæsar has taken what is supposed to be the popular part. Should I accede to his doctrine, the public voice will not condemn a decision of which he is known to be the author. If, on the other hand, I throw my mite into the opposite scale, I foresee that a storm may gather round me; but the public welfare outweighs all other considerations.

Cæsar, it must be acknowledged, has delivered his sentiments in a vein of eloquence worthy of himself, and the dignity of his ancestors: his speech may be considered as a pledge and

earnest of his future zeal for the good of his country. In him we see the difference between the frothy declaimer, who harangues his circular audience in the forum, and the real orator, who aims at a popular character by the means that deserve it; by being the true friend of the people.

The men who at all events court popularity are well known: one of them, I perceive, is absent on this occasion. I look round for him in vain: by affecting to be tender on a question of life and death, he hopes to be thought incapable of voting against a Roman citizen, and thereby gain the applause of the populace. And yet this very person, two days ago, concurred in a vote for committing the malefactors to safe custody; he voted supplications to the gods in my name; and even yesterday he agreed to reward the witnesses in the most ample manner. It is now too late for him to retract. In the former proceedings he took a decided part, and, by consequence, his sentiments are fully known.

Cæsar deals more openly with us: he fairly tells us, that he founds his opinion on the authority of the Sempronian law, which favours the life of a Roman citizen. To this the answer is obvious: the man who conspires against his country, no longer retains the rights of a Roman citizen. And further; the Sempronian law did not protect the author of it; he suffered death by order of the people.

Would Cæsar insinuate, that Lentulus, by the means of bribes and largesses, acquired popular character? would he have us imagine, that the man who now stands convicted of the most enormous crime, is still to be deemed a Roman citizen? Cæsar does not think it: distinguished as he is by the virtues of moderation and humanity, he does not hesitate to send that very Lentulus to finish his days in a dungeon. Nay more; he provides, by the express sanctions of law, that no man shall, by a motion to mitigate the punishment, make a vain parade of lenity, and curry favour with the multitude, while in fact he is undermining his country. Nor is this all: Lentulus is to have nothing that he can call his own; his effects are to be confiscated; he is to be left to the torture of the mind, with want and the utmost distress to aggravate his misery.

But, conscript Fathers, let Cæsar's motion, if it be the

sense of the house, pass into a law. I am willing to state it to the people, and I can do it with confidence, as I shall have a popular orator to support me. On the other hand, if you adopt the advice of Silanus, it will not be difficult to repel the charge of cruelty that may be urged against the sentence. Cæsar's argument will enable me to prove that death is the mildest punishment.

But to speak without reserve; in a case so black and flagitious as the present, what punishment can be deemed severe? I have already disclosed the sentiments of my heart, perhaps with a degree of warmth, but, certainly, without a tincture of cruelty. Cruelty, I may venture to say, is no part of my character. If in giving my opinion I have appeared to you to speak with animation, it is the animation which compassion and humanity inspire. For what are the objects that crowd upon my imagination? they are terrible indeed. I see this city, the pride and ornament of the world, the asylum of the nations round us, involved in flames, and smoking on the ground. I see my countrymen in mangled heaps stretched on the bare earth, unburied, weltering in their gore. Cethegus, with rage and fury in his countenance, and a reeking poniard in his hand, at this moment glares before my eyes. I see Lentulus seated on the throne which the Fates prepared for him; I behold Gabinius in purple state; and even now Catiline advances at the head of his army; the shrieks of dying matrons, the cries of their wretched children, and the lamentations of violated vestal virgins, sound in my ears, and strike my soul with horror. The scene is truly deplorable: and shall your mercy be extended to the man who planned this tragic spectacle? Let me suppose a case: if the master of a family had the misfortune to find his wife destroyed, his children butchered, and his house burnt to the ground by the treachery of a slave, would it not be natural to execute instant vengeance on the perpetrator of a deed so vile and horrible? Should the master forbear to strike, what would be said of him? would he pass for a man of a mild disposition, and not rather for a person divested of all the tender visitings of nature? To me he would appear an unfeeling monster, who could behold so horrible a crime, and not sacrifice the author of it to his just resentment.

We are now, conscript Fathers, in that very predicament: we are to pronounce judgment on the unnatural traitors, who intended to drench their poniards in the blood of our wives and children; who conspired to make this flourishing city a heap of ruins; who intended to place the Allobrogians at the head of this great empire: these are the men whose fate we are now to decide. If we act with vigour, vengeance in such a case will be justice and humanity to our fellow-citizens; on the contrary, if we are not fired with indignation; if we spare the guilty, the charge of being tame and spiritless in our country's cause will lie heavy on us all.

We know that Lucius Cæsar, the brother-in-law of Lentulus, declared the other day, that so foul a traitor, though married to his sister, deserved to suffer death. Is that a cruel sentence? No; it proceeded from a true patriot spirit: he pronounced it in the hearing of Lentulus, and to give it weight and authority, he cited the case of Fulvius, his grandfather, who, with his son, a youth in the prime of life, was by order of the consul strangled in prison; and what was the crime for which they suffered? The son was sent to address the senate; that was the whole of his offence. As to Fulvius the father, what was alleged against him? He had not meditated the destruction of his country. Agrarian laws and other acts in favour of the people were at that time in agitation; the measure met with opposition, and the conflict of parties was carried on with animosity. In that scene of contention, the illustrious grandfather of this very Lentulus acted a distinguished part. Determined to vindicate the constituted authority of the state, he went forth to meet Gracchus sword in hand, and in the fray received a dangerous wound. In the present juncture, what is the conduct of our modern Lentulus? He invited the Gauls to join in an impious league against the commonwealth; he roused the slaves to an insurrection; he pressed Catiline to return at the head of his army; he gave the whole senate to be butchered by Cethegus and his band of assassins; he assigned the general massacre to Gabinius; he ordered Cassius to set fire to the city, and left all Italy to be laid waste with fire and sword by the rebel army. These are the exploits of Lentulus: and are we to linger in debate? are we afraid to draw the

sword of justice? Believe me, we have more reason to fear, that by ill-timed lenity we may bring upon ourselves the imputation of cruelty to the commonwealth.

Candour, conscript Fathers, requires that I conceal nothing from you. A report is in circulation, and has reached my ears, that the consuls are not armed with sufficient force to carry your decree into execution. This you may be assured is an idle rumour. I have concerted every thing with due precaution, and the people, determined to act with spirit, and support the honour of government, have seconded all my endeavours with the most prompt alacrity. All degrees and ranks of men declare for their country; all ages and conditions are united; the forum and the temples round it are crowded with honest citizens; and the avenues to this house are filled by the friends of the constitution. A spirit of union prevails, such as was never known since the foundation of the city. All are of one mind, except, indeed, those desperate wretches who felt their inability to subsist in quiet times, and rather than perish alone, wished to bury themselves under the ruins of their country. All of that description I am willing to except; I separate them from the class of honest men. To say that the conspirators are degenerate citizens, were to give them too high a title; they are the vilest traitors, the most pernicious enemies. In every other quarter, what ardent zeal! what unanimity! what a spirit of emulation!

Need I mention the Roman knights? they acknowledge your authority; they submit to your decisions; they vie with you in zeal and ardour for the common cause, and they know no other contention. After a dissension of many years, they now forget all animosity; they renounce all party distinctions; they are reconciled to the great council of the state; this day unites them to you in ties of the firmest concord. That this coalition was formed in my consulship, is an event that I feel with pride and pleasure; and if the good temper of the times shall render it perpetual, the state, I venture to say, will never again be rent and torn by party divisions.

The tribunes of the treasury have stood forward to manifest their zeal; and the clerks in office have followed their example. The business of the day required their attendance

for the purpose of certain arrangements among themselves; but, laying aside all thoughts of private interest, they are now assembled in a body, resolved to vindicate the rights of their fellow-citizens. The whole number of free-born Romans, even those of the meanest condition, are ready to arm in the cause of their country. For, in fact, is there to be found an honest man, who does not feel the love of liberty warm at his heart? to whom these temples, this magnificent city, this parent soil, and this fair daylight, which we enjoy, are not objects of affection and delight?

The conduct even of the emancipated slaves is worthy of our notice. Those men, by their industry and merit, have been able to obtain the privilege of citizens, and they now consider Rome as their native place. They are ready to stand forth in defence of the commonwealth, while others, born among us, the descendants of illustrious families, have acted, not as if they were in their mother-country, but in a city belonging to the enemy.

But why should I speak of men who have joined to protect their lives and liberties? There is not to be found a single slave, possessed in a moderate degree of the comforts of life, who does not see with horror the frantic efforts of unnatural traitors; who does not wish to preserve this flourishing city; who is not willing to the utmost of his power to be an assertor of the public weal.

For these reasons, if any of you have heard, that an infamous agent of Lentulus, a notorious pander for his pleasures, is busily employed in running from shop to shop, by the force of bribes to raise an insurrection in favour of his master, let the report make no impression on your minds. The fact is true, but it has failed of success. None have been found so desperate in their circumstances, none so abandoned in their morals, as to engage in such an attempt. There is not a man, however needy, who is not pleased with the possession of his shed; who does not value his trade, and the working tools by which he earns his bread; who does not love his cottage and his humble bed; who does not prefer the homely littleness of a quiet life to scenes of distraction, blood, and massacre. In a word, the greater part, I might say the whole body of shop-

keepers, are fond of peace and good order. Their manufactures, their warehouses, and the profits of their industry, depend on the numbers of society and the tranquillity of the times. If their gain is diminished when their shops are shut, what must be the case when they are burnt to the ground?

This, conscript Fathers, is the present condition of the city: the people are listed on your side; shew by your conduct that you have not deserted the people. You have a consul who has escaped the snares of insidious enemies, and still lives, not for himself, but for your preservation. All ranks and orders of men are united; one mind, one opinion, one principle prevails in every quarter of the city; in the cause of the commonwealth all are agreed; one voice, one heart, one hand. To you, conscript Fathers, your country, encompassed round with firebrands, and beset by vile incendiaries, raises her suppliant voice; to you she lifts her hands; to your care she recommends herself, her numerous progeny, and the lives of all her citizens; to you she dedicates the capitol, her household gods, her domes and temples, the eternal vestal fire, and the walls and ramparts of Rome. The moment is great and awful. You are this day to decide your own fate, and that of your wives and children; you are now to pronounce a judgment, on which will depend the rights, the fortune, and the liberties of a whole people. You have, what does not often happen, a leader zealous for your interest, and regardless of himself. You have on your side all honest men; the whole body of the people, all of one mind, one sentiment. The mighty fabric of this great empire, raised by the labour of ages; the plan of laws established by the virtue of your ancestors; this glorious city, so long protected by the immortal gods; all, in the course of one night, were in danger of being utterly destroyed. That so horrible a treason may never be attempted; that it may not so much as enter the heart of man, it is yours this day to provide by a just and firm decree.

In all that I have said, conscript Fathers, it was not my intention to inflame your minds with zeal for the public: that I know is unnecessary; I know that your indignation rises above the feeble emotions that animate my inferior powers; but in a business of such vast importance, the consul ought not to

be silent. And now, before I proceed to put the question, may I be allowed to say a few words concerning myself? I am aware that the conspirators, whose numbers are by no means contemptible, will be to a man my implacable enemies; but as matters stand, they are a detected, a ruined faction. Should they revive hereafter, and under some popular demagogue make head against your authority, I shall never repent of the part I have acted. Assassination is their trade: they may threaten me with death; but death is the lot of man; it awaits us all, and, come when it may, it can never extinguish the glory of my life, established as it is by your decrees. Honours have been bestowed on others for having rendered services to their country; I have been distinguished for saving it. May the name of Scipio, that great commander, who drove Hannibal out of Italy, and forced him to seek a retreat in Africa, stand for ever recorded in the rolls of fame! May the second Scipio Africanus, who destroyed Carthage and Numantia, those two hostile cities, be crowned, as he deserved, with immortal glory! Let Paulus Æmilius, who led Perses, a great and powerful monarch, a captive at his chariot wheels, receive the homage of posterity. Let the name of Marius, who twice delivered his country from the fierce invasion of barbarians, never fall into oblivion; and, above all, let Pompey, whose great exploits have no other bounds than those that limit the course of the sun, be celebrated with the applause of all succeeding ages. In the temple of Fame, where they must all be placed, my name may find a niche. Perhaps it will not be contended, that to open a way to distant provinces, is more meritorious than to take care that our victorious generals may have a city to which they may return to enjoy their triumph.

Foreign conquest, it is evident, has an advantage over domestic success. If distant nations are subdued, they are reduced to obedience; if received as allies, they retain a sense of the obligation. The case is different when we quell intestine commotions: the treason may be defeated, but the conspirators still retain their malignant spirit, uncontrolled by force and unreclaimed by moderation. The consequence is, that an eternal warfare with the enemies of the constitution must be my lot; but I am not alarmed. I neither fear for myself nor my

family. I rely with confidence on your protection, and that of all honest men. The dangers which we have escaped, will leave a lasting impression on the minds of a people rescued from destruction; they will stand recorded in your memory, and be the theme of foreign nations. As to my enemies, I would have them know, that the coalition this day formed between the senate and the Roman knights, supported as it is by the approbation of all the good and worthy, will be an impregnable bulwark against the machinations of perfidious men.

Upon the whole, conscript Fathers, I have but little to request of you. I have resigned the command of an army, and with it all the hopes of a triumph; I have given up a rich and flourishing province that fell to my lot; I have sacrificed all views of private advantage; and in return for these disinterested acts, and all my exertions in your service, the only recompense I crave at your hands, is your generous remembrance of a period big with danger, and the tenour of my administration. While a sense of these times retains a place in your affections, I shall think myself covered by an impenetrable shield.

But if, contrary to all expectation, the rage of faction should recover strength, and be once more able to cope with the authority of this august assembly, all that remains for me is, to recommend my infant son to your protection. Bear in mind that he is descended from a consul, who, in his country's cause, exposed himself to the assassin's dagger: that reflection will not only shield my son from danger, but under your kind patronage lead him forward in the career of honours.

Proceed, therefore, conscript Fathers, with the vigour which you have already displayed, and determine with firmness. Remember that your own existence, your wives and children, the temples of the gods, their shrines and altars, are now in your power. The very being of the commonwealth, this imperial city, your rights and liberties, and the peace of all Italy, depend upon your voice. The time calls for vigour; weigh every circumstance, and decide with dignity. In me you have a consul, who, while he lives, will neither want inclination to obey your commands, nor power to carry them into execution.

CICERO

THE

TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS

TRANSLATED BY

W. H. MAIN

"O Philosophy, thou conductor of life! Thou discoverer of virtue, and expeller of vices! What had not only I myself been, but the whole life of man without you?"

Cic. Tusc. QUEST. lib. v.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE
REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A.

INTRODUCTION

THE TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS

BY THE REV. W. LUCAS COLLINS, M.A.

THE scene of this dialogue is Cicero's villa at Tusculum. There, in his long gallery, he walks and discusses with his friends the vexed questions of morality. Was death an evil? Was the soul immortal? How could a man best bear pain and the other miseries of life? Was virtue any guarantee for happiness?

Then, as now, death was the great problem of humanity—"to die and go we know not where." The old belief in Elysium and Tartarus had died away; as Cicero himself boldly puts it in another place, such things were no longer even old wives' fables. Either death brought an absolute unconsciousness, or the soul soared into space. "*Lex non pœna mors*"—"Death is a law, not a penalty"—was the ancient saying. It was, as it were, the close of a banquet or the fall of the curtain. "While we are, death is not; when death has come, we are not."

Cicero brings forward the testimony of past ages to prove that death is not a mere annihilation. Man cannot perish utterly. Heroes are deified; and the spirits of the dead return to us in visions of the night. Somehow or other (he says) there clings to our minds a certain presage of future ages; and so we plant, that our children may reap; we toil, that others may enter into our labours; and it is this life after death, the desire to live in men's mouths for ever, which inspires the patriot and the martyr. Fame to the Roman, even more than to us, was "the last infirmity of noble minds." It was so in a special degree to Cicero. The instinctive sense of immortality, he argues, is strong within us; and as, in the words of the English poet,

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
so also in death, the Roman said, though in other words—

Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither.

Believe not then, says Cicero, those old wives' tales, those poetic legends, the terrors of a material hell, or the joys of a sensual paradise. Rather hold with Plato that the soul is an eternal principle of life, which has neither beginning nor end of existence; for if it were not so, heaven and earth would be overset, and all nature would stand at gaze. "Men say they cannot conceive or comprehend what the soul can be, distinct from the body. As if, forsooth, they could comprehend what it is, when it is *in* the body,—its conformation, its magnitude, or its position there. . . . To me, when I consider the nature of the soul, there is far more difficulty and obscurity in forming a conception of what the soul is while in the body,—in a dwelling where it seems so little at home,—than of what it will be when it has escaped into the free atmosphere of heaven, which seems its natural abode." And as the poet seems to us inspired, as the gifts of memory and eloquence seem divine, so is the soul itself, in its simple essence, a god dwelling in the breast of each of us. What else can be this power which enables us to recollect the past, to foresee the future, to understand the present?

There follows a passage on the argument from design which anticipates that fine saying of Voltaire—"Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer; mais toute la nature crie qu'il existe" [If God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him; but all nature cries out that He does exist]. "The heavens," says even the heathen philosopher, "declare the glory of God." Look on the sun and the stars; look on the alternation of the seasons, and the changes of day and night; look again at the earth bringing forth her fruits for the use of men; the multitude of cattle; and man himself, made as it were to contemplate and adore the heavens and the gods. Look on all these things, and doubt not that there is some Being, though you see him not, who has created and presides over the world.

"Imitate, therefore, the end of Socrates; who, with the fatal cup in his hands, spoke with the serenity of one not forced to die, but, as it were, ascending into heaven; for he thought that the souls of men, when they left the body, went by different roads; those polluted by vice and unclean living

took a road wide of that which led to the assembly of the gods; while those who had kept themselves pure, and on earth had taken a divine life as their model, found it easy to return to those beings from whence they came." Or learn a lesson from the swans, who, with a prophetic instinct, leave this world with joy and singing. Yet do not anticipate the time of death, "for the Deity forbids us to depart hence without his summons; but, on just cause given (as to Socrates and Cato), gladly should we exchange our darkness for that light, and, like men not breaking prison but released by the law, leave our chains with joy, as having been discharged by God."

The feeling of these ancients with regard to suicide, we must here remember, was very different from our own. There was no distinct idea of the sanctity of life; no social stigma and consequent suffering were brought on the family of the suicide. Stoic and Epicurean philosophers alike upheld it as a lawful remedy against the pangs of disease, the dotage of old age, or the caprices of a tyrant. Every man might, they contended, choose his own route on the last great journey, and sleep well, when he grew wearied out with life's fitful fever. The door was always open (said Epictetus) when the play palled on the senses. You should quit the stage with dignity, nor drain the flask to the dregs. Some philosophers, it is true, protested against it as a mere device of cowardice to avoid pain, and as a failure in our duties as good citizens. Cicero, in one of his latest works, again quotes with approval the opinion of Pythagoras, that "no man should abandon his post in life without the orders of the Great Commander." But at Rome suicide had been glorified by a long roll of illustrious names, and the protest was made in vain.

But why, continues Cicero, why add to the miseries of life by brooding over death? Is life to any of us such unmixed pleasure even while it lasts? Which of us can tell whether he be taken away from good or from evil? As our birth is but "a sleep and a forgetting," so our death may be but a second sleep, as lasting as Endymion's. Why then call it wretched, even if we die before our natural time? Nature has lent us life, without fixing the day of payment; and uncertainty is one of the conditions of its tenure. Compare our

longest life with eternity, and it is as short-lived as that of those ephemeral insects whose life is measured by a summer day; and "who, when the sun sets, have reached old age."

Let us, then, base our happiness on strength of mind, on a contempt of earthly pleasures, and on the strict observance of virtue. Let us recall the last noble words of Socrates to his judges. "The death," said he, "to which you condemn me, I count a gain rather than a loss. Either it is a dreamless sleep that knows no waking, or it carries me where I may converse with the spirits of the illustrious dead. *I go to death, you to life*; but which of us is going the better way, God only knows."

No man, then, dies too soon who has run a course of perfect virtue; for glory follows like a shadow in the wake of such a life. Welcome death, therefore, as a blessed deliverance from evil, sent by the special favour of the gods, who thus bring us safely across a sea of troubles to an eternal haven.

The second topic which Cicero and his friends discuss is, the endurance of pain. Is it an unmixed evil? Can anything console the sufferer? Cicero at once condemns the sophistry of Epicurus. The wise man cannot pretend indifference to pain; it is enough that he endure it with courage, since, beyond all question, it is sharp, bitter, and hard to bear. And what is this courage? Partly excitement, partly the impulse of honour or of shame, partly the habituation which steels the endurance of the gladiator. Keep, therefore—this is the conclusion—stern restraint over the feminine elements of your soul, and learn not only to despise the attacks of pain, but also

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

From physical, the discussion naturally passes to mental, suffering. For grief, as well as for pain, he prescribes the remedy of the Stoics—*æquanimitas*—"a calm serenity of mind." The wise man, ever serene and composed, is moved neither by pain or sorrow, by fear or desire. He is equally undisturbed by the malice of enemies or the inconstancy of fortune. But what consolation can we bring to ease the pain of the Epicurean? "Put a nosegay to his nostrils—burn perfumes before him—crown him with roses and woodbine!"

But perfumes and garlands can do little in such case; pleasures may divert, but they can scarcely console.

Again, the Cyrenaics bring at the best but Job's comfort. No man will bear his misfortunes the more lightly by bethinking himself that they are unavoidable—that others have suffered before him—that pain is part and parcel of the ills which flesh is heir to. Why grieve at all? Why feed your misfortune by dwelling on it? Plunge rather into active life and forget it, remembering that excessive lamentation over the trivial accidents of humanity is alike unmanly and unnecessary. And as it is with grief, so it is with envy, lust, anger, and those other "perturbations of the mind" which the Stoic Zeno rightly declares to be "repugnant to reason and nature." From such disquietudes it is the wise man who is free.

The fifth and last book discusses the great question, Is virtue of itself sufficient to make life happy? The bold conclusion is, that it is sufficient. Cicero is not content with the timid qualifications adopted by the school of the Peripatetics, who say one moment that external advantages and worldly prosperity are nothing, and then again admit that, though man may be happy without them, he is happier with them,—which is making the real happiness imperfect after all. Men differ in their views of life. As in the great Olympic games, the throng are attracted, some by desire of gain, some by the crown of wild olive, some merely by the spectacle; so, in the race of life, we are all slaves to some ruling idea, it may be glory, or money, or wisdom. But they alone can be pronounced happy whose minds are like some tranquil sea—"alarmed by no fears, wasted by no griefs, inflamed by no lusts, enervated by no relaxing pleasures,—and such serenity virtue alone can produce."

These 'Disputations' have always been highly admired. But their popularity was greater in times when Cicero's Greek originals were less read or understood. Erasmus carried his admiration of this treatise to enthusiasm. "I cannot doubt," he says, "but that the mind from which such teaching flowed was inspired in some sort by divinity."

THE TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS

BOOK I

ON THE CONTEMPT OF DEATH

As I am, at length, entirely, or to a great degree, freed from the fatigue of defending clients, and the duties of a senator, I have recourse again, BRUTUS, principally by your advice, to those studies which never have been out of my mind, although neglected at times, and which after a long interval I have resumed: and since the reason and precepts of all arts which relate to living well, depend on the study of wisdom, which is called philosophy, I have thought of illustrating this in the Latin tongue; not because philosophy could not be understood in the Greek language, or by Greek masters; but it was always my opinion, that we have been more happy at inventing than the Greeks, or that we have improved on whatever we have received from them, which they have thought worthy their care and pains: for, with regard to manners and economy, family and domestic affairs, we certainly now manage them with more elegance, and better than they did; and our ancestors have, beyond all dispute, formed the republic on better laws and customs. What shall I say of our military affairs; in which, as our ancestors excelled them much in valour, so more in discipline? As to those things which are attained not by study, but nature, neither Greece, nor any nation, is comparable with them; for with whom was ever that gravity, that steadiness, that greatness of soul, probity, faith—such distinguished virtue of every kind, as to equal them with ours? Greece excelled us in learning, and all kinds of literature, and it was easy to do so where there was no competition; for amongst the Greeks the poets were the most ancient species of learned men. Of these Homer and Hesiod were before the foundation of Rome; Archilochus, in the reign of Romulus. We received poetry much later; Livy gives us a fable near five hundred and ten years after the building

of Rome, in the consulate of C. Claudius, the son of Cæcus, and M. Tuditanus, a year before the birth of Ennius, who was older than Plautus and Nævius.

It was, therefore, late before poets were either known or received amongst us; though we find in Cato de Originibus that the guests used to sing at their entertainments, the praises of famous men, to the sound of the flute; but a speech of Cato's shows the custom to have been in no great esteem, as he censures Marcus Nobilior, for carrying poets with him into his province: for that consul, as we know, carried Ennius with him into Ætolia. Therefore the less esteem poets were in, the less were those studies pursued: not but if, had there been amongst us any of great abilities that way, they would not have been at all inferior to the Greeks. Do we imagine that, had it been commendable in Fabius, a man of the first quality, to paint, we should have been without many Polycleti and Parrhasii? Honour nourishes art, and glory is the spur with all to studies; those studies are always neglected, which are a kind of disgrace to any. The Greeks held vocal and instrumental music as the greatest erudition, and therefore it is recorded of Epaminondas, who, in my opinion, was the first man amongst the Greeks, that he played excellently on the flute; and Themistocles some years before was deemed ignorant because he refused at an entertainment to play on the lyre. For this reason musicians flourished in Greece; music was a general study; and whoever was unacquainted with it, was not considered as fully instructed in learning. Geometry was in high esteem with them, therefore none were more honourable than mathematicians; but we have confined this art to bare counting and measuring.

But on the contrary, we soon entertained the orator; no ways eloquent at first, but capable enough for an harangue, he soon became eloquent; for it is reported that Galba, Africanus, and Lælius, were men of learning; that even Cato was studious, who was an age before them: then succeeded the Lepidi, Carbo, and Gracchi, and so many great orators after them, even to our times, that we were very little, if at all, inferior to the Greeks. Philosophy has been at a low ebb even to this present time, and had no assistance from our own language,

which I have undertaken to raise and illustrate; so that, as I have been of service to my countrymen, when employed in public affairs, I may, if possible, be so to them in my retirement. In this I must take the more pains, because many books are said to be written inaccurately, by excellent men, but not erudite scholars: for indeed it may be that a man may think well, and yet not be able to express his thoughts elegantly; but for any one to publish thoughts which he can neither methodize, nor illustrate nor entertain his reader, is an unpardonable abuse of letters and retirement: they, therefore, read their books to one another, which were never taken up by any but those who claimed the same privilege of writing. Wherefore, if oratory has acquired any reputation from my application to it, I shall, with more pains, open the fountains of philosophy, from which flowed all the advantages of the other. But,

AS ARISTOTLE, a man of excellent parts, abundant in all knowledge, being moved at the glory of the rhetorician Isocrates, commenced teacher of youth, and joined philosophy with eloquence: so it is my design not to lay aside my former study of oratory, and yet employ myself in this greater and more fruitful art; for I always thought, that to be able to speak copiously and elegantly on the most important questions, was the most consummate philosophy, to which subject I have so diligently applied myself, that I have already ventured to have Disputations like the Greeks. And lately when you left us, having many of my friends about me, I attempted at my Tusculum what I could do in that way; for as I formerly practised declaiming, which nobody continued longer than myself, so this is now to be the declamation of my old age. I ordered a person to propose something he would have discussed: I disputed on that, either sitting or walking, and have compiled the *scholæ* as the Greeks call them, of five days, in as many books. It was in this manner: when he who was the hearer had said what he thought proper, I disputed against him; for this is, you know, the old and Socratic method of disputing against another's opinion; for Socrates thought the truth might thus the easier be discovered. But to give you a better notion of our disputations, I will not barely send you

an account of them, but represent them to you as they were carried on; therefore let the introduction be thus.

A. To me death seems to be an evil. *M.* What, to those who are already dead? or to those who must die? *A.* To both. *M.* It is a misery then, because an evil? *A.* Certainly. *M.* Then those who must soon die, and those who must die some time or other, are both miserable? *A.* So it appears to me. *M.* Then all are miserable? *A.* Every one. *M.* And, indeed, if you are consistent with yourself, all that are already born, or shall be, are not only miserable, but always will be so; for should you maintain those only to be miserable, who must die, you would not except any one living, for all must die; but there should be an end of misery in death. But seeing that the dead are miserable, we are born to eternal misery, for they must of consequence be miserable who died a hundred thousand years ago; or rather, all that have been born. *A.* So indeed I think. *M.* Tell me, I beseech you, are you afraid of the three-headed Cerberus below, the roaring waves of Cocytus, the passage over Acheron, Tantalus expiring with thirst, while the water touches his chin; or Sisypheus,

Who sweats with arduous toil to gain
The steepy summit of the mount in vain?

Perhaps, too, you dread the inexorable judges, Minos and Rhadamanthus, before whom nor Crassus, nor M. Antonius can defend you; nor, since the cause lies before Grecian judges, Demosthenes. But you must plead for yourself before a very great assembly: you dread perhaps these, and therefore look on death as an eternal evil.

A. Do you take me to be mad enough to give credit to such things? *M.* What? do you not believe them? *A.* Not in the least. *M.* I am sorry to hear that. *A.* Why, I beg? *M.* Because I could have been very eloquent in speaking against them. *A.* And who could not on such a subject? or, what occasion is there to refute these monsters of the poets and painters? *M.* And yet you have books of philosophers full of arguments against these. *A.* Idle enough, truly! for, who is so weak as to be concerned about them? *M.* If then there are none miserable in the infernal regions, there must

be no one there. *A.* I am altogether of that opinion. *M.* Where then are those you call miserable? or what place do they inhabit? if they are at all, they must be somewhere? *A.* I, indeed, am of opinion, they are no where. *M.* Therefore there are none such. *A.* Even so, and yet they are miserable for this very reason, that they are not at all. *M.* I had rather now that you had been afraid of Cerberus, than to speak thus inaccurately. *A.* Why so? *M.* Because you admit him to be, who is not; where is your sagacity? When you say any one is miserable, you say such a one is, when he is not. *A.* I am not so absurd as to say that. *M.* What is it you say then? *A.* I say, for instance, that Crassus is miserable in being deprived of such great riches by death; that Cn. Pompey was so, in being taken from such glory and honour; upon the whole, that all are miserable who are deprived of this light. *M.* You have returned to the same point, for to be miserable implies an existence; but you just now denied that the dead had any existence; if they are not, they can be nothing; and if so, not miserable. *A.* Perhaps I do not express what I mean, for I look upon this very thing, not to exist, after having been, to be very miserable. *M.* What, more so than not to have been at all? therefore, those who are not yet born, are miserable because they are not; and we ourselves, if we are to be miserable after death, were miserable before we were born: but I do not remember I was miserable before I was born; and I should be glad to know, if your memory is better, what you recollect of yourself before you were born.

A. You are pleasant, as if I had said, they are miserable who are not born, and that they are not so who are dead. *M.* You say then that they are so? *A.* Yes, because they are most miserable not to be, after they have been. *M.* You do not observe, that you assert contradictions; for what is a greater contradiction, than that that should be not only miserable, but should be at all, which is not? When you go out at the Capene gate and see the tombs of the Calatini, the Scipios, Servilii, and Metelli, do you look on them as miserable? *A.* Because you distress me with a word, henceforward I will not say they are miserable in general, but miserable for this, that they are not. *M.* You do not say then *M.* Crassus is miser-

able, but only miserable M. Crassus. *A.* Evidently so. *M.* As if it did not follow, that whatever you declare in that manner, either is or is not. Are you not acquainted with the first principles of logic? for this is the first thing they lay down, whatever is asserted, (for so I render the Greek term, *axiōma*, I may express it otherwise when I shall find a better) is therefore asserted, because it is either true or false. When, therefore, you say miserable M. Crassus, you either say this, that M. Crassus is miserable, so that some judgment may be made whether it be true or false, or you say nothing. *A.* Well then, I now own that the dead are not miserable, since you have drawn from me a concession, that they who are not at all, cannot be miserable. What then? we that are alive, are we not wretched, seeing we must die? for what is there agreeable in life, when we must night and day reflect that we may instantly die?

M. Do you not then perceive how great an evil you have delivered human nature from? *A.* By what means? *M.* Because, if to die is miserable to the dead, to live would be a kind of infinite and eternal misery: now I see a goal, which when I have reached, there is nothing more to be feared; but you seem to me to follow the opinion of Epicharmus, a man of some discernment, and sharp enough for a Sicilian. *A.* What opinion? for I do not recollect it. *M.* I will tell you if I can in Latin, for you know I am no more used to bring in Latin sentences in a Greek discourse, than Greek in a Latin one. *A.* And that is right enough; but what is that opinion of Epicharmus?

M. I would not die but yet

Am not concerned that I shall be dead.

A. I now recollect the Greek, but since you have obliged me to grant that the dead are not miserable, proceed to convince me that it is not miserable to be under a necessity of dying. *M.* That is easy enough, but I have greater things in hand. *A.* How comes that to be so easy? and what are those things of more consequence? *M.* Thus: because, if there is no evil after death, death itself can be none; for what succeeds that immediately, is a state where you grant there is no evil; so

that to be obliged to die can be no evil; for that is to arrive there where we allow no evil is. *A.* I beg you will be more explicit on this, for these subtle arguments force me sooner to a concession than conviction; but what are those more important things you undertake? *M.* To teach you, if I can, that death is not only no evil, but a good. *A.* I do not insist on that, but should be glad to hear, for should you not prove your point, yet, you may prove that death is no evil: but I will not interrupt you, I should like to hear a continued discourse. *M.* What, if I should ask you a question, would you not answer? *A.* That would have pride in it; but I would rather you should not ask but where necessity requires.

M. I will comply with you, and explain as well as I can, what you require; but not like the Pythian Apollo, that what I say must be infallible; but as a mere man, endeavouring at probabilities, by conjecture, for I have no ground to proceed further on, than probability. Let them deal in demonstrations, who say, they can perceive things as they are, and who proclaim themselves philosophers, by profession. *A.* Do as you please, we are ready to hear you. *M.* The first thing is to inquire, what death, which seems to be so well known, is; for some imagine death to be the separation of the soul from the body; some that there is no such separation, but that soul and body perish together, and that the soul is extinguished with the body. Of those who admit of the soul's separation, some are for its immediate departure, some that it continues a time, others for ever: there is great dispute even what the soul is, where it is, and whence it is derived: with some, the heart itself seems to be the soul, hence the expressions, out of heart, bad-hearted, and of one heart; and that prudent Nasica, twice consul, was called *Corculus*, *i.e.* wise heart; and *Ælius Sextus*, a man of noble heart. *Empedocles* imagines the heart's blood to be the soul; with others, a certain part of the brain seems to be the throne of the soul; others neither allow the heart nor a certain part of the brain to be the soul; but some would have the heart to be the seat and mansion of the soul; others, the brain. Some would have the soul, or spirit, to be air, as we generally do; the name signifying as much, for we say to breathe, to expire, to be

animated, &c. and the Latin word for the spirit implies breath. The soul seems to Zeno, the Stoic, to be fire. But what I have said of the heart's blood, air, and fire, are general opinions; the rest almost singular, of which there were formerly many amongst the ancients.

The latest is Aristoxenus, both musician and philosopher; he maintains a certain intension of the body, like what is called harmony in music, to be the soul. Thus, from the figure and nature of the body, various motions are excited, as sounds from an instrument. He stuck close to his profession, and yet he said something, whatever it was, which had been said and explained a great while before by Plato. Xenocrates denied that the soul had any figure, or any thing like matter; but said it was a number, the power of which, as Pythagoras thought, some ages before, was the greatest in nature: his master, Plato, had imagined a three-fold soul; the chief, *i.e.* reason, he had lodged in the head, as in a tower; and being willing to separate the other two, he placed anger in the breast, and desire under the præcordia. But Dicæarchus, in a discourse of some learned disputants, held at Corinth, which he gives us in three books; in the first of which he makes many speakers; in the other two he introduces a certain Pherecrates, an old man of Phthios, who, as he said, was descended from Deucalion; asserting, that there is in fact no soul; and that it is a name, without a meaning; and that it is idle to say, animals, or animated; that neither men nor beasts have minds or souls; and all that power, by which we act or perceive, is equally infused into every living creature, and is inseparable from the body, for it then would be nothing; nor is there any thing besides one simple body, so fashioned, as to live and have its sensation, from the temperature of nature. Aristotle, superior to all, both in parts and industry (I always except Plato), having embraced these four known sorts of principles, from which all things deduce their original, imagines there is a certain fifth nature, from whence comes the soul; for to think, to foresee, to learn, to teach, to invent any thing, and many others; as, to remember, to love, to hate, desire, to fear, to be pleased or displeased; these, and such like, are, he thinks, in none of those four kinds: he adds a fifth kind, which has

no name, and thus by a new name he calls the soul *entelecheia*, as it were a certain continued and perpetual motion.

If I have not forgotten, these are all the opinions concerning the soul. I have omitted Democritus, a very great man indeed, but who deduces the soul from the fortuitous concourse of light and round corpuscles, as with them, the crowd of atoms can effect every thing. Which of these opinions is true, some god must determine: the great question with us is, which has the most appearance of truth: shall we determine between them; or return to our subject? *A.* I could wish both, if possible; but it is difficult to mix them; therefore, if without a discussion of them we can get rid of the fears of death, let us proceed to do so; but if this is not to be done without explaining the question about souls, let us have that now, the other, another time. *M.* I take that to be best, which I perceive you are inclined to; for reason will evince, that let either of the opinions I have stated be true, death cannot be an evil: for, if either the heart, the blood, or brain, be the soul, certainly, as corporeal, it will perish with the rest of the body; if it should be air, it will be dispersed; if fire, extinguished; if Aristoxenus's harmony, disconcerted. What shall I say of Dicæarchus, who denies there is any soul? In all these opinions, there is nothing to affect any one after death; for all feeling is lost with life, and where there is no sensation, nothing can interfere to affect us. The opinions of others are charged with hope; if it is any pleasure to you to think, that souls, after they leave the body, may go to heaven as their abode. *A.* I have great pleasure in that thought, and it is what I most desire; but should it not be so, I still am very willing to believe it. *M.* What occasion have you then for my assistance? am I superior to Plato in eloquence? turn over carefully his book that treats of the soul, you will have there all you can want. *A.* I have indeed done that, and often; but I know not how, I allow of it whilst I am reading; but when I lay down the book, and begin to reflect with myself on the immortality of the soul, that conviction vanishes. *M.* How comes that? do you admit that souls exist after death, or that they perish in death? *A.* I agree to that. *M.* What if they should exist? *A.* I allow them happy. *M.* If they perish?

A. I cannot think they are unhappy, because they have no existence. You drove me to that concession but just now. *M.* How then can you maintain any suspicions of death being a misery, which either makes us happy, the soul continuing; or not unhappy, as void of all sensation?

A. Explain therefore, if it is not troublesome, first, if you can, that souls exist; then, should you fail in that, for it is very difficult, that death is free of all evil; for I am not without my fears, that this itself is an evil; I do not say, the immediate deprivation of sense, but, that we shall be deprived. *M.* I have the best authority in support of the opinion you desire to have established, which ought, and generally has, great weight in all cases. And first, I have all antiquity on that side; which the nearer it is to its origin and divine descent, possibly by that discerns truth the clearer: this very thing, then, was adopted by all those ancients, whom Ennius calls in the Sabine tongue, *Casci*; that in death there was a sensation, and that, when men departed this life, they were not so entirely destroyed, as to perish absolutely. And this may appear, as from many other things, so from the pontifical rites, and funeral obsequies, which men of the best sense would not have been so solicitous about, nor fenced from any injury with such severe laws, but from a firm persuasion, that death was not so entire a destruction as to leave nothing remaining, but a certain transmigration, as it were, and change of life; which usually conveyed the illustrious of both sexes into heaven, confining others to the earth, but so as still to exist. From this, and the sentiments of the Romans,

In heaven Romulus with gods now lives,

Ennius saith, on common report: hence Hercules is held so great and propitious a god amongst the Greeks, from whom we received him, as he is also by those who inhabit the borders of the ocean. Hence Bacchus was deified, the offspring of Semele; and from the same illustrious fame we receive Castor and Pollux, as gods, who are reported not only to have helped the Romans to victory in their battles, but to have been the messengers of their success. What? Ino, the daughter of Cadmus, is she not called Leucothea, by the Greeks, and Matuta,

by us? What? is not all heaven (not to dwell on particulars) filled, as it were, with the offspring of men?

Should I attempt to search into antiquity, and produce from thence, what the Greek writers have asserted; it would appear that even those who are called their principal gods, went from hence into heaven: examine the sepulchres of them which are shown in Greece; recollect, as you are initiated, what is delivered in the mysteries; then will you perceive how extensive this doctrine is. But they who were not acquainted with physics, (for they began to be in vogue many ages after) had no higher conviction, than what natural reason could give them; they were not in possession of the reason and cause of things; they were often induced by certain visions, and those generally in the night, to think that they were still alive, who had departed from this life. And this may further be brought as an irrefragable argument, that there are gods, in that there never was any nation so barbarous, not a single instance of that savageness, as to be without some notion of gods: many have wrong notions of the gods, which may proceed from bad customs, yet all allow there is a certain divine nature and energy; nor doth this proceed from conversing together, or consent of parties; it is not an opinion established by law: and in every case the consent of all nations is to be looked on as a law of nature. Who is there then that does not lament the loss of his friends, principally from imagining them deprived of the conveniences of life? Take away this opinion, and you remove with it all grief; for no one grieves on his own account. Perhaps we may be slightly affected, and uneasy; but that bitter lamentation, and those bewailing tears, have their cause from our apprehensions, that he, whom we loved, is deprived of the advantages of life, and is sensible of it. And we are led to this opinion by nature, without learning, or the deductions of reason.

But the greatest argument is, that nature herself gives a silent judgment in favour of the immortality of the soul, in that all are anxious, and greatly so, in what relates to futurity:

One plants, what future ages shall enjoy,

as Statius saith in his *Synephebi*. What has he an eye to

in this, but that he is interested in posterity? Shall the industrious husbandman then plant trees, the fruit of which he shall never see? and shall not the great man found laws, institutes, a republic? What doth the procreation of children imply? the continuing a name—adoptions—the exactness in writing wills? what the inscriptions on monuments, or elogies? but that our thoughts run on futurity? There is no doubt but a judgment may be formed of nature in general, from those of the best natural dispositions; and what is a better natural disposition in man, than those discover, who look on themselves born for the protection, preservation, and assistance of others? Hercules went to Heaven; he never had gone thither, had he not, whilst amongst men, secured that road to himself.—These are of old date, and have, besides, the sanction of religion.

What, do you imagine so many and such great men of our republic, who have sacrificed their lives for its good, thought that their names should not continue beyond their lives? None ever encountered death for their country, but under a firm persuasion of immortality? Themistocles might have lived at his ease: so might Epaminondas; and, not to look abroad for instances and amongst the ancients, I myself might. But, I know not how, there adheres to our minds a certain presage of future ages; and this both exists most, and appears clearest, in men of the best parts, and greatest souls. Take away this, and who is so mad as to spend his life amidst toils and dangers? I speak of those in power. What were the poet's views but to be ennobled after death? Whence then have we,

Behold old Ennius here, who erst
Thy fathers' great exploits rehears'd.

He challenged the reward of glory from those whose ancestors he had ennobled. And thus the same poet,

Let none with tears my funeral grace, for I
Claim from my works an immortality.

Why do I mention poets? the very mechanics are desirous of fame after death: why did Phidias include a model of himself, in the shield of Minerva, when he was not allowed to

inscribe his name on it? What did our philosophers mean, when they put their names to those very books they wrote on the contempt of glory? If, then, universal consent is the voice of nature, and it is the general opinion every where, that those who have quitted this life, are still interested in something; we must subscribe to that opinion. And if we think men of the greatest abilities and virtue see clearest into nature, as her most perfect work; it is very probable, as every great man endeavours most for the public good, that there is something he will be sensible of after death.

But as we naturally think there are gods, and what they are, we discover by reason; so, by the consent of nations, we are induced to believe, that our souls survive; but where their habitation is, and what they are, must be learned from reason; the want of which knowledge has given rise to the infernals, and birth to those fears, which you seem, not without reason, to despise: for our bodies falling to the ground, and being covered with earth, from whence they are said to be interred, have occasioned them to imagine that the dead continue, the remainder of their existence, under ground; which opinion of theirs has drawn after it many errors; which the poets have increased; for the theatre, crowded with women and children, has been greatly affected on hearing these pompous verses,

Lo! here I am, who scarce could gain this place,
Thro' stony mountains, and a dreary waste;
Thro' cliffs, whose sharpen'd stones tremendous hung,
Where dreadful darkness spread itself around:

and the error prevailed so much, which indeed at present seems to me to be removed, that although they knew the bodies were burned, yet they conceived such things to be done in the infernal regions, as could not be executed or imagined without a body; for they could not apprehend, how unbodied souls could exist; and therefore, they looked out for some shape or figure. From hence all that account of the dead in Homer; hence my friend Appius framed his Necromancy; hence the lake of Avernus, in my neighbourhood;

From whence the souls of undistinguished shape,
No mortal blood, rush from the open gate
Of Acheron, and to this world escape.

And they must needs have these appearances speak, which is not possible, without a tongue, a which, if you have nothing to say against it, I will pass over, and drop all this hope of immortality.

A. What, will you leave me, when you have raised my expectations so high? I had rather, so help me Hercules, be mistaken with Plato, whom I know how much you esteem, and whom I admire, from what you say of him, than be in the right with them. M. I commend you: for indeed, I could myself willingly be mistaken with him. Do we then doubt of this as of other things? though I think here is very little room for doubt; for the mathematicians assure us, that the earth is placed in the midst of the world, as it were a point, which they call a *kentron*, (center) surrounded by the whole heavens: and that such is the nature of the four principles of all things, that they have equally divided amongst them, the constituents of all bodies. That earthly and humid bodies are carried at equal angles, by their own propensity and weight, into the earth and sea; the other two parts are of fire and air. As the two former are carried by their gravity and weight, into the middle region of the world; so these, on the other hand, ascend by right lines, into the celestial regions; either naturally endeavouring at the highest place, or that lighter bodies are naturally repelled by heavier, which being the case, it must evidently be, that souls, admitting them to be animals, *i.e.* to breathe, or of the nature of fire, must mount palate, jaws, without the help of lungs and sides, or without some shape or figure; for they could see nothing by their mind alone, they referred all to their eyes. To withdraw the mind from sensual objects, and abstract our thoughts from what we are accustomed to, is the property of a great genius: I am persuaded there were many such in former ages: but Pherecydes, the Syrian, is the first on record, who said that the souls of men were immortal; he was of great antiquity, in the reign of my namesake Tullus. His disciple, Pythagoras, greatly confirmed this opinion, who came into Italy, in the reign of Tarquin the Proud; and all that country which is called Great Greece, was held by him in honour and discipline, and under great submission to his authority: and the Pythagorean sect

was many ages after in so great credit, that all learning was confined to that name.

But I return to the ancients: They scarce ever gave any reason for their opinion, but what could be explained by numbers and characters. It is reported of Plato, that he came into Italy, to acquaint himself with the Pythagoreans; and that when there, amongst others, he made an acquaintance with Archytas and Timæus, and learned from them all the tenets of the Pythagoreans: that he not only was of the same opinion with Pythagoras, concerning the immortality of the soul, but he brought reasons in support of it; upwards: but should the soul be a number, which it is said to be, with more subtlety than clearness; or that fifth nature, rather without a name than not understood; still it is too pure and perfect, not to arrive at a great distance from the earth. Something of this sort, then, the soul is, that so active a principle should not lie immersed in the heart or brain; or, as Empedocles would have it, in the blood.

We will pass over Dicæarchus, with his contemporary and fellow disciple Aristoxenus, both indèed men of learning. One of them seems never to have been affected with grief, as he could not perceive that he had a soul; the other is so pleased with his musical compositions, that he endeavours to show an analogy betwixt them and souls. We may understand harmony to arise from the intervals of sounds, whose various compositions occasion many harmonies; but I do not see how a disposition of members, and the figure of a body without a soul, can occasion harmony; he had better, learned as he is, leave this to his master Aristotle, and follow his trade, as a musician; good advice is given him in that Greek proverb,

Apply your talents, where you best are skilled.

I will have nothing at all to do with that fortuitous concourse of individual light, and round corpuscles, notwithstanding Democritus insists on their being warm, and having breath, *i.e.* life. But this soul, should it consist of either of the four principles, from which we deduce all things, is of inflamed air, as seems particularly to have been the opinion of Panætius, and must necessarily mount upwards; for air and fire

have no tendency downwards, and always ascend: so should they be dissipated, that must be at some distance from the earth; but should they remain, and preserve their state, it is clearer still that they must be carried heavenward; and this gross and concrete air, which is nearest the earth, must be divided and broke by them; for the soul is warmer, or rather hotter than that air, which I just now called gross and concrete; which is evident from this, that our bodies, compounded of the terrene kind of principles, grow warm by the heat of the soul.

I add, that the soul may the easier escape from this air, which I have often named, and break through it; because nothing is swifter than the soul; no swiftness is comparable to that of the soul; which, should it remain uncorrupt, and without alteration, must necessarily be carried with that velocity, as to penetrate and divide all this region, where clouds, and rain, and winds are formed; which by means of exhalations from the earth, is moist and dark: which region, when the soul has once got above, and falls in with, and perceives a nature like its own, being compounded of thin air, and a moderate solar heat, it rests with these fires, and endeavours no higher flight. For when it has attained a lightness and heat like its own, it moves no more, balanced as it were, between two equal weights. That then is its natural seat where it has penetrated to something like itself; where, wanting nothing else, it may be supported and maintained by the aliments, which nourish and maintain the stars. As we are used to be incited to all sorts of desires, by the stimulus of the body, and the more so, as we envy those who are in possession of what we long for, we shall certainly be happy, when with this body we get rid of these desires and provocatives; which is our case at present, when, dismissing all other cares, we curiously examine and look into any thing; which we shall then do with greater ease; and employ ourselves entirely in viewing and considering things; because there is naturally in our minds a certain insatiable desire of seeing truth; and the very region itself, where we shall arrive, as it gives us a more intuitive view of celestial things, will raise our desires after knowledge. For this beauty of the heavens, even here on earth,

gave birth to that philosophy, which Theophrastus calls an inheritance, both from father and mother; greatly raised by a desire of knowledge. But they will in a particular manner enjoy this, who, whilst inhabitants of this world, enveloped in darkness, were desirous of looking into these things with the eye of their mind.

For, if they now think they have attained something, who have seen the mouth of the Pontus, and those streights which were passed by the ship called Argo, because,

From Argos, she did chosen men convey,
Bound, to fetch back the golden fleece their prey.

Or they, who saw the streights of the ocean,

Where the swift waves divide the neighbouring shores,
Of Europe, and of Afric.—

What kind of sight, then, do you imagine that to be, when the whole earth is viewed? not only in its position, form, and boundaries; those parts of it that are habitable, but those also that lie cultivated, through the extremities of heat and cold: for what we now see we do not view with our eyes; for body itself has no sensation: but as the naturalists, nay, even the physicians assure us, who have opened our bodies, and examined them, there are certain perforated canals, from the seat of the soul to the eyes, ears, and nose; so that frequently, when either prevented by meditation, or the force of some bodily disorder, we neither hear nor see, though our eyes and ears are open, and in good condition; so that we may easily apprehend that it is the soul that sees and hears; not those parts, which are but windows to the soul; by means of which the soul can perceive nothing, unless she is on the spot, and exerts herself. How shall we account, that by the same power of thinking, we comprehend the most difficult things; as colour, taste, heat, smell, and sound? which the soul could never know by her five messengers, unless every thing was referred to it, and she was sole judge of all. And we shall certainly discover these things, clearer and more perfect, when the soul, disengaged from the body, shall arrive there, where nature leads; for at present, notwithstanding nature has contrived, with the

greatest skill, those canals which lead from the body to the soul; yet are they, in some way or other, stopped up with concrete and terrene bodies: but when we shall be nothing but soul, nothing will interfere, to prevent our seeing every thing as it is.

It is true, I might expatiate, did the subject require it, on the many and various objects the soul will be entertained with in those heavenly regions; when I reflect on which, I am apt to wonder at the boldness of some philosophers, who are so struck with the knowledge of nature, as to thank, in an exulting manner, the first inventor of natural philosophy, and reverence him as a god: for they declare themselves freed, by his means, from the greatest tyrants, a perpetual terror, and a fear that molested them, by night and day. What is this dread? this fear? what old woman is there so weak as to fear these things, which you, forsooth, had you not been acquainted with physics, would stand in awe of?

The hallow'd roofs of Acheron, the dread
Of Orcus, and the pale sejour of the dead.

And doth it become a philosopher to boast that he is not afraid of these, and has discovered them to be false? Hence we may know how acute they were by nature, who, without learning, had attained to these things. They have gained, I know not what, who have learned, that when they die, they shall perish entirely; which being admitted, for I say nothing to it, what is there agreeable or glorious in it? Not that I see any reason why Pythagoras' and Plato's opinion might not be true: but should Plato have assigned no reason, (observe how much I esteem the man,) the weight of his authority would have borne me down; but he has brought so many reasons, that, to me he appears to have endeavoured to convince others; himself he certainly did.

But there are many who labour the other side of the question, and condemn souls to death, as capitally convicted; nor have they any better argument, against the eternity of the soul, than their not being able to conceive a soul without a body; as if they could really conceive, what it is in the body; its form, size, and seat: that were they able to have a full view of all

that is now hid from them in a living body, the soul would be discernible by them; or, is it of so fine a contexture as to evade their sight? Let those consider this, who deny they can form any idea of the soul, without the body, if they can conceive what it is in the body. As to my own part, when I reflect on the nature of the soul, I am more distressed to conceive what it is in the body, a place that doth not belong to it, than what it is when it leaves it, and is arrived at the free æther, its own habitation, as it were. Could we apprehend nothing but what we see, certainly we could form no notion of God, nor of the divine soul, freed from body. Dicæarchus indeed, and Aristoxenus, because it was hard to understand the soul, and its properties, asserted there was no soul. It is indeed the most difficult thing imaginable, to discern the soul, by the soul. And this, doubtless, is the meaning of the precept of Apollo, which advises every one to know himself. I do not apprehend his intention to have been, that we should inform ourselves of our members, our stature, and make; nor doth self imply our bodies; nor do I, who speak thus to you, address myself to your body: when, therefore, he saith, "Know yourself," he saith this, inform yourself of the nature of your soul; for the body is but a kind of vessel, or receptacle of the soul: whatever your soul doth, is your own act. To know the soul, then, unless it had been divine, would not have been a precept of that excellent wisdom, as to be attributed to a god; but should the soul not know what itself is, will you say that it doth not perceive itself to be? that it has motion? on which is founded that reason of Plato's, which is explained by Socrates, in *Phædrus*, and inserted by me, in my sixth book of the *Republic*.

That which is always moved, is eternal; but that which gives motion to another, and is moved itself from some other cause, when that motion ceases, must necessarily cease to exist. That, then alone, which is self-moved, because it is never forsaken by itself, must continue to be always moved. Besides, it is the fountain and beginning of motion to every thing else; but whatever is first, has no beginning, for all things arise from that first; itself cannot owe its rise to any thing else; for it would not be the first, had it proceeded from any thing else. If it had no beginning, it never will have end;

for the original being extinguished, itself cannot be restored from any thing else, nor produce any thing from itself; inasmuch as all things must necessarily arise from that first cause. Thus it comes about, that the beginning of motion must arise from itself, because it is itself, moved by itself; and that can neither have a beginning, nor cease to be; otherwise the whole heavens would be overset, and all nature stand still, nor be able to acquire any force, by the impulse of which, it might be first set in motion. Seeing then it is clear, that whatever moves itself, is eternal; can there be any doubt that the soul is so? for that is inanimate, which is moved by an external force; but every animal is moved by an interior force, and its own. For this is the peculiar nature and power of the soul; which, if it be the property of the soul alone to have self-motion, certainly it never had a beginning, and is eternal. Should all the lower order of philosophers, for so I think they may be called, who dissent from Plato and Socrates, and that school, unite their force; they never would be able to explain any thing so elegantly, nor even understand how artfully this conclusion is drawn. The soul then perceives itself to have motion, and with that perception is sensible that it is moved, by its own, and not the agency of another; and it is impossible that it should ever forsake itself; from whence arises eternity, unless you have something to say against it. *A.* I should myself be very well pleased, not to have a thought arise in my mind against it, I am so much inclined to that opinion.

M. I appeal to you, if these arguments that prove there is something divine in the soul, are not as strong? which divine properties, could I account how they begun, I might also how they might cease to be; for I think I can account how the blood, bile, phlegm, bones, nerves, veins, all the limbs, and shape of the whole body, were concreated and made; nay, the soul itself, were there nothing more in it than a principle of life, might be put upon the same footing as a vine or tree, and accounted for as naturally; for these, as we say, live. Besides, were desires and aversions all that belonged to the soul, they are but in common with the beasts; but it has, in the first place, memory, and that so infinite, as to retain numberless things, which Plato would have to be a recollection of a former life; for in that book which is

inscribed Menon, Socrates asks a child some questions in geometry, of measuring a square; his answers are such as a child would make, and yet his questions are so easy, that, answering them, one by one, he is as ready, as if he had learned geometry. From whence Socrates would infer, that learning implies only recollection, which he explains more accurately, in the discourse he held the very day he died; for any one entirely illiterate, to answer a question well, that is proposed to him, manifestly shows that he doth not learn it then, but recollects it by his memory. Nor is it accountable any other way, how children come to have notions of so many and such important things, as are implanted, or as it were sealed up in their minds; which the Greeks call common notions, unless the soul before it entered the body had been well stored with knowledge; for he holds that not to be, which has a beginning and ending; and that alone to be, which is always the same; as what he calls an idea, we a quality. The soul, then, shut up in the body, could not discover, but brought with it, what it knows: so that we are no longer surprised at its extensive knowledge; nor doth the soul clearly discover its ideas at its first resort to this troublesome and unusual dwelling; but after having refreshed and recollected itself, it then by its memory recovers them; therefore to learn, implies only to recollect. But I am in a particular manner surprised at memory; for what is that by which we remember? what is its force? what its nature? I am not enquiring how great a memory Simonides may be said to have had; how great Theodectes? how great that Cineas, who came ambassador here from Pyrrhus? or lately, Charmadas; or very lately, Sceptius Metrodorus; how great our Hortensius: I speak of common memory, and principally of those, who are employed in any considerable study or art, of the capacity of whose minds it is hard to judge, they remembered so many things.

Should you ask what this leads to? I think we may understand what that power is, (for Plato constantly maintains the body to be nothing) and whence we have it. It certainly proceeds neither from the heart, nor blood, nor brain, nor atoms; whether it be air or fire, I know not, nor am I, like those, ashamed to own where I am ignorant, that I am so.

Were it possible to determine in any doubtful affair, I would swear that the soul, be it air or fire, is divine. What? I beseech you, can you imagine so great a power of memory to be sown in, or be of the composition of earth? or this dark and gloomy atmosphere? Though you cannot apprehend what it is, yet you see what kind of thing it is, or if not that, yet you certainly see how great it is. What then? shall we imagine, there is a kind of measure in the soul, into which, as into a vessel, all we remember is poured? that indeed is absurd. How shall we form any idea of the bottom, or any of such a shape or fashion of the soul? or how any at all of its holding so much? Shall we imagine the soul to receive impressions like wax, and memory to be marks of the impressions made on the soul? What are the characters of words, what of things themselves? or where is that prodigious immensity as to give impressions to so many things? What, lastly, is that power which discovers, and is called invention? Doth he seem to be compounded of this earthly, mortal, and perishing nature, who first invented names for every thing, which with Pythagoras is the highest pitch of wisdom? or he, who collected the dispersed inhabitants of the world, and called them together into social life? or he, who confined the sounds of the voice, which are infinite, to the marks of a few letters? or who observed the courses of the planets, their progressive motions, their laws? These were all great men; but they were greater still, who invented food, raiment, houses; who introduced civility amongst us, and armed us against the wild beasts; by whom being civilized and polished, we proceeded from the necessities of life, to its embellishments. For we have provided great entertainments for the ears, by inventing and qualifying the variety and nature of sounds. We view the stars, as well those that are fixed, as those which are called improperly wandering. The soul that is acquainted with their revolutions and motions, acquaints itself that it is like his, who devised those stars in the heavens: for when Archimedes described in a sphere the motions of the moon, sun, and five planets, he did the same as Plato's god, in his *Timæus*, who made the world; he adjusted motions of different slowness, and velocities, in one circle. Now, allowing that what we see in the

world, could not be effected without a god, Archimedes could not have imitated the same motions, in his sphere, without a divine soul.

To me, indeed, it appears, that those studies which are more known, and in greater esteem, are not without some divine energy: so that I scarce think a poet who produces an approved poem, to be without some divine impulse on his mind; or that oratory, abounding with sonorous words, and fruitful sentences, could flow thus, without some greater force. What then is philosophy? which is the parent of all arts, but as Plato saith, a gift, as I express it, an invention of the gods? This taught us first, the worship of them: then justice, which arises from men's being formed into society: next modesty, and elevation of soul. Philosophy dispersed darkness from our souls, as it were from our eyes, enabling us to see all things that are above or below; the beginning, end, and middle of every thing. I am convinced entirely, that what could effect so many, and such great things, must be divine. For what is a memory of words and things? what also invention? even that than which nothing greater can be conceived in a god! for I do not imagine the gods to be delighted with nectar and ambrosia, or with Juventas presenting them with a cup; nor do I pay any attention to Homer, who saith that Gany-mede was carried away by the gods, on account of his beauty, to give Jove his drink. Too weak reasons for doing Laomedon such injury! These were mere inventions of Homer, who gave his gods the imperfections of men. I wish he had given men the perfections of the gods! those perfections I mean of uninterrupted health, wisdom, invention, memory. Therefore the soul is, as I say, divine; or as Euripides more boldly expresses it, a god. And thus, if the divinity be air or fire, the soul of man is the same: for as that celestial nature has nothing earthly or humid, so the soul of man is also void of all these: but if it is of that certain fifth nature, first introduced by Aristotle, both gods and souls are of the same.

As this is my opinion, I have explained it in these very words, in my book of Consolation. The origin of the soul of man is not to be found in any thing earthly, for there is nothing in the soul mixt or concrete, or that has any appear-

ance of being formed or made out of the earth; nothing even humid, airy, fiery; for what is there in such like natures, that has the power of memory, understanding, or thought? that can recollect the past; foresee future things; and comprehend the present? which are divine properties alone; nor can we discover whence men could have these, but from God. There is therefore a peculiar nature and power in the soul, distinct from those natures, more known and familiar to us. Whatever then that is, which thinks, which has understanding, volition, and a principle of life, is heavenly and divine, and on that account must necessarily be eternal: nor can God himself, who is known to us, be conceived otherwise, than a soul free and unembarrassed, distinct from all mortal concretion, acquainted with every thing, and giving motion to it, itself ended with perpetual motion.

Of this kind and nature is the soul of man. Should you be asked then, what this soul is? where is your own? or what is it? what answer can I make? If I have not faculties for knowing all that I could desire to know, you will allow me, I hope, to make use of those I have. The soul is not equal to the discerning of itself; yet, the soul, like the eye, though it has no reflex view of itself, sees other things: it doth not see, (which is of least consequence) its own shape; perhaps not; though it possibly may; but we will pass that by: but it certainly sees that it has vigour, sagacity, memory, motion, velocity; these are all great, divine, eternal properties. What its appearance is, or where it dwells, is not matter of enquiry. As when we behold, first the lucid appearance of the heavens; then, the vast velocity of its revolutions, beyond the imagination of our thought; the vicissitudes of nights and days; the four-fold division of the seasons, adapted to the ripening of the fruits of the earth, and the temperature of our bodies; and then look up to the sun, the moderator and governor of all these; view the moon, by the increase and decrease of its light, marking as it were, and appointing our holy days; and see the five planets, carried in the same circle, divided into twelve parts, preserving invariably the same courses, with dissimilar motions amongst themselves; and the nightly appearance of the heaven, adorned on all sides with stars; then, the

globe of the earth, raised above the sea, placed in the centre of the universe, inhabited and cultivated in its two opposite extremities; one of them, the place of our habitation, situated to the north pole, under the seven stars:

Where the cold northern blasts, with horrid sound,
Harden to ice the snowy covered ground.

The other, the south pole, unknown to us, called by the Greeks *antichthona*: other parts, uncultivated, because either frozen with cold, or burnt up with heat; but where we dwell, it never fails in its season,

To yield a placid sky, to bid the trees
Assume the lively verdure of their leaves:
The vine to bud, and, joyful in its shoots,
Foretell the approaching vintage of its fruits:
The ripened corn to sing, whilst all around
Full riv'lets glide; and flowers deck the ground.

Then the multitude of cattle, part for food, part for tilling the ground, others for carriage, for clothing; and man himself made as it were on purpose to contemplate the heavens and the gods, and to pay adoration to them; lastly, the whole earth, and wide extending seas, given to man's use.

When we view these, and numberless other things, can we doubt that something presides over these, or made them? if they are made, as is the opinion of Plato: or if, as Aristotle thinks, they are eternal; so great a work, and so great a blessing, cannot be supposed, without a director. Thus, though you see not the soul of man, as you see not the Deity; yet, as you acknowledge a God, from his works, so own the divine power of the soul, from its remembering things, its invention, the quickness of its motion, and from every charm of virtue. But where is it seated? say you. In my opinion it is in the head, and I can bring you reasons for that opinion; but of those elsewhere. At present, let the soul reside where it will, you certainly have one in you. Should you ask what its nature is? It has one peculiarly its own; but admitting it to be of fire, or air, it doth not affect the question; only observe this, as you are convinced there is a God, though you are

ignorant where he resides, and what shape he is of; so you should be assured you have a soul, though you cannot satisfy yourself of the place of its residence, nor the fashion of it. In our knowledge of the soul, unless we are grossly ignorant in physics, we cannot but be satisfied that it has nothing but what is simple, unmixed, uncompounded; which being admitted, it cannot be separated, nor divided, dispersed or parted, and therefore cannot perish; for to perish implies parting asunder, a division, a disunion of those parts which, whilst it subsisted, were held together by some band. Induced by these and such like reasons, Socrates neither looked out for any body to plead for him, when accused, nor begged any favour from his judges, but maintained a manly freedom, not the effect of pride, but of the true greatness of his soul; and on the last day of his life, he held much discourse on this subject; and a few days before he refused his liberty, when he might have been easily freed from his confinement, and when he had hold, in a manner, of that deadly cup, he spoke, with an air of one not forced to die, but as ascending into heaven.

For so he thought himself to be, and thus he harangued: "That there are two ways, and that the souls of men, at their departure from the body, took different roads; for those that were polluted with vices, that are common to men, and had given themselves up entirely to unclean desires, blinded by which, they had habituated themselves to all manner of debaucheries, or had laid detestable schemes for the ruin of their country, took a road wide of that which led to the assembly of the gods: but they who had preserved themselves perfect and chaste, and free from the slightest contagion with the body, and had kept themselves always at a distance from it; and whilst on earth, had conformed to the life of the gods; found the return easy to those, from whom they came." Therefore he relates, that all good and wise men should take example from the swans, who are, not without reason, sacred to Apollo; but particularly, because they seem to have received the gift of divination from him, by which, foreseeing how happy it is to die, they leave this world with singing and joy. Nor can any one doubt of this, unless it happens to us who think intensely of the soul, as is common to those who look

earnestly at the setting sun, to lose the sight of it entirely: so the mind's eye viewing itself, sometimes grows dull, and for that reason we become remiss in our contemplation. Thus our reasoning is carried like one sailing on the immense ocean, harassed with doubts and anxieties, not knowing how to proceed, but measuring back again those dangerous tracts he had passed. But these reflections are of long standing, and borrowed from the Greeks. Even Cato left this world, as pleased with an opportunity of dying; for that God who presides in us, forbids our departure hence without his leave. But when God himself shall give a just cause, as formerly to Socrates, lately to Cato, and often to many others; certainly every man of sense would gladly exchange this darkness, for that light; not that he would forcibly break from the chains that held him, for that would be against law; but walk out, like one discharged by a magistrate, or some lawful authority. The whole life of a philosopher is, as the same saith, a meditation on death.

For what do we else, when we call off our minds from pleasure, *i.e.* from our attention to the body, from the managing our estates, which we do merely on the body's account; when from duties of a public nature, or from all other employs whatsoever, what, I say, do we else, but invite the soul to reflect on itself? oblige it to converse with itself, and break off its acquaintance with the body? to separate the soul from the body; then, what is it but to learn to die? Wherefore, let me persuade you, to meditate on this, and break off your connexion with the body, *i.e.* learn to die. This is to be in heaven whilst on earth; and when we shall be carried thither freed from these chains, our souls will make their way with more ease: for they who are always linked thus with the body, even when disengaged make very slow advances, like those who have worn fetters many years; which when we shall arrive at, we shall then live indeed, for this present life is a death, which I could lament, if I might. *A.* You have lamented it sufficiently in your book of Consolation; which, when I read, there is nothing I desire more than to leave these things: but that desire encreases, by what I have just now heard. *M.* The time will come, and that soon, whether you hang back or press forward: for time flies. Death is so far from being an evil.

as it lately appeared to you, that I suspect, that every thing is a greater evil to man; or nothing a more desirable good; if we become thereby either gods ourselves, or companions of the gods. *A.* This will not do, as there are some who will not allow of it. *M.* But I will not leave off discussing this point, till I have convinced you, that death can upon no account be an evil. *A.* How can it, after what I have known? *M.* Do you ask how it can? there are such swarms of opponents; not only Epicureans, whom I regard very little, but I know not how, almost every man of letters: but my favourite Dicaearchus, is very strenuous in opposing the immortality of the soul: for he has written three books, which are entitled *Lesbiacs*, because the discourse was held at Mitylene, in which he would prove that souls are mortal. Indeed, the Stoics give us as long credit, as the life of a raven; they allow the soul to exist a great while, but are against its eternity.

Are you willing to hear, even allowing this, why death cannot be an evil? *A.* As you please; but no one shall force me from my immortality. *M.* I commend you indeed for that; though we should not depend on our opinions; for we are frequently disturbed by some subtle conclusion; we give way and change our opinions in things that are more evident; but in this there is some obscurity. Should any thing of this kind happen, it is well to be on our guard. *A.* You are right in that, but I will provide against any accident. *M.* Have you any objection to dismissing our friends the Stoics? I mean those, who allow that souls exist after they leave the body, but not always. *A.* Yes, those who admit of the only difficulty in this case, that souls may exist independent of body; but reject that, which is not only very probable, but the consequence of their own concession, that if they may exist some time, they may so for ever. *M.* You take it right; that is the very thing: shall we give therefore any credit to Panætius, when he dissents from his Plato? whom he every where calls divine, the wisest, the most honest of men, the Homer of Philosophers; whom he opposes, in the single opinion of the soul's immortality: For he maintains what no body denies, that every thing which is generated will perish; that even souls are generated, appears from the resemblance to those that begot them; which

is as apparent in the turn of their minds, as their bodies. But he brings another reason; that there is nothing which is sensible of pain, but may also fall ill; but whatever is subject to disorders, is subject to death; the soul is sensible of pain, therefore it may perish.

These may be refuted; for they proceed from his not knowing, that on the subject of the immortality of the soul, he speaks of the mind, which should be free of all turbid motion; not of those parts in which those disorders, anger and lust, have their seat; which he, whom he opposes, imagines to be distinct and separate from the mind. Now this resemblance is more remarkable in beasts, whose souls are void of reason. But the likeness in men consists more in their persons; and it is of no little consequence in what bodies the soul is lodged; for there are many things which depend on the body, that give an edge to the soul, many which blunt it. Aristotle indeed saith, that all men of parts are melancholy; so that I should not have been displeased to have been somewhat duller than I am. He instances in many, and, as if it were matter of fact, brings his reasons for it: but if the power of those things that proceed from the body, be so great as to influence the mind (for they are the things, whatever they are, that occasion this likeness), it doth not necessarily imply, that a similitude of souls should be born. I have done with these likenesses. I wish Panætius could be here; he lived with Africanus; I would inquire of him which of his family, the nephew of Africanus's brother was like? possibly in person like his father; in his manners, so like the most abandoned, that none was more so. Who was the grandson of P. Crassus like, that wise and eloquent man, inferior to none? Or the relations and sons of many other excellent men, whose names there is no occasion to mention? But what are we doing? Have we forgotten, that our purpose was, when we had sufficiently spoke to the immortality of the soul, to evince, that, should the souls perish, there could be, even then, no evil in death? *A.* I remembered it very well; but I had no dislike to your rambling a little from your purpose, whilst you were talking of the soul's immortality.

M. I perceive you have sublime thoughts, and would will-

ingly reach heaven; I am not without hopes that such may be our fate. But admit what they assert; that the souls do not remain after death. *A.* Should it be so, I see ourselves deprived of the hopes of a happier life. *M.* But what is there of evil in that opinion? let the soul perish as the body: is there any pain, or indeed any feeling at all in the body after death? no one indeed asserts that; though Epicurus charges Democritus with saying so; but the disciples of Democritus deny it. No sense therefore remains in the soul; for the soul is no where; where then is the evil? for there is nothing but these two. Is it because the separation of the soul and body cannot be effected without pain? but should that be granted, how small is that? yet I think that is false; and that it is very often without any sense, sometimes even with pleasure, and the whole is very trifling, whatever it is, for it is instantaneous. What makes us uneasy, or rather, gives us pain, is the leaving all the good things of life. Consider, if I might not more properly say, the evil; what reason is there then to bewail the life of man? and yet I might, with very good reason; but what occasion is there, when I labour to prove that none are miserable after death; to make life more miserable, by lamenting over it? I have done that in the book I wrote, to comfort myself as well as I could. If then our inquiry is after truth, death withdraws us from evil, not from good. This is indeed so copiously handled by Hegesias, the Cyrenian, that he is said to have been forbid by Ptolemy from publishing them in the schools, because some who heard him, made away with themselves. There is too an epigram of Callimachus, on Cleombrotus of Ambracia; who, without any misfortune befalling him, as he saith, threw himself from a wall into the sea, on reading a book of Plato's. The book I mentioned of Hegesias, is on men's starving themselves; written on account of somebody who took that method to get rid of life, but, being prevented by his friends, he reckons up to them the miseries of human life: I might do the same, though not so fully as he, who thinks it not worth any man's while to live. I pass over others. Was it even worth my while, for, had I died before I was deprived of the comforts and honours of my own family, and what I received from my public services,

death would have taken me from the evils of life, not its blessings?

Propose therefore any one, who never knew distress; who never received a blow from fortune: imagine that Metellus, teen of which were legitimate: Fortune had the same power over both, though she exercised it but on one: for Metellus was laid on his funeral pile by many sons and daughters, male and female relations: but Priam fell by the hand of an enemy, after having fled to the altar, deprived of so great a progeny. Had he died before the ruin of his kingdom, his sons alive,

With all his mighty wealth elate,
Under rich canopies of state:

would he then have been taken from good or evil? It might seem at that time, from good; yet surely, that would have been to his advantage; nor should we have had these mournful verses,

Lo! these all perish'd in one flaming pile;
The foe old Priam did of life beguile,
And with his blood, thy altar, Jove, defile.

As if any thing better could have happened to him at that time, than to lose his life so; which had it fallen out sooner, would have prevented those consequences; or at least he would have been insensible of them. The case of our friend Pompey was something better; when he fell sick at Naples, the Neapolitans put crowns on their heads, as did those of Puteoli; the people flocked from the country to congratulate him. It is a Grecian custom, and a foolish one; yet it is a sign of good fortune. But the question is, had he died, would he have been taken from good or evil? Certainly from evil. He would not have been engaged in a war with his brother-in-law; he would not have taken up arms before he was prepared; he had not left his own house, nor fled from Italy; he had not, after the loss of his army, fell unarmed into the hands of his enemies, and been put into chains by them: his children had not been destroyed; nor his whole fortune in the possession of the conquerors; who, had he died at that time, had died in all his

glory; who, by that delay of death, into what great and terrible misfortunes did he fall?

These things are avoided by death, which though they should never happen, there is a possibility they may; but it never comes into men's heads, that such things may befall them. Every one thinks to be as happy as Metellus; as if the number of the happy exceeded that of the miserable; as if there was any certainty in human affairs; as if there were more rational foundations for hope than fear. But should we grant them even this, that we are by death deprived of good things; must the dead therefore want the good things of life, and be miserable on that account? they must necessarily say so. Can he, who is not, want any thing? To want, has a melancholy sound, and has its force from hence; he had, but has not; he desires, requires, wants. Such are, I suppose, the distresses of one to whom something is wanting. Doth he want eyes? to be blind, is misery. Is he in want of children? not to have them, is misery. This is something with the living, but the dead are neither in want of the blessings of life, nor life itself; I speak of the dead as not existing. But would any say of us, who do exist, that we want horns or wings? Certainly not. Should it be asked, why not? the answer would be, that not to have what neither custom nor nature has fitted you for, would not imply a want of them, though you were sensible you had them not. This argument should be pressed over and over again, that being established, which if souls are mortal, there can be no dispute about; I mean, that the destruction of them by death is so entire, as to remove even the least suspicion of any sense remaining. This then being well grounded and established, we must correctly define what the term, to want, means; that there may be no mistake in the word. To want, then, signifies this; to be without that, you would be glad to have; for inclination for any thing is implied in the word want; excepting when we say in a different sense of the word, that a fever is wanting to any one. For it admits of a different interpretation, when you are without a certain thing, and are sensible you are without it; but yet can easily dispense with your not having it. You cannot apply this expression to the dead, that they

want; or that they lament on that account. This is said, that they want a good, which is an evil to them. But a living man doth not want a good, unless he is distressed without it; and yet, we may understand, how any man alive may want a kingdom. When I assert this of you, I cannot use too much art in expressing myself: the case is different with regard to Tarquin, when he was driven from his kingdom: but quite incomprehensible, as to the dead. For to want, implies to be sensible; but the dead are insensible; therefore the dead can be in no want.

But what occasion is there to philosophize here, when philosophy is so little concerned in it? How often have not only our generals, but whole armies, rushed on certain death? which, were it to be feared, L. Brutus had not fell in fight, to prevent the return of that tyrant he had expelled: Decius the father, had not been slain in fighting with the Latins: nor had his son, when engaged with the Etruscans; or, his nephew with Pyrrhus, exposed themselves to the enemy's darts. Spain had not seen the Scipios fall in one campaign, fighting for their country; the plains of Cannæ, Paulus and Geminus; Venusia, Marcellus; the Latins, Albinus, nor the Lucani Gracchus. But are any of these miserable now? nay, not even then, after they had breathed their last: nor can any one be miserable after he has lost all sense. But as to that, that it is afflicting to be without sense! it would be so, if the meaning was that any one was really in want of it, but as it is evident there can be nothing in that, which has no existence; what can there be afflicting in that which can neither want, nor be sensible? We should have had this over too often, but that here lies all that the soul shudders at, from the fear of death. For whoever can clearly apprehend, which is as manifest as the light; that when both soul and body are consumed, and there is a total destruction; that which was an animal, becomes nothing; will clearly see, that there is no difference between a Hippocentaur, which never had existence, and king Agamemnon; and that M. Camillus is no more concerned about this present civil war, than I was at the sacking of Rome, when he was in being. Why then should Camillus be affected with the thoughts of these things happening three hundred and fifty years after. And why should I be uneasy at the thoughts of some nation

possessing itself of this city, ten thousand years hence? Because so great is our regard for our country, as not to be measured by our own feeling, but by the actual safety of it.

Death then, which threatens us daily, from a thousand accidents, and by the very shortness of life cannot be far off, doth not deter a wise man from making provision for his country and his family, that may extend to distant ages, and from regarding posterity, of which he may have no sensation. Wherefore a man may, though persuaded that his soul is mortal, act for eternity, not from a desire of glory, which he will be insensible of, but from a principle of virtue, which glory will attend, though that is not his view. In nature indeed it is thus; as our birth was the beginning of things with us, death will be the end; and as we were no ways concerned with them before we were born, so we shall have none after we are dead: consider thus, where can be the evil? seeing death has no connexion with either the dead, or yet those that are alive: the one are not, the other have nothing to do with it. They who make the least of death, compare it to sleep; as if any one would live ninety years on condition, that at the expiration of sixty, he would sleep out the remainder. The very swine would not accept of life on those terms, much less I: Endymion indeed, if you listen to fables, slept once on a time, on Latmus, a mountain of Caria. I imagine he is not as yet awake. Do you think he is concerned at the moon's being in labour, by whom he was thrown into that sleep, that she might embrace him in that circumstance; for what should he be concerned for who has no sense? You look on sleep as an image of death, and you take that on you daily; and have you any doubt of there being no sense in death, when you see there is none in sleep, which resembles it?

Away then with those follies that speak the old woman; that it is miserable to die before our time. What time do you mean? That of nature? She lent you life, as money, without fixing a time for its payment. Have you any grounds of complaint then, that she recalls it at her pleasure? For you received it on these terms. They that complain thus, allow, that to die in childhood, is tolerable; if in the cradle, more so; and yet nature has been more exact with them in demand-

ing back what she gave. They answer by saying, such have not tasted the sweets of life; the other had great expectations from what he had already enjoyed. They judge better in other things, and allow a part to be preferable to none? why not so in life? Though Callimachus is not amiss in saying, more tears had flowed from Priam, than his son; yet they are thought happier who have lived to old age. It would be hard to say why; for I do not apprehend the remainder of life would be happier with any. There is nothing more agreeable to a man than prudence, which old age as certainly strips him of, as any thing else: but what age is long? or what is there at all long to a man? Doth not

Old age, tho' unregarded, still attend
On childhood's pastimes, as the cares of men?

But because there is nothing beyond old age, we call that long: all these things are said to be long or short, according to the proportion of time, the time of life they bear, they were given us for. Aristotle saith, there is a kind of insect, near the river Hypanis, which runs from a certain part of Europe, into the Pantus, whose life consists but of one day; those that die at the eighth hour, die in full age; those who die when the sun sets, very old, especially when the days are at the longest. Compare our longest age with eternity, and we shall be found as short-lived as those little animals.

Let us then despise all these follies, for what softer name can I give to such levities? and let us lay the foundation of our happiness in the strength and greatness of our minds, in a contempt and disregard for all earthly things, and in the practice of every virtue. For at present we are enervated by the delicacy of our imaginations, so that, should we leave this world before the promises of our fortune-tellers are made good to us, we should think ourselves deprived of some great advantages, and seem disappointed and forlorn. But if through life we are in continual suspense, still expecting, still desiring, and are in continual pain and torture: good gods! how pleasant must that journey be, which ends in security and ease! How pleased am I with Theramenes! of how exalted a soul he appears! Though we never read of him without

tears; yet that excellent man is not to be lamented in his death; who, when imprisoned by the command of the thirty tyrants, drank off at one draught, as if he had been thirsty, the poisoned cup, and threw the remainder out of it, with such force, that it sounded as it fell. On hearing the sound of it, he with a smile said, "I drink this to the handsome Critias;" who had been the most severe against him: for it is customary with the Greeks, at their banquets to name the person to whom they intend to deliver the cup. This excellent man was pleasant to the last, even when he had received the poison into his bowels; and truly foretold his death, to whom he drank of the poison, which soon followed. Who that thought death an evil, could approve of the evenness of temper in this great man, at the instant of dying! Socrates came a few years after to the same prison and the same cup, by the like iniquity of his judges, as Theramenes by that of the tyrants. What a speech is that which Plato makes him use before his judges, after they had condemned him to death! "I am not without hopes, O judges, that it is a favourable circumstance to me, that I am condemned to die: for one of these two things must necessarily be, that either death will deprive me entirely of all sense; or by dying I shall go hence into some other place; wherefore, if I am deprived of sense, and death is like that sleep, which sometimes is so undisturbed, as to be even without the visions of dreams; good gods! what gain is it to die! or what length of days can be preferable to such a night? And if the constant course of future time should resemble that night, who is happier than I am? but if what is said be true, that death is but a removal to those regions where the souls of the departed dwell; that still must be more happy; to have escaped from those who call themselves judges, and to appear before such as are truly so, Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, Triptolemus; and to meet with those who have lived with justice and probity! Can this change of abode appear otherwise than great to you? to converse with Orpheus, Musæus, Homer, Hesiod, is a privilege of inestimable value! I would willingly, were it possible, die often, in order to prove the certainty of what I speak of. What satisfaction must it be to meet with Palamedes, Ajax, and others, betrayed by the iniquity of their

judges? I would prove the wisdom even of that king of kings, who led such troops to Troy, that of Ulysses and Sisyphus: nor should I be condemned, as I was here, for such an inquiry. And as for you, my judges, who have absolved me, ye need not fear death, for nothing bad can befall a good man, whether dead or living, nor are his concerns overlooked by the gods, nor has this befallen me by chance; nor have I ought to charge those with, who accused or condemned me, but their intention of doing me harm." In this manner he proceeded; but nothing I more admire than his last words, "But it is time," saith he, "for me, to go hence to death; you, to your employs of life; the immortal gods know which is best; indeed I believe no mortal doth."

I had preferred this man's soul to all the fortunes of those who sat in judgment on him: notwithstanding he saith the gods only knew which was best, he himself did; for he had determined that before; but he held to the last, the maxim peculiar to him, of affirming nothing. And let us hold to this, not to think any thing an evil, that is a general provision of nature: and let us assure ourselves, that if death is an evil, it is an eternal evil; for death seems to be the end of a miserable life; but if death is a misery, there can be no end. But why do I mention Socrates, or Theramenes, men distinguished by the glory of virtue and wisdom? When a certain Lacedæmonian, whose name is not so much as known, held death in such contempt, that, when led to it by the ephori, he looked cheerful and pleasant; and being thus interrupted by one of his enemies; "Do you despise the laws of Lycurgus?" he answered, "I am greatly obliged to him, for he has amerced me in a fine which I can pay without borrowing, or taking up at interest." This was a man worthy of Sparta! and I am almost persuaded of his innocency, from the greatness of his soul. Our city has produced many such. But why should I name generals, and other great men, when Cato could write, that legions have with alacrity marched to that place, from whence they never expected to return? With no less greatness of soul, fell the Lacedæmonians at Thermopylæ, of whom Simonides:

Go, stranger, tell the Spartans, here we lie,
Who to support their laws durst boldly die.

How nobly did Leonidas, their general, speak! "March on with courage, my Lacedæmonians; to-night, perhaps, we shall sup in the regions below." This was a brave nation, whilst the laws of Lycurgus were in force. One of them, when a Persian had said to him in conversation, "We shall hide the sun by the number of our arrows and darts;" replied, "We shall fight then in the shade." Do I talk of their men? how great was that Lacedæmonian woman, who sent her son to battle, and hearing that he was slain, "I bore him," said she, "for that purpose, that you might have a man who durst die for his country."

It is admitted that the Spartans were bold and hardy: the discipline of the republic greatly promoted this. What? have we not reason to admire Theodore, the Cyrenean, a philosopher of some distinction? who when Lysimachus threatened to crucify him, bid him keep those menaces for his courtiers: "Theodore is indifferent whether he rot in the air or underground." From which saying of the philosopher, an occasion is given me of speaking to the custom of burying, and its ceremonies, which will require but few words, especially if we recollect what has been before said of the soul's insensibility. The opinion of Socrates in this is clear, from the book which treats of his death; of which we have already said a good deal; for when he had disputed about the immortality of the soul, and the time of his dying was near; being asked by Criton, how he would be buried; "I have taken a great deal of pains," saith he, "my friends, to no purpose, for I have not convinced our Criton, that I shall fly from hence, and leave no part of me behind? notwithstanding, Criton, if you can overtake me, wheresoever you get hold of me, bury me as you please: but believe me, none of you will be able to reach me when I fly hence." That was excellently said, for he allows his friend to do as he pleased, and yet showed his indifference about any thing of this kind. Diogenes was something rougher, though of the same opinion; but as a Cynic, he expressed himself somewhat harsher; he ordered himself to be thrown any where without burying; when his friends replied, "What, to the birds and beasts?" "By no means," saith he, "place my staff near me, that I may drive them away." They

answer, "How can you do that, for you will not perceive them?" "How am I concerned then in being torn by those animals, if I have no sense?" Anaxagoras, when he was near dying at Lampsacus, and was asked by his friends, whether, if any thing should happen to him, he would not choose to be carried to Clazomenæ, his country, made this excellent answer: "No," says he, "there is no occasion for that, all places are at an equal distance from the infernal regions." There is one thing to be observed on the whole of burying, that it relates to the body, whether the soul live or perish: now with regard to the body, it is clear, that, let the soul live or not, that has no sensation.

But all things are full of errors. Achilles drags Hector, tied to his chariot; he thinks, I suppose, he tears his flesh, and that Hector feels the pain of it; therefore he is revenged, as he imagines; but Hecuba bewails this as a sore misfortune:

I saw (a dreadful sight!) great Hector slain,
Dragg'd at Achilles' car along the plain.

What Hector? or how long will he be Hector? Accius is better in this, and Achilles is sometimes more reasonable,

I Hector's body to his sire convey'd,
Hector I sent to the infernal shade.

It was not Hector that you dragged along, but a body that had been Hector's. Here another starts from underground, and will not suffer his mother to sleep;

To thee I call, my once lov'd parent, hear,
Nor longer with thy sleep relieve thy care;
Thine eye unpitying me is clos'd—arise,
Ling'ring I wait the unpaid obsequies.

When these verses are sung with a slow and melancholy tune, so as to affect the whole theatre with sadness, one can scarce help thinking those unhappy, that are unburied:

Ere the devouring dogs and hungry vultures;

He is afraid he shall not have the use of his limbs so well, if

they are torn to pieces, but is under no such apprehensions if they are burned :

Nor leave my naked bones, my poor remains,
To shameful violence, and bloody stains.

What could he fear, who could pour forth such excellent verses, to the sound of the flute? We must therefore adhere to this, that nothing is to be regarded after we are dead; though many revenge themselves on their dead enemies. Thyestes, in some good lines of Ennius, prays, first, that Atreus may perish by a shipwreck, which is certainly a very bad death; such an exit is very shocking! then follow these unmeaning expressions,

—May

On the sharp rock his mangled carcass lie,
His entrails torn, to hungry birds a prey,
May he convulsive writhe his pendant side,
And with his clotted gore the stones be dyed.

The stones had as much feeling as he who lay on them; though Thyestes imagines he has wished him the greatest torture: it would be pain indeed, were he sensible. But as he is not, it can be none: then how very unmeaning is this!

Let him, still hovering o'er the Stygian wave,
Ne'er reach the body's peaceful port, the grave.

You see what mistakes they are under; he imagines the body has its haven, and that the dead are at rest in their graves. Pelops was to blame not to have informed and taught his son what regard was due to every thing.

But there is no occasion to animadvert on the opinions of individuals, when you may observe whole nations to fall into those errors. The Egyptians embalmed their dead, and kept them in their houses; the Persians dress them over with wax, that they may preserve their bodies as long as possible. It is customary with the Magi, to bury none of their order, unless they have been first torn by dogs. In Hyrcania, the people maintain dogs for the public use, their nobles have their own: we know they have a good breed of dogs; but every one, according to his ability, provides himself with some, in order to be torn by them; and they hold that to be the best

interment. Chrysippus, who is curious in all kinds of historical facts, has collected many other things of this kind, but some of them are so offensive as not to admit of being related. All that has been said of burying, is not worth our regard, with respect to ourselves, but not to be neglected as to our friends, provided we are persuaded that the dead are insensible: but the living indeed should consider what is due to custom and opinion, but they should in this consider too, that the dead are no ways interested in it. But death truly is then met with the greatest tranquillity, when the dying man can comfort himself with his own praise. No one dies too soon who has finished the course of perfect virtue. Death might have called on me often very seasonably, oh! how I wish it had! for I have gained nothing by the delay: I had gone over and over again the duties of life; nothing remained but to contend with fortune. If reason then cannot sufficiently fortify us to a contempt of death, let our past life confirm us in the conviction that we have lived too long: for, notwithstanding the deprivation of sense, the dead are not without that good which properly belongs to them, the praise and glory they have acquired, though they are not sensible of it. For although there be nothing in glory to make it desirable, yet it follows virtue as its shadow. But the judgment of the multitude on good men, if ever they form any, is more to their own praise, than of any real advantage to the dead; yet I cannot say, however it may be received, that Lycurgus and Solon are without the glory of their laws, and the public discipline they established: or that Themistocles and Epaminondas have not the glory of their martial virtue. Neptune shall sooner bury Salamine with his waters, than the memory of the trophies gained there, and the Bœotian Leuctra shall perish sooner, than the glory of that action. But the fame of Curius, Fabricius, Calatinus, the two Scipios, and the two Africani, Maximus, Marcellus, Paulus, Cato, Lælius, and numberless others, shall remain longer with them. Whoever has caught any resemblance of them, not estimating it by common fame, but the real applause of good men, may with confidence, should it be necessary, approach death; which we know to be, if not the chief good, at least no evil. Such a one would even choose to die, whilst

he was in prosperity; for all the favours that could be heaped on him, would not be so agreeable to him, as to lose them vexatious. That speech of the Lacedæmonian seems to have the same meaning; who, when Diagoras the Rhodian, who had himself been a conqueror at the Olympic games, saw two of his own sons conquerors there, he approached the old man, and congratulating him, said, "You should die now, Diagoras, for no greater happiness can attend you." The Greeks look on these as great things; perhaps they think too high of them, or rather did so then. He, who said this to Diagoras, looking on it as something very extraordinary, that three out of one family should have been conquerors there, thought it could answer no purpose to him, to continue any longer here, exposed only to a reverse of fortune.

I might have given a satisfactory answer in this point, with few words, as you allowed the dead were not miserable: but I have laboured it the more for this reason, because this is our greatest consolation in the losing and bewailing of our friends. For we ought to bear with discretion any grief that arises from ourselves, or on our own account, lest we should seem to be influenced by self-love. But should we suspect our departed friends to be under those evils, which they are generally imagined to be, and to be sensible of them, such a suspicion would give us intolerable uneasiness: I wished, for my own sake, to pluck up this opinion by the root; and on that account I have been perhaps too tedious.

A. You too tedious? no, indeed, not to me. I was induced by the former part of your speech, to wish to die; by the latter, to be indifferent, or at least not to be uneasy about it. But on the whole I am convinced that there can be no evil in death.

M. Do you expect that I should give you an epilogue, like the rhetoricians, or shall I forego that art? *A.* I would not have you give over an art you have set off to such advantage; and you were in the right in that, for, to speak the truth, it has set you off. But what is that epilogue? for I should be glad to hear it, whatever it is. *M.* It is customary in the schools, to produce the opinions of the immortal gods on death; nor are these opinions the fruits of imagination alone, but have the authority of Herodotus and many others. Cleobis and Biton

are the first they mention, sons of the Argive priestess; it is a known story. As it was necessary she should be drawn in a chariot, to a certain stated sacrifice, solemnized at a temple some considerable distance from the town, and the cattle that drew it went very slowly, those two young men I mentioned, pulling off their garments, and anointing their bodies with oil, applied themselves to the yoke. The priestess being thus conveyed to the temple drawn by her two sons, is said to have entreated the goddess to bestow on them, for their piety, the greatest gift that a god could confer: the young men, after having feasted with their mother, fell asleep; and in the morning they were found dead. Trophonius and Agamedes are said to have put up the same petition, who having built a temple to Apollo at Delphi, supplicating the god, desired of him some extraordinary reward for their care and labour, particularizing nothing, but only what was best for men. Apollo signified that he would bestow it the third day at sun-rising; on that day they were found dead. This they say was the particular determination of that god, to whom the rest of the deities have assigned the province of divining.

There is another little story told of Silenus, who, when taken prisoner by Midas, is said to have made him this present, for his ransom; he informed him, that never to have been born, was by far the greatest blessing that could happen to man; the nearest to it, was, to die very soon: which very opinion Euripides makes use of in his *Cresphon*,

When man is born, 'tis fit, with solemn show,
We speak our sense of his approaching woe;
With other gestures, and a different eye,
Proclaim our pleasure when he's bid to die.

There is something like this in *Crantor's Consolation*; for he saith, that *Terinæus* of *Elysia*, bemoaning heavily the loss of his son, came to a place of divination to be informed why he was visited with so great affliction, and received in his tablet these three verses:

Thou fool, to murmur at *Euthynous'* death!
The blooming youth to fate resigns his breath:
That fate, whereon your happiness depends,
At once the parent and the son befriends,

On these and such like authorities they affirm this cause to have been determined by the gods. But Alcidas, an ancient rhetorician, of great reputation, wrote even in praise of death, by recounting the evils of life; he has much of the orator, but was unacquainted with the more refined arguments of the philosophers. With the rhetoricians indeed, to die for our country, is always not only glorious, but happy: they go back as far as Erechtheus, whose very daughters underwent death, for the safety of their fellow-citizens: they instance Codrus, who threw himself into the midst of his enemies, dressed like a common man, that his royal robes might not betray him; because the oracle had declared the Athenians conquerors, if their king was slain. Menæceus is not overlooked by them, who, on the publishing of an oracle, freely gave up his blood to his country. Iphigenia ordered herself to be conveyed to Aulis, to be sacrificed, that her blood might be the means of spilling that of her enemies. From hence they proceed to instances of a fresher date. Harmodius and Aristogiton, Leonidas the Lacedæmonian, and Epaminondas the Theban, are much talked of; they were not acquainted with the many instances in our country, to give a list of whom would take up too much time; so great is the number of those to whom an honourable death was always desirable. Notwithstanding it is thus, we must use much persuasion, and a loftier strain of eloquence, to bring men to begin to wish to die, or to cease to be afraid of death. For if that last day doth not occasion an entire extinction, but a change of place only, what can be more desirable? but if it destroys, and absolutely puts an end to us, what is preferable to the having a deep sleep fall on us, in the midst of the fatigues of life, and thus overtaken to sleep to eternity? which, should it be the case, Ennius's speech exceeds Solon's; for our Ennius saith,

Let none bestow upon my passing bier
One needless sigh, or unavailing tear.

But that wise man,

Let me not unlamented die, but o'er my bier
Burst forth the tender sigh, the friendly tear.

Should it indeed be our case to know the time appointed by the gods for us to die, let us prepare ourselves for it, with a pleasant and grateful mind, as those who are delivered from a jail, and eased from their fetters, to go back to their eternal and (without dispute) their own habitation; or to be divested of all sense and trouble. But should we not be acquainted with this decree, yet should we be so disposed, as to look on that last hour as happy for us, though shocking to our friends; and never imagine that to be an evil, which is an appointment of the immortal gods, or of nature, the common parent of all. For it is not by hazard or without design that we have a being here; but doubtless there is a certain power, concerned for human nature; which would neither have produced nor provided for a being, which after having gone through the labours of life, was to fall into an eternal evil by death. Let us rather infer, that we have a retreat and haven prepared for us, which, I wish, we could make for, with crowded sails; but though the winds should not serve, yet we shall of course gain it, though somewhat later. But how can that be miserable for one which all must undergo? I have given you an epilogue, that you might not think I had overlooked or neglected any thing. *A.* I am persuaded you have not; and indeed that epilogue has confirmed me. *M.* I am glad it has had that effect; but it is now time to consult our healths; to-morrow, and all the time we continue here, let us consider this subject; and principally that which may ease our pain, alleviate our fears, and lessen our desires, which is the greatest advantage we can reap from the whole of philosophy.

BOOK II

ON BEARING PAIN

NEOPTOLEMUS in Ennius indeed saith, that the study of philosophy, moderately pursued, was expedient for him; but to give himself up entirely to it, was what he did not approve of. As to my part, Brutus, I am perfectly persuaded that it is expedient for me to philosophize; for what can I do better, having no employ? but I am not for proceeding but a little way in it, like him: for it is difficult to acquire the knowledge of a little, without acquainting yourself with many, or all its branches; nor can you well select that little but out of a great number: nor can any one who has acquired some knowledge thereof, avoid endeavouring at more, with the same inclination. But in a life of business, like that of Neoptolemus, and in a military way, that little may have its use, and yield fruit, though not so plentifully as the whole of philosophy; yet such as in some degree may at times lessen our desires, our sorrows, and our fears: just as the effect of our late Tusculan Disputations seemed to be a great contempt of death; which contempt is of no small efficacy to the ridding the mind of fear: for whoever dreads what cannot be avoided, can by no means live with any satisfaction. But he who is under no fear of death, not only from the necessity of dying, but from a persuasion that death itself hath nothing terrible in it, has very great security for a happy life. However, I am not ignorant, that many will strenuously oppose us; which can be no otherwise avoided than by not writing at all. For if my Orations, which were addressed to the judgment and approbation of the people, (for that is a popular art, and the effect of oratory is popular applause), encountered some who are inclined to withhold their praise from every thing but what they are persuaded they can attain to themselves, and who confine good speaking to what they may hope to reach, and who declare, when they are overwhelmed with a flow of words and sentences, that they prefer the utmost poverty of thought and expression to that plenty and copiousness; (from whence arose the kind of Attic oratory, which they who professed it were strangers to, and

which is already silenced, and laughed out of the very courts of justice); what may I not expect, when at present I cannot have the least countenance from the people, by which I was upheld before? For philosophy is satisfied with a few judges, of herself industriously avoiding the multitude, who are jealous of it, and utterly displeased with it: so that, should any one undertake to cry down the whole, he would have the people on his side; or should he attack that, which I particularly profess, he might have assistance from the schools of the other philosophers. But I have answered the detractors of philosophy in general, in my *Hortensius*. What I had to say in favour of the *Academics*, is, I think, sufficiently explained in my *Academics*.

But yet I am so far from desiring that none should write against me, that it is what I most earnestly covet; for philosophy had never been in such esteem in Greece itself, but from the strength it acquired from the contentions and disputations of their learned men; therefore I recommend to all who have abilities, to snatch this art also from declining Greece, and transport it to us; as our ancestors by their study and industry imported all their other arts, which were worth having. Thus the praise of oratory, raised from a low degree, is arrived at such perfection, that it must now decline, and, as is the nature of all things, verge to its dissolution, in a very short time. Let philosophy then from this time spring afresh in the Latin tongue, and let us lend it our assistance, and let us bear patiently to be contradicted and refuted; which they dislike who are devoted to certain determined opinions, and are under such obligations to maintain them, that though they can support them by no arguments, they are forced to abide by them, to avoid the imputation of fickleness. We who pursue only probabilities, and cannot go beyond what is likely, can confute others without obstinacy, and are prepared to be confuted ourselves without resentment. Besides, were these studies brought home to us, we should not want Greek libraries, in which there is an infinite number of books, by reason of the multitude of authors among them; for it is a common practice with many to repeat the same things which have been wrote by others, which serves no purpose, but to stuff their shelves:

and this will be our case, if many apply themselves to this study. But let us excite those, if possible, who have had a liberal education, and are masters of an elegant style, and philosophize with reason and method.

For there is a farther certain tribe who would willingly be called philosophers, whose books in our language are said to be numerous, which I do not despise, for indeed I never read them: but because the authors themselves declare that they write without any regularity or method, without elegance or ornament: I do not choose to read what is so void of entertainment. There is no one in the least acquainted with letters but knows the style and sentiments of that school; wherefore, since they are at no pains about expression, I do not see why they should be read by any but one another: let them read them, if they please, who are of the same opinions: for as all read Plato, and the other Socratics, with those who sprung from them, even they who do not allow of their opinions, or are very indifferent about them; but scarce any, except their own disciples, take Epicurus, or Metrodorus, into their hands; so they alone read these Latin books, who allow of their tenets. But, in my opinion, whatever is published, should be recommended to the reading of every man of learning; and though we may not succeed in this ourselves, yet nevertheless we must be sensible that this ought to be the aim of every writer. I am pleased with the manner of the Peripatetics, and Academics, of disputing on both sides of the question; not solely from its being the only method of discovering the probable, but because it affords the greatest scope for reasoning; a method that Aristotle first made use of, afterwards all the Aristotelians; and in our memory Philo, whom we have often heard, appointed one time to treat of the precepts of the rhetoricians, another for philosophy; to which custom I was brought to conform by means of my friends at my Tusculum, where our leisure time was spent in this manner. So that as we did yesterday, before noon we applied ourselves to speaking; and in the afternoon went down into the academy: the disputations held there I have acquainted you with, not in a narrative way, but almost in the same words in which they were carried on.

The discourse then was introduced in this manner, whilst

we were walking, and the exordium was somewhat thus. *A.* It is not to be expressed how much I was delighted, or rather edified, by your discourse of yesterday. Though I am conscious to myself that I was never over-fond of life, yet at times, when I have considered that there would be an end to this life, and that I must some time or other part with all its good things, a dread and uneasiness has intruded on my thoughts; but now, believe me, I am so freed from that kind of uneasiness, that I think it not worth any regard. *M.* I am not at all surprised at that, for it is the effect of philosophy, which is the medicine of our souls; it discharges all groundless apprehensions, frees us from desires, drives away fears: but it has not the same influence over all; it exerts itself most, when it falls in with a disposition proper for it. For fortune doth not alone, as the old proverb is, assist the bold, but reason more so; which, by certain precepts, as it were, confirms even courage itself. You were born naturally great and soaring, and with a contempt for all things here; therefore a discourse against death had an easy possession of a brave soul. But do you imagine that these same arguments have any force with those very persons who have invented, canvassed, and published them, excepting indeed some few particular persons? For how few philosophers will you meet with, whose life and manners are conformable to the dictates of reason? who look on their profession, not as a means of displaying their learning, but as a rule for their practice? who follow their own precepts, and comply with their own decrees? You may see some of that levity, that vanity, that it would have been better for them to have been ignorant; some covetous of money, some ambitious, many slaves to their lusts; so that their discourses and their actions are most strangely at variance; than which nothing in my opinion is more unbecoming; for it is just as if one who professed teaching grammar, should speak with impropriety; or a master of music sing out of tune; it has the worse appearance, because he acts contrary to his profession: so a philosopher, who errs in the conduct of his life, is the more infamous, because he mistakes in the very thing he pretends to teach, and whilst he lays down rules to regulate life by, is irregular in his own life.

A. Should this be the case, is it not to be feared that you are dressing up philosophy in false colours? for what stronger argument can there be, that it is of little use, than, that some complete philosophers live immorally? *M.* That, indeed, is no argument, for as all fields are not fruitful, because manured; and this sentiment of Accius is false, and asserted without any foundation,

The ground you sow on, is of small avail;
To yield a crop good seed can never fail:

so all minds do not answer their culture: and to go on with the comparison, as the field naturally fruitful cannot produce a crop, without dressing, so neither can the mind, without improvement; such is the weakness of either without the other. Whereas philosophy is the culture of the mind; this it is which plucks up vices by the roots; prepares the mind for the receiving of seed, commits them to it, or, as I may say, sows them, that, when come to maturity, they may produce a plentiful harvest. Let us proceed then as we begun; say, if you please, what shall be the subject of our disputation. *A.* I look on pain to be the greatest of all evils. *M.* What, greater than infamy? *A.* I dare not indeed assert that, and I blush to think I am so soon driven from my opinion. *M.* You would have had greater reason for blushing, had you persevered in it; for what is so unbecoming? what can appear worse to you, than disgrace, wickedness, immorality? To avoid which, what pain should we not only not refuse, but willingly take on ourselves? *A.* I am entirely of that opinion; but notwithstanding that pain is not the greatest evil, yet surely it is an evil. *M.* Do you perceive then how much of the terror of pain you have given up on a small hint? *A.* I see that plainly; but I should be glad to give up more of it. *M.* I will endeavour at it, but it is a great undertaking, and I must have no contradiction. *A.* You shall have none; as I behaved yesterday, so now I will follow reason wherever she leads.

First, then, I will speak to the weakness of some, and the various sects of philosophers; the head of whom, both in authority and antiquity, was Aristippus, the Socratic, who hesitated not to say, that pain was the greatest of all evils.

Next Epicurus easily gave into this effeminate and enervated opinion. After him Hieronymus, the Rhodian, said, that to be without pain was the chief good, so great an evil did pain appear to him. The rest, excepting Zeno, Aristo, Pyrrho, were pretty much of the same opinion you were of just now, that it was indeed an evil, but there were many worse. Therefore what nature herself, and every generous soul disavows, that pain should be called the greatest of evils, and which you yourself renounced when infamy appeared in contrast to it, is this, what philosophy, the mistress of life, continues to maintain for so many ages? What duty of life, what praise, what reputation would be of such consequence, that a man should be desirous of gaining it at the expense of submitting to bodily pain, when he considers pain as the greatest evil? On the other side, what disgrace, what ignominy would he not submit to, that he might avoid pain, when persuaded that it was the greatest of evils? Besides, what person, who looks on pain as the greatest of evils, is not miserable, not only when he actually feels pain, but when he reflects that it may befall him? hence it follows that every man is miserable. Metrodorus indeed thinks him perfectly happy, whose body is free from all disorders, and has an assurance that it will always continue so; but who is there can be assured of that?

Epicurus truly saith such things as if his design was to make people laugh; for he affirms some where, that if a wise man were to be burned, or put to the torture; you expect perhaps, he should say that he would bear it, that he would support himself under it with resolution! (that, so help me, Hercules! would be very commendable, and becoming that very Hercules I adjured;) but this will not satisfy Epicurus, a robust and hardy man! No, if he were in Phalaris's bull, he would say, how sweet it is! how little do I regard it! What sweet? is it not sufficient, if it is not disagreeable? but those very men who deny pain to be an evil, to say, that it is agreeable to any one to be tormented; they rather say, that it is hard, afflicting, unnatural, but yet no evil. He who saith it is the only evil, and the very worst of all evils, yet thinks a wise man would pronounce it sweet. I do not require of you to speak of pain in the same words which Epicurus doth,

a man, as you know, devoted to pleasure; he may make no difference, if he pleases, between Phalaris's bull, and his own bed: but I cannot allow this wise man to be so indifferent about pain. If he bears it with courage, it is sufficient; that he should rejoice in it, I do not expect; for pain is certainly sharp, bitter, against nature, hard to submit to, and bear. Observe Philoctetes: we may allow him to lament, for he saw Hercules himself grieving loudly through extremity of pain on mount Ceta: the arrows Hercules presented him with, were then no consolation to him, when

The viper's bite, impregnating his veins
With poison, rack'd him with its bitter pains.

And therefore he cries out, desiring help, and wishing to die,

Oh! that some friendly hand its aid would lend,
My body from this rock's vast height to send
Into the briny deep! I'm all on fire,
And by this fatal wound must soon expire.

It is hard to say, he was not oppressed with evil, and great evil too, who was obliged to cry out in this manner.

But let us observe Hercules himself, who was subdued by pain, at the very time he was in quest of immortality by dying. What words doth Sophocles here put in his mouth, in his Trachiniæ? who, when Deianira had put upon him a tunic dyed in the centaur's blood, and it stuck to his entrails, saith,

What tortures I endure, no words can tell,
Far greater these, than those which erst befel
From the dire terror of thy consort, Jove;
E'en stern Eurystheus' dire command above;
This of thy daughter, Ceneus, is the fruit,
Beguiling me with her envenom'd suit,
Whose close embrace doth on my entrails prey,
Consuming life; my lungs forbids to play;
The blood forsakes my veins, my manly heart
Forgets to beat; enervated, each part
Neglects its office, whilst my fatal doom
Proceeds ignobly from the weaver's loom.

The hand of foe ne'er hurt me, nor the fierce
 Giant, issuing from his parent earth.
 Ne'er could the Centaur such a blow enforce,
 No barbarous foe, nor all the Grecian force;
 This arm no savage people could withstand,
 Whose realms I travers'd, to reform the land.
 Thus, though I ever bore a manly heart,
 I fall a victim to a woman's art.
 Assist, my son, if thou that name dost hear,
 My groans preferring to thy mother's tear;
 Convey her here, if, in thy pious heart,
 Thy mother shares not an unequal part:
 Proceed, be bold, thy father's fate bemoan,
 Nations will join, you will not weep alone.
 O what a sight is this same briny source,
 Unknown before, through all my labours' course?
 That virtue, which could brave each toil but late,
 With woman's weakness now bewails its fate.
 Approach, my son; behold thy father laid,
 A wither'd carcass that implores thy aid;
 Let all behold! and thou, imperious Jove,
 On me direct thy lightning from above:
 Now all its force the poison doth assume,
 And my burnt entrails with its flame consume.
 Crest-fallen, unembraced, I now let fall,
 Listless, those hands that lately conquer'd all;
 When the Nemæan lion own'd their force,
 And he indignant fell a breathless corse:
 The serpent slew, of the Lernean lake,
 As did the Hydra of its force partake:
 By this too fell the Erymanthian boar:
 E'en Cerberus did his weak strength deplore.
 This sinewy arm did overcome with ease
 That dragon, guardian of the golden fleece.
 My many conquests let some others trace;
 It's mine to say, I never knew disgrace.

Can we then despise pain, when we see Hercules in such intolerable pain?

Let us see what Æschylus says, who was not only a poet, but according to report a Pythagorean philosopher: how doth he make Prometheus bear the pain he suffered for the Lemnian

theft, when he clandestinely stole away the celestial fire, and bestowed it on men, and was severely punished by Jupiter for the theft. Fastened to mount Caucasus, he speaks thus:

Thou heav'n-born race of Titans here fast bound,
Behold thy brother! As the sailors sound
With care the bottom, and their ships confine
To some safe shore, with anchor and with line:
So, by Jove's dread decree, the god of fire
Confines me here, the victim of Jove's ire.
With baneful art his dire machine he shapes;
From such a god what mortal e'er escapes?
When each third day shall triumph o'er the night,
Then doth the vulture with his talons light,
Seizing my entrails; which, in rav'nous guise,
He preys on! then with wings extended flies
Aloft, and brushes with his plumes the gore:
But when dire Jove my liver doth restore,
Back he returns impetuous to his prey;
Clapping his wings, he cuts th' etherial way.
Thus do I nourish with my blood this pest,
Confin'd my arms, unable to contest;
Intreating only, that in pity Jove
Would take my life, and his curs'd plague remove.
But endless ages past, unheard my moan,
Sooner shall drops dissolve this very stone.

We scarce think it possible not to call one affected in this manner, miserable; if such a one is miserable, then pain is an evil.

A. Hitherto you are on my side; I will see to that by and by; and, in the meanwhile, whence are those verses? I do not remember them. *M.* I will inform you, for you are in the right to ask; you see that I have much leisure. *A.* What then? *M.* I imagine, when you were at Athens, you attended frequently these schools? *A.* Yes, and with great pleasure. *M.* You observed then, though none of them at that time were very eloquent, yet they used to throw in verses in their harangues. *A.* Dionysius the Stoic used to apply a great many. *M.* You say right; but they were repeated without any choice or elegance. But our Philo gave you a few select lines and

well adapted; wherefore since I took a fancy to this kind of elderly declamation, I am very fond of quoting our poets, and where I cannot be supplied from them, I translate from the Greek, that the Latin language may want no ornament in this kind of disputation.

But do you see the ill effects of poetry? The poets introduce the bravest men lamenting over their misfortunes: they soften our minds, and they are besides so entertaining, that we do not only read them, but get them by heart. Thus, what with poetry, our want of discipline at home, and our tender and delicate manner of living, virtue is become quite enervated. Plato therefore was right in banishing them his commonwealth, where he required the best morals, and the best form of government. But we, who have all our learning from Greece, read and learn these from our childhood; and look on this as a liberal and learned education.

But why are we angry with the poets? we may find some philosophers, those masters of virtue, who taught that pain was the greatest of evils. But you, young man, when you said but just now that it appeared so to you, upon being asked, if greater than infamy, gave up that opinion at a word's speaking. Suppose I ask Epicurus the same question. He answers, that the least pain is a greater evil than the greatest infamy: that there is no evil in infamy itself, unless attended with pain. What pain then must attend Epicurus, when he saith this very thing, that pain is the greatest evil; for nothing can be a greater disgrace to a philosopher than to talk thus. Therefore you allowed enough, when you admitted infamy to appear to you a greater evil than pain. If you abide by this, you will see how far pain should be resisted: and that our enquiry should be, not so much whether pain be an evil, as how the mind may be fortified for resisting it. The Stoics infer from some trifling arguments, that it is no evil, as if the dispute was about a word, not the thing itself. Why do you impose upon me, Zeno? for when you deny, what appears very dreadful to me, to be an evil, I am deceived, and am at a loss to know why, what is to me so miserable, should be no evil. The answer is, that nothing is an evil but what is base and vicious. You return to your trifling, for you do not

remove what made me uneasy. I know that pain is not vice, you need not inform me of that: but show me, that, to be in pain or not, is all one; it has nothing to do, say you, with a happy life, for that consists of virtue alone; but yet pain is to be avoided. If I ask, why? it is disagreeable, against nature, hard to bear, woeful and afflicting.

Here are many words to express that variously, which we call by the single word, evil. You are defining pain, instead of removing it, when you say, it is disagreeable, unnatural, scarce to be borne; nor are you wrong in saying so, but the man who vaunts thus, and maintains nothing to be good but what is honest, nothing evil but what is base, should not give way to any pain. This would be wishing, not proving. This is better, and has more truth in it, that all things which nature abhors are to be looked on as evil; what she approves of, are to be considered as good: this admitted, and the dispute about words removed, that what they with reason embrace, and which we call honest, right, becoming, and sometimes include under the general name of virtue, would appear to such advantage, that all other things which are looked on as the gifts of fortune, or the good things of the body, would seem trifling and insignificant: no evil, nor all the collective body of evils together, would be comparable to the evil of infamy. Wherefore, if, as you granted in the beginning, infamy is worse than pain, pain is certainly nothing; for whilst it shall appear to you base and unmanly to groan, cry out, lament, or faint under pain, whilst you have any notion of probity, dignity, honour, and keeping your eye on them, you refrain yourself; pain will certainly yield to virtue, and by the influence of imagination, will lose its whole force. For you must either give up virtue, or despise pain. Will you allow of such a virtue as prudence, without which no virtue can indeed be conceived? What then? will that suffer you to labour and take pains to no purpose? Will temperance permit you to do any thing to excess? Can justice be maintained by one, who through the force of pain betrays secrets, one that discovers his confederates, and relinquishes many duties of life? How will you act consistent with courage, and its attendants, greatness of soul, resolution, patience, a contempt for all worldly

things? Can you hear yourself called a great man, when you lie groveling, dejected, and deploring yourself, with a lamentable voice; no one would call you a man, in such a condition: therefore you must either quit all pretensions to courage, or pain must be laid asleep.

You know very well, that though part of your Corinthian furniture be gone, the remainder is safe without that; but if you lose one virtue (though virtue cannot be lost); should you, I say, acknowledge that you were short in one, you would be stripped of all. Can you then call Prometheus a brave man, of a great soul, endued with patience, and steadiness above the frowns of fortune? or Philoctetes, for I choose to instance in him, rather than yourself, for he certainly was not brave, who lay in his bed, watered with his tears,

Whose groans, bewailings, and whose bitter cries,
With grief incessant rend the very skies.

I do not deny pain to be pain; for were that the case, in what would courage consist? but I say it should be assuaged by patience, if there be such a thing as patience: if there be no such thing, why do we speak so in praise of philosophy? or why do we glory in its name? Pain vexes us, let it sting us to the heart; if you have no defence, submit to it; but if you are secured by Vulcanian armour, *i.e.* with resolution, oppose it; should you fail to do so, that guardian of your honour, your courage, would forsake and leave you. By the laws of Lycurgus, and by those which were given to the Cretans by Jupiter, or which Minos received from that god, as the poets say, the youths are trained up to hunting, running, enduring hunger and thirst, cold and heat. The boys at Sparta are scourged so at the altars, that the blood follows the lash, nay, sometimes, as I heard when I was there, they are whipped to death; and not one of them was ever heard to cry out, or so much as groan. What then? shall men not be able to bear what boys do? and shall custom have more force than reason?

There is some difference betwixt labour and pain; they border upon one another, but with a distinction. Labour is a certain exercise of the mind or body, in some employ or undertaking that requires pains; but pain is a sharp motion

in the body, disagreeable to our senses. Both these the Greeks, whose language is more copious than ours, express by the common name of *Ponos*; therefore they call industrious men, pains-taking, or rather fond of labour; we, more pertinently, laborious; for there is a difference betwixt labour and pain. You see, O Greece, your barrenness of words, sometimes, though you think you always abound. I say, then, there is a difference betwixt labour and pain. When Marius was cut for a swelling in his thigh, he felt pain; when he headed his troops in a very hot season, he laboured. Yet they bear some resemblance to one another; for the accustoming ourselves to labour makes us support pain with more ease. On this reason the founders of the Grecian form of government provided that the bodies of their youth should be strengthened by labour, which custom the Spartans transferred even to their women, who in other cities are more delicately clothed, and not exposed to the air: but it was otherwise with them.

The Spartan women, with a manly air,
Fatigues and dangers with their husbands share;
They in fantastic sports have no delight,
Partners with them in exercise and fight.

In these laborious exercises pain interferes sometimes, they are thrown down, receive blows, have bad falls and are bruised, and the labour itself hardens them against pain.

As to military service, (I speak of our own, not the Spartans, for they marched slow to the sound of the flute, and scarce a word of command was given without an anapest;) you may see whence the very name of an army (*Exercitus*) is derived; great is the labour of an army on its march; then consider that they carry more than a fortnight's provision, and whatever else they may want: then the burthen of the stakes, for as to shield, sword, or helmet, they look on them as no more incumbrance than their own limbs, for they say arms are the limbs of a soldier, which they carry so commodiously, that when there is occasion they throw down their burdens, and use their arms as readily as their limbs. What are the exercises of the legions? What labour in the running, encounters, shouts! Hence it is, that they make so slight of

wounds in action. Take a soldier of equal bravery, but unexercised, and he will seem a woman; but why should there be this sensible difference betwixt a raw man, and an old soldier? It is true, the age of young soldiers is for the most part preferable, but it is practice that enables them to bear labour, and despise wounds. Thus you see, when the wounded are carried off the field, the raw untried soldier, though but slightly wounded, cries out most shamefully, but the more brave experienced veteran only enquires for some one to dress his wounds, and says,

Patroclus, to thy aid I must appeal,
Ere worse insue, my bleeding wounds to heal;
The sons of Æsculapius are employ'd,
No room for me, so many are annoy'd.

This is certainly Eurypilus himself, experienced man!—Whilst his friend is continually enlarging on his sorrows, you may observe that he is so far from weeping, that he assigns a reason why he should bear his wounds with patience.

Who at his enemy a stroke directs,
His sword to light upon himself expects.

Patroclus, I imagine, were he a man, would lead him off to his chamber to bind up his wounds; but not a word of that, for he enquires how it went.

Say how the Argives bear themselves in fight?

He could not express their toils so well by words, as what he had suffered himself:

Peace! and my wounds bind up;
But though Eurypilus could not, Æsopus could.

Where Hector's fortune press'd our yielding troops,
and he explains the rest, though in pain; so unbounded is military glory in a brave man! Cannot a wise and learned man achieve what this old soldier could? yes, indeed; and in a much better way: but at present I confine myself to custom and practice. I am not yet come to speak of reason and philosophy. You may often hear of diminutive old women living without

victuals three or four days; but take away a wrestler's provision but for one day, he will implore Jupiter Olympius, the very god for whom he exercises himself: he will cry out, It is intolerable. Great is the force of custom! Sportsmen will continue whole nights in the snow: they will bear being parched upon the mountains. By custom the boxers will not so much as utter a groan, however bruised by the cestus. But what do you think of those who put a victory in the Olympics on a footing with the Consulate formerly? What wounds will the gladiators bear, who are either barbarians, or the dregs of men? How do they, who are trained to it, prefer being wounded to the basely avoiding it? How often do they appear to consider nothing but the giving satisfaction to their masters or the people? for when covered with wounds, they send to their masters to learn their pleasure; if it is their will, they are ready to lie down and die. What ordinary gladiator ever gave a sigh? Who ever turned pale? Who ever disgraced himself either on his legs, or when down? who that was on the ground ever drew in his neck to avoid the stroke? so great is the force of practice, deliberation, and custom! shall this then be done by

A Samnite rascal, worthy his employ?

And shall a man born to glory have so soft a part in his soul as not to be able to fortify himself by reason and reflection? The sight of the gladiators' combats is by some looked on as cruel and inhuman, and I do not know, as it is at present managed, but it may be so; but when the guilty fought, we might receive by our ears perhaps, by our eyes we could not, better instructions to harden us against pain and death.

I have now done with exercise, custom, and a sense of honour; proceed we now to consider the force of reason, unless you have something to reply to what has been said. *A.* That I should interrupt you! by no means; for your discourse has brought me over to your opinion. It is the Stoics' business then to determine if pain be an evil or not, who endeavour to show by some strained and trifling conclusions, which are nothing to the purpose, that pain is no evil. My opinion is, that whatever it is, it is not so great as it appears; and I say,

that men are influenced more by some false representations and appearance of it, and that all which is really felt is tolerable. Where shall I begin then? shall I superficially go over what I said before, that my discourse may have a greater scope?

This then is agreed on by all, both by the learned and unlearned, that it becomes the brave and magnanimous, those that have patience and a spirit above this world, not to give way to pain; and every one commends a man who bears it thus. Whatever then is expected from a brave man, and is commendable in him, it would be base in any one to be afraid of at its approach, or not to bear when it came. But I would have you be aware, that all the right affections of the soul come under the name of virtues; this is not properly the name of them all, but that they all have their name from some leading virtue: for virtue comes from *vir* the Latin name of a man, and courage is the peculiar distinction of a man. Now there are two distinct offices in this, a contempt of death, and of pain. We must then provide ourselves with these; if we would be men of virtue, or rather, if we would be men, because virtue takes its very name from *vir*, *i.e.* man.

You may enquire perhaps how? and such an enquiry is not amiss, for philosophy is ready with her assistance. Epicurus offers himself to you, far from a bad man, or rather a very good one; he advises no more than he knows; Despise, saith he, pain. Who is it saith this? the same who calls pain the greatest of all evils, not very consistently indeed. Let us hear him. If the pain is at the height, it must needs be short. I must have that over again, for I do not apprehend what you mean by at the height or short. That is at the height, than which nothing is higher; that is short, than which nothing is shorter. I do not regard the greatness of any pain, from which, by the shortness of its continuance, I shall be delivered almost before it reaches me. But if the pain be as great as that of Philoctetes, it will appear great indeed to me, but yet not the greatest I am capable of; for the pain is confined to my foot: but my eye may pain me, I may have a pain in the head, sides, lungs, every part of me. It is far then from being at the height; therefore, says he, pain of a long continuance has more pleasure in it than uneasiness. Now I cannot bring myself to say, so

great a man talks nonsense, but I imagine he laughs at us. My opinion is, that the greatest pain (I say, the greatest, though it may be ten atoms less than another) is not therefore short because acute; I could name you a great many good men who have been tormented many years with the acutest pains of the gout. But this cautious man doth not determine the measure of that greatness; nor, as I know, doth he fix what he means by great with regard to the pain, nor short with respect to its continuance. Let us pass him by then as one who says just nothing at all; and let us force him to acknowledge, notwithstanding he might behave himself somewhat boldly under his colic and his strangury, that no remedy against pain can be had from him who looks on pain as the greatest of all evils. We must apply then for relief elsewhere, and no where better to all appearance than from those who place the chief good in honesty, and the greatest evil in infamy. You dare not so much as groan, or discover the least uneasiness in their company, for virtue itself speaks to you through them.

Will you, when you may observe children at Lacedæmon, young men at Olympia, Barbarians in the amphitheatre, receive deep wounds, and never once open their mouths; will you, I say, when any pain twitches you, cry out like a woman? should you not rather bear it with resolution and constancy? and not cry, It is intolerable, nature cannot bear it. I hear what you say, boys bear this, led thereto by glory: some bear it through shame, many through fear; and do we imagine that nature cannot bear what is borne by many, and in such different circumstances? nature not only bears it, but challenges it, for there is nothing with her preferable to it, nothing she desires more than credit and reputation, than praise, than honour, and glory. I was desirous of describing this under many names, and I have used many, that you may have the clearer idea of it; for I meant to say, that whatever is desirable of itself, proceeding from virtue, or placed in virtue, and commendable on its own account (which I should sooner call the only good than the chief good) is what men should prefer above all things. As we declare thus of honesty, the contrary is due to infamy: nothing is so odious, so detestable, nothing so unworthy a man, which if you are convinced of

(for at the beginning of this discourse you allowed, that there appeared to you more evil in infamy than in pain) what remains is, that you have the command over yourself.

Though the expression may not seem justifiable to bid you divide yourself, assign to one part of man command, to the other submission, yet it is not without its elegancy. For the soul admits of a two-fold division, one of which partakes of reason, the other is without it; when therefore we are ordered to give a law to ourselves, the meaning is, that reason should restrain our rashness. Every soul of man has naturally something soft, low, enervated in a manner, and languid. Were there nothing besides this, men would be the greatest of monsters; but there is present to every man reason, which presides and gives law to all, which by improving itself, and making continual advances, becomes perfect virtue. It behoves a man then to take care, that reason has the command over that part to which obedience is assigned; as a master over his slave, a general over his army, a father over his son. If that part of the soul misbehaves, which I call soft, if it gives itself up to lamentations, and womanish tears, it should be restrained, and committed to the care of friends and relations, for we often see those brought to order by shame, whom no reasons can affect. Therefore we should confine those like our servants, in safe custody, with chains. But those who have more resolution, yet are not so stout as they should be; we should encourage with our advice, to behave as good soldiers, recollecting themselves to maintain their honour. That wise man at Greece, in the Nip-træ, doth not lament too much over his wounds, or rather he is moderate in his grief.

Move slow, my friends, your hasty speed refrain,
Lest by your motion you increase my pain.

Pacuvius is better in this than Sophocles, for with him Ulysses bemoans his wounds too lamentably; for the very people who carried him after he was wounded, though his grief was moderate, yet considering the dignity of the man, did not scruple to say,

E'en thou, Ulysses, long to war inur'd,
Thy wounds, though great, too feebly hast endur'd.

The wise poet understood that custom was no contemptible instructor how to bear pain. But the same complains with more decency, though in great pain,

Assist, support me, never leave me so;
Unbind my wounds, oh ! execrable woe !

He begins to give way, but instantly checks himself.

Away, begone, but cover first the sore ;
For your rude hands but make my pains the more.

Do you observe how he constrains himself, not that his bodily pains were less, but he corrects the sense of them ? Therefore in the conclusion of the Niptræ he blames others, even when he was dying.

Complaint on fortune may become the man,
None but a woman will thus weeping stand.

That soft place in his soul obeys his reason, as an abashed soldier doth his stern commander.

Whenever a completely wise man shall appear (such indeed, we have never as yet seen, but the philosophers have described, in their writings, what sort of man he is to be, if ever he is) ; such an one, or at least his perfect reason, will have the same authority over the inferior part as a good parent has over his dutiful children, he will bring it to obey his nod, without any trouble or pains. He will rouse himself, prepare and arm himself to oppose pain as he would an enemy. If you enquire what arms he will provide himself with ; he will struggle with his pain, assume a resolution, will reason with himself ; he will say thus to himself, Take care that you are guilty of nothing base, languid, or unmanly. He will turn over in his mind all the different kinds of honesty. Zeno of Elea will be presented to him, who suffered every thing rather than betray his confederates in the design of putting an end to the tyranny. He will reflect on Anaxarchus, the Democritian, who having fallen into the hands of Nicocreon king of Cyprus, without the least entreaty or refusal submitted to every kind of torture. Calanus, the Indian, will occur to him, an ignorant man, and a barbarian, born at the foot of Mount

Caucasus, who committed himself to the flames by a free voluntary act. But we, if we have the tooth-ach, or a pain in the foot, or if the body be any ways affected, cannot bear it. Our sentiments of pain, as well as pleasure, are so trifling and effeminate, we are so enervated and dissolved, that we cannot bear the sting of a bee without crying out. But C. Marius, a plain countryman, but of a manly soul, when he was cut, as I mentioned above, at first refused to be tied down, and he is the first instance of any one's being cut without tying down; why did others bear this afterwards from the force of example? You see then pain is more in opinion than nature, and yet the same Marius is a proof that there is something very sharp in pain, for he would not submit to have the other thigh cut. So that he bore his pain with resolution; but as a man, he was not willing to undergo any greater without evident cause. The whole then consists in this, to have the command over yourself: I have already told you what kind of command this is, and by considering what is most consistent with patience, fortitude, and greatness of soul, a man not only refrains himself, but by some means or other even mitigates pain itself.

Even as in a battle, the dastardly and timorous soldier throws away his shield on the first appearance of an enemy, and runs as fast as he can, and on that account loses his life sometimes, though his body is never touched, when he who stands his ground meets with nothing like this: so, they who cannot bear the appearances of pain, throw themselves away, and give themselves up to affliction and dismay. But they that oppose it, are often more than a match for it. For the body has a certain resemblance to the soul: as burdens are the easier borne the more the body is exerted, and they crush us if we give way; so the soul by exerting itself resists the whole weight that would oppress it; but if it yields, it is so pressed, that it cannot support itself. And if we consider things truly, the soul should exert itself in every pursuit, for that is the only security for its doing its duty. But this should be principally regarded in pain, not to do any thing timidly, dastardly, basely, or slavishly, or effeminately, and above all things we should dismiss and discharge that Philocteteian clamour. A man is

allowed sometimes to groan, but yet seldom, but it is not sufferable even in a woman to howl; and this is the very funeral lamentation which is forbidden by the twelve tables. Nor doth a wise or brave man ever groan, unless when he exerts himself to give his resolution greater force, as they that run in the stadium, make as much noise as they can. It is the same with the wrestlers; but the boxers, when they aim a blow with the cestus at their adversary, give a groan, not because they are in pain, or from a sinking of their spirits, but because their whole body is upon the stretch when they throw out these groans, and the blow comes the stronger.

What! they who would speak louder than ordinary, are they satisfied with working their jaws, sides, or tongue, or stretching the common organs of speech? the whole body is at full stretch, if I may be allowed the expression, every nerve is exerted to assist their voice. I have actually seen M. Antony's knee touch the ground when he was speaking with vehemence for himself, with relation to the Varian law. As the engines you throw stones or darts with, throw them out with the greater force the more they are strained and drawn back, so it is in speaking, running, or boxing, the more people strain themselves, the greater their force. Since therefore this exertion has so much attributed to it, we should apply it in pain, if it helps to strengthen the mind. But if it is a groan of lamentation, if it is weakness or abjectness; I should scarce call him a man who complied with it. For even supposing that such groaning give any ease, it should be considered, whether it was consistent with a brave and resolute man. But, if it doth not ease our pain, why should we debase ourselves to no purpose? for what is more unbecoming in a man than to cry like a woman? But this precept about pain is not confined to that; we should apply this exertion of the soul to every thing else. Doth anger, rage, or lust prevail? We should have recourse to the same magazine, and apply to the same arms; but since our subject is pain, we will let the others alone. To bear pain then sedately and calmly, it is of great use to consider with all our soul, as the saying is, how noble it is to do so, for we are naturally desirous (as I said before, nor can it be too often repeated) and very much inclined to what is

honest, of which if we discover but the least glimpse, there is nothing we are not prepared to undergo and suffer to attain it. From this impulse of our minds, this tendency to true praise and honesty, such dangers are supported in war, brave men are not sensible of their wounds in action, or if they are sensible, prefer death to the departing but the least step from their honour. The Decii saw the shining swords of their enemies when they rushed into the battle. The dying nobly, and the glory, made all fear of death of little weight. Do you imagine that Epaminondas groaned when he perceived that his life flowed out with his blood? for he left his country triumphing over the Lacedæmonians, whereas he found it in subjection to them. These are the comforts, these are the things that assuage the greatest pain.

You may ask, how the case is in peace? what is to be done at home; how we are to behave in bed? you bring me back to the philosophers, who seldom go to war. Among these, Dionysius of Heraclea, a man certainly of no resolution, having learned bravery of Zeno, quitted it on being in pain: for being tormented with a pain in his kidneys, in bemoaning himself he cried out, that those things were false which he had formerly conceived of pain. Who, when his fellow-disciple Cleanthes asked him why he had changed his opinion, answered, Whoever had applied so much time to philosophy, and cannot bear pain; may be a sufficient proof that pain is an evil. I have spent many years at philosophy, and yet cannot bear pain. Pain is therefore an evil. It is said that Cleanthes on that struck his foot on the ground, and repeated a verse of the Epigonæ.

Amphiaraus, hear'st thou this below?

He meant Zeno: he was sorry the other degenerated from him.

But it was not so with our Posidonius, whom I have often seen myself, and I will tell you what Pompey used to say of him; that when he came to Rhodes, on his leaving Syria, he had great desire to hear Posidonius, but was informed that he was very ill of a severe fit of the gout: yet he had great inclination to pay a visit to so famous a philosopher. When he had seen him, and paid his compliments, and had spoken with great respect of him, he said he was very sorry that he could

not have a lecture from him. But, indeed you may, replied the other, nor will I suffer any bodily pain to occasion so great a man to visit me in vain. On this Pompey relates, that as he lay on his bed, he disputed gravely and copiously on this very subject, that nothing was good but what was honest: that in his paroxysms he would often say, Pain, it is to no purpose, notwithstanding you are troublesome, I will never acknowledge you an evil: and in general all honourable and illustrious labours become tolerable by disregarding them.

Do we not observe, that where those exercises called gymnastic are in esteem, those who enter the lists never concern themselves about dangers: where the praise of riding and hunting prevails, they who pursue this decline no pain. What shall I say of our own ambitious pursuits, or desire of honour? What fire will not candidates run through to gain a single vote? Therefore Africanus had always in his hand the Socratic Xenophon, being particularly pleased with his saying, that the same labours were not equally heavy to the general and to the common man, because honour itself made the labour lighter to the general. But yet, so it happens, that even with the illiterate vulgar, an opinion of honor prevails, though they cannot discern what it is. They are led by report and common opinion to look on that as honorable, which has the general voice. Not that I would have you, should the multitude be ever so fond of you, rely on their judgment, nor approve of what they think right; you must use your own judgment. Should you have a pleasure in approving what is right, you will not only have the mastery over yourself, (which I recommended to you just now) but over every body, and every thing. Lay this down then, that a great capacity, and most lofty elevation of soul, which distinguishes itself most by despising and looking down with contempt on pain, is the most excellent of all things, and the more so, if it doth not depend on the people, nor aims at applause, but derives its satisfaction from itself. Besides, to me indeed every thing seems the more commendable, the less the people are courted, and the fewer eyes there are to see it. Not that you should avoid the public, for every generous action loves the public view; yet no theatre for virtue is equal to a consciousness of it.

And let this be principally considered, that this bearing of pain, which I have often said is to be strengthened by an exertion of the soul, should be the same in every thing. For you meet with many who, through a desire of victory, or for glory, or to maintain their rights, or their liberty, have boldly received wounds, and bore themselves up under them; and the very same persons, by remitting from that intenseness of their minds, were unequal to bearing the pain of a disease. For they did not support themselves under their sufferings by reason or philosophy, but by inclination and glory. Therefore some barbarians and savage people are able to fight very stoutly with the sword, but cannot bear sickness like men: but the Grecians, men of no great courage, but as wise as human nature will admit of, cannot look an enemy in the face, yet the same will bear to be visited with sickness tolerably, and manly enough; and the Cimbrians and Celtiberians are very alert in battle, but bemoan themselves in sickness; for nothing can be consistent which has not reason for its foundation. But when you see those who are led by inclination or opinion, not retarded by pain in their pursuits, nor hindered from obtaining them, you should conclude, either that pain is no evil, or that, notwithstanding whatever is disagreeable, and contrary to nature, you may choose to call an evil, yet it is so very small, that it may so effectually be got the better of by virtue as quite to disappear. Which I would have you think of night and day; for this argument will spread itself, and take up more room sometime or other, and not be confined to pain alone; for if the motives to all our actions are to avoid disgrace and acquire honour, we may not only despise the stings of pain, but the storms of fortune, especially if we have recourse to that retreat which was our yesterday's subject. As, if some god had advised one who was pursued by pirates, to throw himself over-board, saying, there is something at hand to receive you, either a dolphin will take you up as it did Arion of Methymna, or those horses sent by Neptune to Pelops, (who are said to have carried chariots so rapidly as to be borne up by the waves) will receive you, and convey you wherever you please, he would forego all fear: so, though your pains be ever so sharp and disagreeable, if they are not so great as to

be intolerable, you see where you may betake yourself. I thought this would do for the present. But perhaps you still abide by your opinion. *A.* Not in the least, indeed; and I hope I am freed by these two days' discourses from the fear of two things that I greatly dreaded. *M.* To-morrow then for rhetoric, as we were saying, but I see we must not drop our philosophy. *A.* No, indeed, we will have the one in the forenoon, this at the usual time. *M.* It shall be so, and I will comply with your very laudable inclinations.

BOOK III

ON GRIEF OF MIND

WHAT reason shall I assign, Brutus, why, as we consist of soul and body, the art of curing and preserving the body should be so much sought after, and the invention of it, as being so useful, should be ascribed to the immortal gods; but the medicine of the soul should neither be the object of inquiry, whilst it was unknown, nor so much improved after its discovery, nor so well received or approved of by some, disagreeable, and looked on with an envious eye by many others? Is it because the soul judges of the pains and disorders of the body, but we do not form any judgment of the soul by the body? Hence it comes that the soul never judgeth of itself, but when that by which itself is judged is in a bad state. Had nature given us faculties for discerning and viewing herself, and could we go through life by keeping our eye on her, our best guide, no one certainly would be in want of philosophy or learning. But, as it is, she has furnished us only with some few sparks, which we soon so extinguish by bad morals and depraved customs, that the light of nature is quite put out. The seeds of virtues are connatural to our constitutions, and were they suffered to come to maturity, would naturally conduct us to a happy life; but now, as soon as we are born and received into the world, we are instantly familiarized to all kinds of depravity and wrong opinions; so that we may be said almost to suck in error with our nurse's milk. When we return

to our parents, and are put into the hands of tutors and governors, we imbibe so many errors, that truth gives place to falsehood, and nature herself to established opinion. To these we may add the poets; who, on account of the appearance they exhibit of learning and wisdom, are heard, read, and got by heart, and make a deep impression on our minds. But when to these are added the people, who are as it were one great body of instructors, and the multitude, who declare unanimously for vice, then are we altogether overwhelmed with bad opinions, and revolt entirely from nature; so that they seem to deprive us of our best guide, who have ascribed all greatness, worth, and excellence, to honour, and power, and popular glory, which indeed every excellent man aims at; but whilst he pursues that only true honour, which nature has in view, he finds himself busied in arrant trifles, and in pursuit of no conspicuous form of virtue, but a shadowy representation of glory. For glory is a real and express substance, not a mere shadow. It consists in the united praise of good men, the free voice of those who form true judgments of pre-eminent virtue; it is as it were the very echo of virtue; which being generally the attendant on laudable actions, should not be slighted by good men. But popular fame, which would pretend to imitate it, is hasty and inconsiderate, and generally commends wicked and immoral actions, and taints the appearance and beauty of the other, by assuming the resemblance of honesty. By not being able to discover the difference of these, some men, ignorant of real excellence, and in what it consists, have been the destruction of their country or of themselves. And thus the best men have erred, not so much in their intentions, as by a mistaken conduct. What, is there no cure for those who are carried away by the love of money, or the lust of pleasures, by which they are little short of madmen, which is the case of all weak people? or is it because the disorders of the mind are less dangerous than those of the body? or because the body will admit of a cure, but the soul is incurable?

But there are more disorders of the mind than of the body, for the generality, and of a more dangerous nature; for these very disorders are the more offensive, because they belong to the mind, and disturb that; and the mind, when disordered,

is, as Ennius saith, in a constant error; it can neither bear nor endure anything, and is under the perpetual influence of desires. Now, what disorders can be worse to the body than these two distempers of the mind, (for I overlook others) weakness, and desires? But how indeed can it be maintained that the soul cannot prescribe to itself, when she invented the very medicine for the body? when, with regard to bodily cures, constitution and nature have a great share; nor do all, who suffer themselves to be cured, find instantly that effect; but those minds which are disposed to be cured, and submit to the precepts of the wise, may undoubtedly recover a healthy state? Philosophy is certainly the medicine of the soul; whose assistance we do not seek from abroad, as in bodily disorders, neither are we ourselves obliged to exert our utmost abilities in order to our cure. But as to philosophy in general, I have, I think, in my *Hortensius* sufficiently spoken of the credit and improvement it deserves: since that, indeed, I have continually either disputed or written on its most material branches: and I have laid down in these books what I disputed with my particular friends at my Tusculum: but as I have spoken in the two former of pain and death, the third day of our disputation shall make up this volume. When we came down into the academy, the day declining towards afternoon, I asked of one of those who were present a subject to discourse on; then the business was carried on in this manner.

A. My opinion is, that a wise man is subject to grief. *M.* What, and to the other perturbations of mind, as fears, lusts, anger? For these are pretty much like what the Greeks call *pathē*. I might name them diseases, and that would be literal, but it is not agreeable to our way of speaking. For envy, delight, and pleasure, are all called by the Greeks diseases, being motions of the mind repugnant to reason: but we, I think, are right, in calling the same motions of a disturbed soul, perturbations, very seldom diseases; unless it appears otherwise to you. *A.* I am of your opinion. *M.* And do you think a wise man subject to these? *A.* Entirely, I think. *M.* Then that boasted wisdom is but of small account, if it differs so little from madness. *A.* What? doth every commotion of the mind seem to you to be madness? *M.* Not to me only; but I apprehend, though

I have often been surprised at it, that it appeared so to our ancestors many ages before Socrates: from whom is derived all that philosophy which relates to life and morals. *A.* How so? *M.* Because the name madness implies a sickness of the mind and disease, that is an unsoundness, and a distemperature of mind, which they call madness. The philosophers called all perturbations of the soul diseases, and their opinion was, that no fool was free from these; but all that are diseased are unsound, and the minds of all fools are diseased, therefore all fools are mad. They held a soundness of the mind to depend on a certain tranquillity and steadiness; they called that madness, where the mind was without these, because soundness was inconsistent with a perturbed mind, as well as a disordered body.

Nor were they less ingenious in calling the state of the soul, devoid of the light of reason, 'out of itself,' *i.e.* mad. From whence we may understand, that they who gave these names to things were of the same opinion with Socrates, that all silly people were unsound, which the Stoics, as received from him, have carefully preserved; for whatever mind is distempered, (and as I just now said, the philosophers call all perturbed motions of the mind distempers,) is no more sound than a body in a fit of sickness. Hence it is, that wisdom is the soundness of the mind, folly the distempered state, which is unsoundness, and that is madness; and these are much better expressed by the Latin words than the Greek: which you will find in many other places. But of that elsewhere: now, to our present purpose. The very force of the word speaks what, and what kind of thing it is we enquire after. For we must necessarily understand by the sound, those whose minds are under no perturbation from any motion, as it were a disease. They who are differently affected we must necessarily call unsound. So that nothing is better than what is usual in Latin, to say, that they who are run away with by their lust or anger, have quitted the command over themselves; though anger includes lust, for anger is defined to be the lust of revenge. They then who are said not to be masters of themselves, are said to be so, because they are not under the government of reason, to which is assigned by nature the power over the whole soul. Why the

Greeks should call this *mania*, I do not easily apprehend; but we define it much better than they, for we distinguish this madness, which, being allied to folly, is more extensive, from what is called a *furor*, or raving. The Greeks indeed would do so too, but they have no one word that will express it; what we call *furor*, they call *mela(n)gcholia*, as if the reason were affected only by a black bile, and not disturbed as often by a violent rage, or fear, or grief. Thus we say Athamas, Alc-mæon, Ajax, and Orestes, were raving; because one affected in this manner was not allowed by the twelve tables to have the management of his own affairs; therefore the words are not, if he is mad, but, if he begins to be raving. For they looked upon madness to be an unsettled humour, that proceeded from not being of sound mind: yet such a one might take care of common things, execute the usual and customary duties of life: but they thought one that was raving to be totally blind; which notwithstanding it is allowed to be greater than madness, is nevertheless of such a nature, that a wise man may be even subject to raving. But this is another question: we will return to our purpose.

I think you said that it was your opinion, a wise man was subject to grief. And so indeed I think. *M.* It is natural enough to think so, for we are not the offspring of a rock: but we have by nature something soft and tender in our souls, which may be put into a violent motion by grief, as by a storm; nor did that Crantor, who was one of the most distinguished of our academy, say this amiss: 'I am by no means of their opinion, who talk so much in praise of I know not what insensibility, which neither can be, nor ought to be: I would choose,' saith he, 'never to be ill; but should I be so, I should choose to have my feeling, either supposing there was to be an amputation, or any other separation of my body. For that insensibility cannot be but at the expense of some unnatural wildness of mind, or stupor of body.' But let us consider if to talk thus is not allowing that we are weak, and complying with our softness. Notwithstanding, let us be hardy enough, not only to lop off every arm of our miseries, but pluck up every fibre of their roots: yet still something perhaps may be left behind, so deep doth folly strike its roots: but whatever may be left,

it should be no more than is necessary. But let us be persuaded of this, that unless the mind be in a sound state, which philosophy alone can effect, there can be no end of our miseries. Wherefore, as we begun, let us submit ourselves to it for a cure; we may be cured if we please. I shall advance something farther. I shall not treat of grief alone, though that indeed is the principal thing; but, as I proposed, of every disorder of the mind, as the Greeks call it: and first, with your leave, I shall treat it in the manner of the Stoics, whose method is to reduce their arguments into a little room; then I shall enlarge more in my own way.

A man of courage relies on himself; I do not say is confident, because by a bad custom of speaking that is looked on as a fault, though the word is derived from confiding in yourself, which is commendable. He who relies on himself, is certainly under no fear; for there is a repugnance betwixt this self-reliance and fear. Now whoever is subject to grief is subject to fear; for whatever things we grieve at when present, we dread as hanging over us and approaching. Thus it comes about, that grief is repugnant to courage: it is very probable, therefore, that whoever is subject to grief, the same is liable to fear, and a kind of broken-heartedness and sinking. Now whenever these befall a man, he is in a servile state, and must own that he is overpowered. Whoever entertains these, must entertain timidity and cowardice. But these cannot befall a man of courage; neither therefore can grief; but the man of courage is the only wise man: therefore grief cannot befall the wise man. It is besides necessary, that whoever is brave, should be a man of a great soul; a great soul is invincible: whoever is invincible looks down with contempt on all things here, and holds them as below him. But no one can despise those things on account of which he may be affected with grief: from whence it follows, that a wise man is never affected with grief, for all wise men are brave, therefore a wise man is not subject to grief.

As the eye, when disordered, is not in a disposition for performing its office well; and the other parts, with the body itself, when dislocated, cannot perform their office and appointment; so the mind, when disordered, is ill disposed to do

its duty: the office of the mind is to use its reason well; but the mind of a wise man is always in condition to make the best use of his reason, therefore is never out of order. But grief is a disorder of the mind, therefore a wise man will be always free from it.

It is very probable, that what the Greeks mean by their *Sōphrona*, is the temperate man with us, for they call all that virtue *Sōphrosunēn*, which I one while name temperance, at another time moderation, nay sometimes modesty; and I do not know whether that virtue may not be properly called frugality, which has a more confined meaning with the Greeks; for they call frugal men *chrēsīmous*, which implies only that they are useful: but it has a more extensive meaning; for all abstinence, all innocence, (which the Greeks have no common name for, though they might have *ablabeian*, for innocence is that affection of mind which would offend no one) and several other virtues, are comprehended under frugality, which, were it not of the first rate, but confined into so small a compass as some imagine, the surname of Piso would not have been in so great esteem. But as we allow him not the name of a frugal man (*frugi*), who either quits his post through fear, which is cowardice; or who reserves to his own use what was privately committed to his keeping, which is injustice; or who misbehaves through rashness, which is folly; for that reason the word frugality takes in these three virtues of fortitude, justice, and prudence, though this is common with all virtues, for they are all connected and knit together. Let us allow then frugality to be the other and fourth virtue; the peculiar property of which seems to be, to govern and appease all tendencies to too eager a desire after any thing, to refrain lust, and preserve a decent steadiness in everything. The vice in contrast to this, is called prodigality. Frugality I imagine is derived from fruits, the best thing the earth produces. Whoever is frugal then, or if it is more agreeable to you, whoever is moderate, temperate, such a one must of course be constant; whoever is constant, must be quiet: the quiet man must be void of all perturbation, therefore of grief likewise: and these are the properties of a wise man; therefore a wise man must be without grief.

So that Dionysius of Heraclea is right when, upon this complaint of Achilles in Homer,

Anger and rage my breast inflame,
My glory tarnished, and since lost my fame,

he reasons thus: Is the hand as it should be, when it is affected with a swelling, or is any other member of the body when it is not in its natural state? Must not the mind then, when it is puffed up, or distended, be out of order? But the mind of a wise man is without any disorder; it never swells, or is puffed up; but the mind in anger is otherwise. A wise man therefore is never angry; for when he is angry, he lusts after something, for whoever is angry naturally has a longing desire to give all the pain he can to the person he thinks has injured him; but whoever has this earnest desire must necessarily be much pleased with the accomplishment of his wishes; hence he is delighted with his neighbour's misery; which as a wise man is not capable of, he is not capable of anger. But should a wise man be subject to grief, he may likewise be subject to anger, from which being free, he must be void of grief. Besides, could a wise man be subject to grief, he might be so to pity, he might be open to a disposition for envy: I do not say he might be envious, for that consists of the very act of envying.

Therefore compassion and envy are consistent in the same man; for whoever is uneasy at any one's adversity, is uneasy at another's prosperity: as Theophrastus laments the loss of his companion Callisthenes, and is disturbed at the success of Alexander; therefore he saith, that Callisthenes met with a man of great power and success, but who did not know how to make use of his good fortune; and as pity is an uneasiness arising from the misfortunes of another, so envy is an uneasiness that proceeds from the good success of another: therefore whoever is capable of pity, is capable of envy. But a wise man is incapable of envy, and consequently of pity. For were a wise man used to grieve, to pity would be familiar to him; therefore to grieve, is far from a wise man. Though these reasonings of the Stoics, and their conclusions, are rather stiff and contracted, and require a more diffuse and free way, yet

great stress is to be laid on the opinions of those men, who have a peculiar bold and manly turn of thought. For our particular friends the Peripatetics, notwithstanding all their erudition, gravity, and flow of words, do not satisfy me about the moderation of these disorders and diseases of the soul, for every evil, though moderate, is in its nature great. But our business is to divest our wise man of all evil; for as the body is not sound, though but slightly affected, so the mind under any moderate disorder loses its soundness: therefore the Romans have with their usual skill called trouble, anguish, vexation, on account of the analogy between a troubled mind and a diseased body, disorders. The Greeks call all perturbation of mind by pretty nearly the same name, for they name every turbid motion of the soul *Pathos*, *i.e.* a distemper. But we have given them a more proper name; for a disorder of mind is very like a disease of the body. But lust doth not resemble sickness; neither doth immoderate joy, which is a high and exulting pleasure of the mind. Fear, too, is not very like a distemper, though it borders upon grief of mind, but properly as sickness of the body, it is so called from its connexion with pain; the same may be said of this grief: therefore I must explain whence this pain proceeds, *i.e.* the cause that occasions this grief, as it were a sickness of the body. For as physicians think they have found out the cure, when they have discovered the cause of the distemper, so we shall discover the method of cure when the cause is found out.

The whole cause then is in opinion, not indeed of this grief alone, but of every other disorder of the mind; which are of four sorts, but consisting of many parts. For as every disorder or perturbation is a motion of the mind, either devoid of reason, or in despite of reason, or in disobedience to reason, and that motion is incited by an opinion of good and evil; these four perturbations are divided equally into two parts: for two of them proceed from an opinion of good; one of which is an exulting pleasure, *i.e.* a joy elate beyond measure, arising from an opinion of some present great good: the other, which may be rightly called either a desire or a lust, is an immoderate inclination after some conceived great good, in disobedience to reason. Therefore these two kinds, the exulting

pleasure, and the lust, have their rise from an opinion of good, as the other two, fear and grief, from that of evil. For fear is an opinion of some great evil hanging over us; and grief is an opinion of some great evil present; and indeed it is a fresh conceived opinion of such an evil, that to grieve at it seems right. It is of that kind, that he who is uneasy at it thinks he has good reason to be so. Now we should exert our utmost efforts to oppose these perturbations, which are, as it were, so many furies let loose upon us by folly, if we are desirous to pass the share of life that is allotted us with any ease or satisfaction. But of the others I shall speak elsewhere: our business at present is to drive away grief if we can, for that is what I proposed; as you said it was your opinion a wise man might be subject to grief, which I can by no means allow of; for it is a frightful, horrid, and detestable thing, which we should fly from with our utmost efforts, with wind and tide, as I may say.

That descendant of Tantalus, how doth he appear to you? He who sprung from Pelops, who formerly stole Hippodamia from her father-in-law king Œnomaus, and married her by force? He who was descended from Jupiter himself,—how broken-hearted doth he seem!

Stand off, my friends, nor come within my shade,
That no pollutions your sound hearts pervade,
So foul a stain my body doth partake.

Will you condemn yourself, Thyestes, and deprive yourself of life, on account of the greatness of another's crime? What! do you not look upon the son of the god of light, as unworthy his father's shining on him?

Hollow his eyes, his body worn away,
His furrow'd cheeks his frequent tears betray;
His beard neglected, his combined hairs,
Rough and uncomb'd, bespeak his bitter cares.

O foolish Œta, these are evils which you yourself are the cause of, and not occasioned by the accidents that befel you; and that you should behave thus, even when you had been injured to your distress, and after the first swelling of the mind

had subsided! whereas grief consists (as I shall show) in the notion of some recent evil: but your grief, I warrant you, proceeded from the loss of your kingdom, not your daughter; for you hated her, and perhaps with reason, but you could not calmly bear to part with your kingdom. But surely it is an impudent grief which preys upon a man for not being able to command those that are free. Dionysius, it is true, the tyrant of Syracuse, when driven from his country taught a school at Corinth; so incapable was he of living without some authority. What could be more impudent than Tarquin's making war against those who could not bear his tyranny; who, when he could not recover his kingdom by the forces of the Veientes and the Latins, is said to have betaken himself to Cuma, and to have died in that city, of old age and grief! Do you then think it can befall a wise man to be oppressed with grief, *i.e.* with misery? for, as all perturbation is misery, grief is the rack itself; lust is attended with heat; exulting joy with levity; fear with a meanness; but grief with something greater than these; it consumes, torments, afflicts, and disgraces a man; it tears him, preys upon him, and quite puts an end to him. If we do not divest ourselves so of it, as to throw it quite off, we cannot be free from misery. And it is clear that there must be grief, where any thing has the appearance of a present sore and oppressing evil. Epicurus is of opinion, that grief arises naturally from the imagination of any evil; that whosoever is eye-witness of any great misfortune, immediately conceives the like may befall himself, and becomes sad instantly on it. The Cyrenaics think, that grief doth not arise from every kind of evil, but from unexpected, unforeseen evil, and that is indeed of no small power to the heightening grief; for whatsoever comes of a sudden, is harder to bear. Hence these lines are deservedly commended:

I knew my son, when first he drew his breath,
Destin'd by fate to an untimely death;
And when I sent him to defend the Greeks,
Blows were his errand, not your sportive freaks.

Therefore this ruminating beforehand upon evils which you see at distance, makes their approach more tolerable; and on

this account, what Euripides makes Theseus say, is much commended. You will give me leave to translate them into Latin, as is usual with me.

I treasur'd up what some learn'd sage did tell,
And on my future misery did dwell;
I thought of bitter death, of being drove
Far from my home by exile, and I strove
With every evil to possess my mind,
That, when they came, I the less care might find.

But Euripides speaks that of himself, which Theseus said he had heard from some learned man, for he was a hearer of Anaxagoras: who, as they relate, on hearing of the death of his son, said, "I knew my son was mortal;" which speech seems to intimate that such things afflict those who have not thought on them before. Therefore there is no doubt but that all evils are the heavier from not being foreseen. Though, notwithstanding that this circumstance alone doth not occasion the greatest grief; yet as the mind, by foreseeing and preparing for it, makes all grief the less, a man should consider all that may befall him in this life; and certainly the excellence of wisdom consists in taking a near view of things, and gaining a thorough experience in all human affairs; in not being surprised when any thing happens; and in thinking, before the event of things, that there is nothing but what may come to pass. Wherefore, at the very time that our affairs are in the best situation, at that very moment we should be most thoughtful how to bear a change of fortune. A traveller, at his return home, ought to be aware of such things as dangers, losses, &c. the debauchery of his son, the death of his wife, or a daughter's illness. He should consider that these are common accidents, and may happen to him, and should be no news to him if they do happen; but if things fall out better than he expected, he may look upon it as clear gain.

Therefore, as Terence has so well expressed what he borrowed from philosophy, shall not we, the fountain from whence he drew it, say the same in a better manner, and abide by it more steadily? Hence is that same steady countenance, which, according to Xantippe, her husband Socrates always had: she

never observed any difference in his looks when he went out, and when he came home. Yet the look of that old Roman M. Crassus, who, as Lucilius saith, never smiled but once in his lifetime, was not of this kind, but placid and serene, for so we are told. He indeed might well have the same look who never changed his mind, from whence the countenance has its expression. So that I am ready to borrow of the Cyrenaics those arms against the accidents and events of life, by means of which, by long premeditation, they break the force of all approaching evils; and at the same time, I think that those very evils themselves arise more from opinion than nature; for if they were real, no forecast could make them lighter. But I shall speak more particularly to these when I shall have first considered Epicurus's opinion, who thinks that all must necessarily be uneasy who perceive themselves in any evils, let them be either foreseen and expected, or habitual to them; for, with him, evils are not the less by reason of their continuance, nor the lighter for having been foreseen; and it is folly to ruminate on evils to come, or that, perhaps, may never come; every evil is disagreeable enough when it doth come: but he who is constantly considering that some evil may befall him, charges himself with a perpetual evil, for should such evil never light on him, he voluntarily takes to himself unnecessary misery, so that he is under constant uneasiness, whether he meets with any evil, or only thinks of it. But he places the alleviation of grief on two things, an avocation from thinking on evil, and a call to the contemplation of pleasure. For he thinks the mind may be under the power of reason, and follow her directions: he forbids us then to mind trouble, and calls us off from sorrowful reflections; he throws a mist over the contemplation of misery. Having sounded a retreat from these, he drives our thoughts on, and encourages them to view and engage the whole mind in the various pleasures, with which he thinks the life of a wise man abounds, either from reflecting on the past, or the hope of what is to come. I have said these things in my own way, the Epicureans have theirs; what they say is our business, how they say it is of little consequence.

In the first place, they are wrong in forbidding men to premeditate on futurity, for there is nothing that breaks the

edge of grief and lightens it more, than considering, all life long, that there is nothing but what may happen; than considering what human nature is, on what conditions life was given, and how we may comply with them. The effect of which is, not to be always grieving, but never; for whoever reflects on the nature of things, the various turns of life, the weakness of human nature, grieves indeed at that reflection; but that grief becomes him as a wise man; for he gains these two points by it; when he is considering the state of human nature, he is enjoying all the advantage of philosophy, and is provided with a triple medicine against adversity. The first is, that he has long reflected that such things might befall him, which reflection alone contributes much towards lessening all misfortunes: the next is, that he is persuaded, that we should submit to the condition of human nature: the last is, that he discovers what is blameable to be the only evil. But it is not your fault that something lights on you, which it was impossible for man to avoid; for that withdrawing of our thoughts he recommends, when he calls us off from contemplating on our misfortunes, is imaginary; for it is not in our power to dissemble or forget those evils that lie heavy on us; they tear, vex, and sting us, they burn us up, and leave no breathing-time; and do you order us to forget them, which is against nature, and at the same time deprive us of the only assistance nature affords, the being accustomed to them, which, though it is a slow cure that time brings, is a very powerful one? You order me to employ my thoughts on something good, and forget my misfortunes. You would say something, and worthy a great philosopher, if you thought those things good which are best suited to the dignity of human nature.

Should Pythagoras, Socrates, or Plato, say to me, why are you dejected, or grieve? Why do you faint, and yield to fortune, who perhaps may have power to harass and disturb you, but should not quite unman you? Virtue has great force, rouse your virtues if they droop. Take fortitude for your guide, which will give you such spirits, that you will despise everything that can befall man, and look on them as trifles. Join to this temperance, which is moderation, and which was just now called frugality, which will not suffer you to do any thing

base or bad; for what is worse or baser than an effeminate man? Not even justice will suffer you to do so, which seems to have the least weight in this affair, which notwithstanding will inform you that you are doubly unjust: when you require what doth not belong to you, that you who are born mortal, should be in the condition of the immortals, and take it much to heart that you are to restore what was lent you. What answer will you make to prudence, who acquaints you that she is a virtue sufficient of herself, both for a good life and a happy one? whom, it would be unreasonable to commend and so much desire, unless she were independent, having every thing centring in herself, and not obliged to look out for any supply, being self-sufficient. Now, Epicurus, if you invite me to such goods as these, I will obey, follow, and attend you as my guide, and even forget, as you order me, my misfortunes; and I do this much more readily from a persuasion that they are not to be ranked amongst evils. But you are for bringing my thoughts over to pleasure. What pleasures? pleasures of the body, I imagine, or such as are recollected or presumed on account of the body. Is this all? Do I explain your opinion right? for his disciples used to deny that we understand Epicurus. This is what he saith, and what that curious fellow old Zeno, who is one of the sharpest of them, used in my hearing at Athens to enforce and talk so loudly of; that he alone was happy, who could enjoy present pleasure, and who was persuaded that he should enjoy it without pain, either all or the greatest part of his life; or if should any pain interfere, if it was the sharpest, it must be short; should it be of longer continuance, it would have more of sweet than bitter in it: that whosoever reflected on these things would be happy, especially if satisfied with the good things he had enjoyed, without fear of death, or the gods.

You have here a representation of a happy life according to Epicurus, in the words of Zeno, so that there is no room for contradiction. What then? Can the proposing and thinking of such a life make Thyestes' grief the less, or Ceta's, of whom I spoke above, or that of Telamon, who was driven from his country to penury and banishment? on whom they exclaimed thus:

Is this the man surpassing glory rais'd?
Is this that Telamon so highly prais'd
By wondering Greece, at whose sight, like the sun,
All others with diminish'd lustre shone?

Now, should any one like him be depressed with the loss of his fortune, he must apply to those old grave philosophers for relief, not to these voluptuaries: for what great good do they promise? Allow we, that to be without pain is the chief good? yet that is not called pleasure. But it is not necessary at present to go through the whole; the question is, if by advancing thus far we shall abate our grief? Grant that to be in pain is the greatest evil; whosoever then has proceeded so far as not to be in pain, is he therefore in immediate possession of the greatest good? What, Epicurus, do we use any evasions, and not allow in our own words the same to be pleasure, which you are used to boast of with such assurance? Are these your words or not? This is what you say in that book which contains all the doctrine of your school. I will perform the office of an interpreter, lest any should imagine I have invented. Thus you speak: "Nor can I form any notion of the chief good, abstracted from those pleasures which are perceived by taste, or from what depends on hearing music, or abstracted from ideas raised by external objects, which are agreeable motions; or those other pleasures, which are perceived by the whole man from his senses; nor can the pleasures of the mind be any ways said to constitute the only good; for I always perceived my mind to be pleased with the hopes of enjoying those things I mentioned above, and presuming I should enjoy them without any interruption from pain:" and from these words any one may understand what pleasure Epicurus was acquainted with. Then he speaks thus, a little lower down; "I have often enquired of those who are reputed to be wise men what would be the remaining good, if they should withdraw these, unless they meant to give us nothing but words? I could never learn anything from them; and unless they choose that all virtue and wisdom should vanish and come to nothing, they must say with me, that the only road lies in those pleasures which I mentioned above." What follows is much the same, and his whole book on the chief good every where abounds with the same opinions. Will you

then invite Telamon to this kind of life to ease his grief? and should you observe any of your friends under affliction, would you prescribe to him a sturgeon before a treatise of Socrates? or a concert rather than Plato? or lay before him the beauty and variety of some garden, present him with a nosegay, burn perfumes, and bid him be crowned with a garland of roses and woodbines? Should you add one thing more, you would certainly wipe out all his grief.

Epicurus must allow of these; or he must take out of his book what I just now said was a literal translation; or rather he must destroy his whole book, for it is stuffed with pleasures. We must enquire, then, how we can ease him of his grief, who can say thus:

My present state proceeds from fortune's stings;
By birth I boast of a descent from kings;
Hence may you see from what a noble height
I'm sunk by fortune to this abject plight.

What! to ease his grief, must we mix him a cup of sweet wine, or something of that kind? Lo! the same poet presents us with another somewhere else:

I, Hector, once so great, now claim your aid.

We should assist her, for she looks out for help.

Where shall I now apply, where seek support?
Where hence betake me, or to whom resort?
No means remain of comfort or of joy,
In flames my palace, and in ruins Troy;
Each wall, so late superb, deformed nods,
And not an altar left t' appease the gods.

You know what should follow, and particularly this:

Of father, country, and of friends bereft,
Not one of all those sumptuous temples left;
Which, whilst the fortune of our house did stand,
With rich wrought ceilings spoke the artist's hand.

O excellent poet! though despised by those who sing the verses of Euphorion. He is sensible that all things which

come on a sudden are harder to be borne. Therefore, when he had set off the riches of Priam to the best advantage, which had the appearance of a long continuance, what doth he add?

Lo, these all perish'd in one blazing pile;
The foe old Priam of his life beguiled,
And with his blood thy altar, Jove, defiled.

Admirable poetry! There is something mournful in the subject, as well as the words and measure. We must drive away this grief of hers: how is that to be done? Shall we lay her on a bed of down; introduce a singer; shall we burn cedar, or present her with some pleasant liquor, and provide her something to eat? Are these the good things which remove the most afflicting grief? for you but just now said you knew of no other good. I should agree with Epicurus that we ought to be called off from grief to contemplate good things, were it once settled what was good.

It may be said, What! do you imagine Epicurus really meant these, and that he maintained any thing so sensual? Indeed I do not imagine so, for I am sensible he has said many excellent things, and with great gravity. Therefore, as I said before, I am speaking of his acuteness, not his morals. Though he should hold those pleasures in contempt, which he just now commended, yet I must remember wherein he places the chief good. He did not barely say this, but he has explained what he would say: he saith, that taste, embracings, sports, and music, and those forms which affect the eyes with pleasure, are the chief good. Have I invented this? have I misrepresented him? I should be glad to be confuted, for what am I endeavouring at, but to clear up truth in every question? Well, but the same saith, that pleasure is at its height where pain ceases, and that to be free from all pain is the greatest pleasure. Here are three very great mistakes in a very few words. One is, that he contradicts himself; for, but just now, he could not imagine any thing good, unless the senses were in a manner tickled with some pleasure; but now, to be free from pain is the highest pleasure. Can any one contradict himself more? The other mistake is, that where there is naturally a threefold division, the first, to be pleased; next, not to be in pain; the

last, to be equally distant from pleasure and pain: he imagines the first and the last to be the same, and makes no difference betwixt pleasure and a cessation of pain. The last mistake is in common with some others; which is this, that as virtue is the most desirable thing, and as philosophy was investigated for the attainment of it, he has separated the chief good from virtue: but he commends virtue, and that frequently; and indeed C. Gracchus, when he had made the largest distributions of the public money, and had exhausted the treasury, yet spoke much of preserving it. What signifies what they say, when we see what they do? That Piso who was surnamed Frugal, harangued always against the law that was proposed for distributing the corn, but when it had passed, though a consular man, he came to receive the corn. Gracchus observed Piso standing in the court, and asked him, in the hearing of the people, how it was consistent for him to take corn by a law he had himself opposed? "I was against your dividing my goods to every man as you thought proper, but, as you do so, I claim my share." Did not this grave and wise man sufficiently show that the public revenue was dissipated by the Sempronian law? Read Gracchus's speeches, and you will pronounce him patron of the treasury. Epicurus denies that any one can live pleasantly who doth not lead a life of virtue; he denies that fortune has any power over a wise man: he prefers a spare diet to great plenty; maintains a wise man to be always happy:—all these things become a philosopher to say, but they are not consistent with pleasure. But the reply is, that he doth not mean *that* pleasure; let him mean any pleasure, it must be such a one as makes no part of virtue. But suppose we are mistaken as to his pleasure, are we so too as to pain? I maintain therefore the impropriety of that man's talking of virtue, who would measure every great evil by pain.

And indeed the Epicureans, those best of men, for there is no order of men more innocent, complain, that I take great pains to inveigh against Epicurus, as if we were rivals for some honour or distinction. I place the chief good in the mind, he in the body; I in virtue, he in pleasure; and the Epicureans are up in arms, and implore the assistance of their neighbours, and many are ready to fly to their aid. But, as for

my part, I declare I am very indifferent about the matter, let it take what turn it may. For what! is the contention about the Punic war? on which very subject, though M. Cato and L. Lentulus were of different opinions, there was no difference betwixt them. These behave with too much heat, especially as the cause they would defend is no very reputable one, and for which they dare not plead either in the senate, or assembly of the people, before the army or the censors; but I will dispute this with them another time, and with such temper that no difference may arise, for I shall be ready to yield to their opinions when founded on truth. Only I must give them this advice; That were it ever so true, that a wise man regards nothing but the body; or, to express myself with more decency, has no view but to please himself, or to make all things depend on his own advantage; as such things are not very commendable, they should confine them to their own breasts, and leave off to talk with that parade of them.

What remains is the opinion of the Cyrenaics, who think that men grieve when any thing happens unexpectedly. And that is, indeed, as I said before, a great aggravation; and I know that it appeared so to Chrysippus, "Whatever falls out unexpected is so much the heavier." But the whole does not turn on this; though the sudden approach of an enemy sometimes occasions more confusion than when you expected him, and a sudden storm at sea throws the sailors into a greater fright than when they foresaw it, and it is the same in many cases. But when you carefully consider the nature of what was expected, you will find nothing more, than that all things which come on a sudden appear greater; and this upon two accounts. The first is, that you have not time to consider how great the accident is; the next is, when you are persuaded you could have guarded against them had you foreseen them, the misfortune seemingly contracted by your own fault makes your grief the greater. That it is so, time evinces; which, as it advances, brings with it so much ease, that though the same misfortunes continue, the grief not only becomes the less, but in some cases is entirely removed. Many Carthaginians were slaves at Rome, many Macedonians when Perseus their king was taken prisoner. I saw, too, when I was a young man,

some Corinthians in the Peloponnesus. They might all have lamented with Andromache,

All these I saw—

But they had perhaps given over lamenting themselves, for by their countenances, speech, and other gestures, you might have taken them for Argives or Sicyonians. And I myself was more concerned at the ruined walls of Corinth, than the Corinthians themselves were, whose minds by frequent reflection and time had acquired a callousness. I have read a book of Clitomachus, which he sent to his captive citizens, to comfort them on the ruin of Carthage; there is in it a disputation written by Carneades, which, as Clitomachus saith, he had inserted into his commentary; the subject was, "Whether a wise man should seem to grieve at the captivity of his country?" You have there what Carneades said against it. There the philosopher applies such a strong medicine to a fresh grief, as would be quite unnecessary in one of any continuance; nor, had this very book been sent to the captives some years after, would it have found any wounds to cure, but scars; for grief, by a gentle progress and slow degrees, wears away imperceptibly. Not that the nature of things is altered, or can be, but that custom teaches what reason should, that those things lose their weight which before seemed to be of some consequence.

It may be said, What occasion is there to apply to reason, or any consolation that we generally make use of, to ease the grief of the afflicted? For we have this always at hand, that there is nothing but what we may expect. But how will any one be enabled to bear his misfortunes the better by knowing that they are unavoidable? Saying thus subtracts nothing from the sum of the grief: it infers only that nothing has fallen out but what might have been thought of; and yet this manner of speaking has some little consolation in it, but, I apprehend, not much. Therefore those unlooked-for things have not so much force as to give rise to all our grief; the blow perhaps may fall the heavier, but whatever falls out doth not appear the greater on that account; no, it is because it has lately happened, not because it has befallen us unexpected,

that makes it seem the greater. There are two ways then of discerning the truth, not only of things that seem evil, but of these that have the appearance of good. For we either enquire into the nature of the thing, what, and how great it is, as sometimes with regard to poverty; the burden of which we may lighten when by our disputations we show how very little, how few things nature requires; or without any subtle arguing we refer them to examples, as here we instance in a Socrates, there in a Diogenes, and then again that line in Cæcilius,

Wisdom is oft conceal'd in mean attire.

For as poverty is of equal weight with all, what reason can be given, why what was borne by Fabricius should be insupportable by others? Of a piece with this is that other way of comforting, that nothing happens but what is common to human nature: now this argument doth not only inform us what human nature is, but implies that all things are tolerable which others have borne and can bear.

Is poverty the subject? they tell you of many who have submitted to it with patience. Is it the contempt of honours? they acquaint you with some who never enjoyed any, and were the happier for it; and of those who have preferred a private retired life to public employment, mentioning their names with respect: they tell you of the verse of that most powerful king, who praises an old man, and pronounces him happy, who could reach old age in obscurity and without notice. Thus too they have examples for those who are deprived of their children; they who are under any great grief are comforted by instances of like affliction: thus every misfortune becomes the less by others having undergone the same. Reflection thus discovers to us how much opinion had imposed on us. And this is what that Telamon declares, "I knew my son was mortal;" and thus Theseus, "I on my future misery did dwell;" and Anaxagoras, "I knew my son was mortal." All these, by frequently reflecting on human affairs, discovered that they were by no means to be estimated by vulgar opinions: and indeed it seems to me to be pretty much the same with those who consider beforehand as with those who have their remedy from time, excepting that a kind of reason cures the one, the other is pro-

vided with this by nature; discovering thereby, that what was imagined to be the greatest evil, is not so great as to defeat the happiness of life. Thus it comes about, that the hurt which was not foreseen is greater, and not, as they suppose, that when the like misfortunes befall two different people, he only of them is affected with grief on whom it lights unexpectedly. So that some, under the oppression of grief, are said to have borne it worse on hearing of this common condition of man, that we are born under such conditions as render it impossible for a man to be exempt from all evil.

For this reason Carneades, as I see it in our Antiochus, used to blame Chrysippus for commending these verses of Euripides:

Man, doom'd to care, to pain, 'disease, and strife,
Walks his short journey thro' the vale of life:
Watchful attends the cradle and the grave,
And passing generations longs to save:
Last dies himself: yet wherefore should we mourn?
For man must to his kindred dust return;
Submit to the destroying hand of fate,
As ripen'd ears the harvest-sickle wait.

He would not allow a speech of this kind to avail at all to the cure of our grief, for he said it was a lamentable case itself, that we were fallen into the hands of such a cruel fate; for to preach up comfort from the misfortunes of another, is a comfort only to those of a malevolent disposition. But to me it appears far otherwise: for the necessity of bearing what is the common condition of humanity, makes you submit to the gods, and informs you that you are a man, which reflection greatly alleviates grief: and they do not produce these examples to please those of a malevolent disposition, but that any one in affliction may be induced to bear what he observes many others bear with tranquillity and moderation. For they who are falling to pieces, and cannot hold together through the greatness of their grief, should be supported by all kinds of assistance. From whence Chrysippus thinks that grief is called *lupen*, as it were *luisis*, i.e. a dissolution of the whole man. The whole of which I think may be pulled up by the roots, by

explaining, as I said at the beginning, the cause of grief; for it is nothing else but an opinion and estimation of a present acute evil. Thus any bodily pain, let it be ever so grievous, may be tolerable where any hopes are proposed of some considerable good; and we receive such consolation from a virtuous and illustrious life, that they who lead such lives are seldom attacked by grief, or but slightly affected by it.

But if to the opinion of evil there be added this other, that we ought to lament, that it is right so to do, and part of our duty; then is brought about that grievous disorder of mind. To which opinion we owe all those various and horrid kinds of lamentations, that neglect of our persons, that womanish tearing of our cheeks, that striking on our thighs, breasts, and heads. Thus Agamemnon, in Homer and in Accius,

Tears in his grief his uncomb'd locks.

From whence comes that pleasant saying of Bion, that the foolish king in his sorrow tore away the hairs of his head, imagining that being bald he would be less sensible of grief. But whoever acts thus is persuaded he ought to do so. And thus Æschines accuses Demosthenes of sacrificing within seven days after the death of his daughter. But how rhetorically! how copiously! what sentences has he collected? what words doth he throw out? You may see by this that an orator may do any thing, which nobody would have approved of, but from a prevailing opinion, that every good man ought to lament heavily the loss of a relation. Hence it comes, that some, when in sorrow, betake themselves to deserts; as Homer saith of Bellerophon,

Wide o'er the Ælean field he chose to stray,
A long, forlorn, uncomfortable way!
Woes heap'd on woes consum'd his wasted heart;
Pope's Iliad, book vi.

and thus Niobe is feigned to have been turned into stone, from her never speaking, I suppose, in her grief. But they imagine Hecuba to have been converted into a bitch, from her rage and bitterness of mind. There are others who love to con-

verse with solitude itself, when in grief, as the nurse in Ennius,

Fain would I to the heavens and earth relate
Medea's ceaseless woes and cruel fate.

Now all these things are done in grief, from a persuasion of the truth, rectitude, and necessity of them; and it is plain, that it proceeds from a conviction of its being their duty; for should these mourners by chance drop their grief, and seem more calm or cheerful for a moment, they presently check themselves and return to their lamentations again, and blame themselves for having been guilty of any intermissions from their grief. Parents and masters generally correct children not by words only, but by blows, if they show any levity when the family is under affliction; and, as it were, oblige them to be sorrowful. What? doth it not appear, when you cease of course to mourn, and perceive your grief has been ineffectual, that the whole was an act of your own choosing? What saith he, in Terence, who punishes himself, *i.e.* the Self-Tormentor, "I am persuaded I do less injury to my son by being miserable myself." He determines to be miserable; and can any one determine on any thing against his will? "I should think I deserved any misfortune." He should think he deserved any misfortune, were he otherwise than miserable. Therefore you see the evil is in opinion, not in nature. How is it, when some things prevent of themselves your grieving at them? as in Homer, so many died and were buried daily, that they had not leisure to grieve. Where you find these lines:

The great, the bold, by thousands daily fall,
And endless were the grief to weep for all.
Eternal sorrows what avails to shed?
Greece honours not with solemn fasts the dead:
Enough when death demands the brave to pay
The tribute of a melancholy day.
One chief with patience to the grave resign'd
Our care devolves on others left behind.

Therefore it is in our own power to lay aside grief upon occasion; and is there any occasion (seeing the thing is in our own power) that we should let slip in order to get rid of care

and grief? It was plain, that Cn. Pompey's friends, when they saw him fainting under his wounds, though at that very time they were under great uneasiness how they themselves, surrounded by the enemy, might escape, were employed in nothing but encouraging the rowers and aiding their escape; but when they reached Tyre, they began to grieve and lament over him. Therefore, as fear with them prevailed over grief, cannot reason and true philosophy have the same effect with a wise man?

But what is there more effectual to dispel grief than the discovery that it answers no purpose, and turns to no account? Therefore if we can get rid of it, we need never to have been subject to it. It must be acknowledged then that men take up grief wilfully and knowingly; and this appears from the patience of those who, after they have been exercised in afflictions and are better able to bear whatever befalls them, suppose themselves hardened against fortune, as that person in Euripides:

Had this the first essay of fortune been,
And I no storms thro' all my life had seen,
Wild as a colt I'd broke from reason's sway,
But frequent griefs have taught me to obey.

As then the frequent bearing of misery makes grief the lighter, we must necessarily perceive that the cause and original of it doth not lie in the thing itself. Your principal philosophers, or lovers of wisdom, though they have not yet arrived at it, are not they sensible that they are under the greatest evil? For they are fools, and folly is the greatest of all evils; and yet they lament not. How shall we account for this? Because that opinion is not fixed to that kind of evil: it is not our opinion that it is right, meet, and our duty, to be uneasy because we are not all wise men. Whereas this opinion is strongly affixed to that uneasiness where mourning is concerned, which is the greatest of all grief. Therefore Aristotle, when he blames some ancient philosophers for imagining that by their genius they had brought philosophy to the highest perfection, says, they must be either extremely foolish, or extremely vain; but that he himself could see that great improvements had been made therein

in a few years, and that philosophy would in a little time arrive at perfection. Theophrastus is reported to have accused nature at his death for giving to stags and crows so long a life, which was of no use to them, and for giving so few days to men, where it would have been of the greatest use; whose days, had they been lengthened, the life of man would have been provided with all kinds of learning, and with arts in the greatest perfection. He lamented therefore that he should die just as he had begun to discover these. What? doth not every grave and distinguished philosopher acknowledge himself ignorant of many things? and that there are many things he must learn over and over again? and yet, though these are sensible that they stick in the very midway of folly, than which nothing can be worse, are under no great affliction, because the opinion that it is their duty to lament never interferes. What shall we say of those who think it unbecoming in a man to grieve? amongst whom we may reckon Q. Maximus, who buried his son that had been consul, and L. Paulus, who lost two sons within a few days of one another. Of the same opinion was M. Cato, who lost his son just as he was designed for Prætor; and many others, which I have collected in my book of Consolation. Now what made these so easy, but their persuasion that grief and lamentation was not becoming in a man? Therefore, as some give themselves up to grief from an opinion that it is right so to do, they refrained themselves from an opinion that it was wrong: from whence we may infer, that grief is owing more to opinion than nature.

It may be said, on the other side, Who is so mad as to grieve voluntarily? Pain proceeds from nature; which you must submit to, agreeably to what even your own Crantor teaches, this presses and gains upon you unavoidably. So that the very same Oileus, in Sophocles, who had before comforted Telamon on the death of Ajax, on hearing of the death of his own son is broken-hearted. On this alteration of his mind we have these lines:

Show me the man so well by wisdom taught
That what he charges to another's fault,
When like affliction doth himself betide,
True to his own wise counsel will abide.

Now when they urge these, their endeavor is to evince, that nature is irresistible; and yet the same people allow, that we take greater grief on ourselves than nature requires. What madness is it then in us to require the same from others? But there are many reasons for taking grief on us. The first is from the opinion of some evil, on the discovery and persuasion of which, grief comes of course. Besides, many people are persuaded they do something very acceptable to the dead when they lament over them. To these may be added a kind of womanish superstition, in imagining that to acknowledge themselves afflicted and humbled by the gods, is the readiest way of appeasing them. But few see what contradictions these things are charged with. They commend those who die calmly, but they blame those who can bear the loss of another with the same calmness; as if it were possible that it should be true, as lovers say, that any one can love another more than himself. There is indeed something excellent in this, and, if you examine it, no less just than true, that we should love those who ought to be dear to us, as well as we love ourselves; but to love them more than ourselves is impossible; nor is it desirable in friendship that I should love my friend more than myself, or he me: this would occasion much confusion in life, and break in upon all the duties of it.

But of this elsewhere: at present it is sufficient not to lay our misery to the loss of our friends, nor to love them more than, were they sensible, they would approve of, or at least more than we do ourselves. Now as to what they say, that some are not all eased by our consolations; and moreover add, that the comforters themselves acknowledge they are miserable when fortune varies the attack and falls on them,—in both these cases the solution is easy: for the fault here is not in nature, but our own folly, and much may be said against folly. But not to admit of consolation seems to bespeak their own misery; and they who cannot bear their misfortunes with that temper they recommend to others, they are but on a footing with the covetous, who find fault with those that are so; as do the vain-glorious with those of the same turn with themselves. For it is the peculiar characteristic of folly to discover the vices of others, forgetting its own. But since we find that

grief is removed by length of time, we have the greatest proof that the strength of it depends not merely on time, but the daily consideration of it. For if the cause continues the same, and the man be the same, how can there be any alteration in the grief, if there is no change in what occasioned the grief, nor in him who grieves? Therefore it is from daily reflecting that it is no evil for which you grieve, and not from the length of time, that you have the cure of grief.

Here some talk of moderate grief, which, supposing it natural, what occasion is there for consolation? for nature herself will determine the measure of it; but if it is in opinion, the whole opinion may be destroyed. I think it has been sufficiently said, that grief arises from an opinion of some present evil which includes this, that it is incumbent on us to grieve. To this definition Zeno has added very justly, that the opinion of this present evil should be recent. Now this word recent is explained thus; not that alone is recent which happened a little while ago, but, as long as there shall be any force or vigour or freshness in that imagined evil, so long it is entitled to the name of recent. As Artemisia, the wife of Mausolus king of Caria, who made that noble sepulchre at Halicarnassus; whilst she lived she lived in grief, and died of that, being worn out by it, so that that opinion was always recent with her: but you cannot call that so, which in time decays. Now the duty of a comforter is, to remove grief entirely, to quiet it, or draw it off as much as you can, to keep it under, and prevent its spreading, or to divert it. There are some who think with Cleanthes, that the only duty of a comforter is to prove, that it is by no means any evil. Others, as the Peripatetics, that the evil is not great. Others, with Epicurus, lead you off from the evil to good: some think it sufficient to show, that nothing has happened but what you had reason to expect. But Chrysippus thinks the main thing in comforting is, to remove the opinion from the person who is grieving, that to grieve is his bounden duty. There are others who bring together all these various kinds of consolations, for people are differently affected; as I have done myself in my book of Consolation: for my own mind being much disordered, I have given in that every method of cure. But the proper season is as much to be watched in the

cure of the mind, as of the body; as Prometheus in Æschylus, on its being said to him,

I think, Prometheus, you this tenet hold,
That all men's reason should their rage control;

answers,

Yes, when one reason properly applies;
Ill-tim'd advice will make the storm but rise.

But the principal medicine to be applied in consolation, is to maintain either that it is no evil at all, or a very inconsiderable one: next to that is, to speak to the common condition of life, and with a view, if possible, to the state of the person whom you comfort particularly. The third is, that it is folly to wear oneself out with grief which can avail nothing. For the advice of Cleanthes is for a wise man who wants none; for could you persuade one in grief, that nothing is an evil but what is base, you would not only cure him of grief, but folly. But the time for such doctrine is not well chosen. Besides, Cleanthes doth not seem to me sufficiently apprised, that affliction may very often proceed from that very thing which he himself allows to be the greatest misfortune. As was the case with Alcibiades, whom Socrates convinced, as we are told, that there was no difference betwixt him, though a man of the first fashion, and a porter. Alcibiades, being uneasy at this, entreated Socrates with tears in his eyes, to make him a man of virtue, and dismiss that baseness. What shall we say to this, Cleanthes? Was there no evil in what afflicted Alcibiades thus? What strange things doth Lycon say? who, to assuage grief, makes it arise from trifles, from things that affect our fortune or bodies, not from the evils of the mind. What, then, did not the grief of Alcibiades proceed from the vices and evils of the mind? I have already said enough of Epicurus's consolation.

Nor is that consolation much to be relied on, though frequently practised, and sometimes having effect, viz. That you are not alone in this. It has its effect, as I said, but not always nor with every person; for some reject it, but much depends on the application of it; for you are to set forth, not how men in

general have been affected with evils, but how men of sense have borne them. As to Chrysippus's method, it is certainly founded in truth; but it is difficult to apply it in time of distress. It is a work of no small difficulty to persuade a person in affliction that he grieves, merely because he thinks it right so to do. Certainly then, as in pleadings we do not state all cases alike, but adjust them to the time, to the nature of the subject under debate, and the person; thus in assuaging grief, regard should be had to what kind of cure the party will admit of. But, I know not how, we have rambled from what you proposed. For your question was concerning a wise man, with whom nothing can have the appearance of evil, that is not dishonourable: or at least would seem so small an evil, that by his wisdom he so over-matches it, that it quite disappears; who makes no addition to his grief through opinion: who never conceives it right to torment himself above measure, and wear himself out with grief, which is the meanest thing imaginable. Reason, however, it seems, has evinced, though it was not directly our subject at present, that nothing can be called an evil but what is base; and, by the way, we may discover, that all the evil of affliction has nothing natural in it, but is contracted by our own voluntary judgment of it, and the error of opinion. Therefore I have treated of that kind of affliction, which is the greatest; the removing of which has made it of little consequence to look after remedies for the others.

There are certain things usually said on poverty; others on a retired and undistinguished life. There are particular treatises on banishment, on the ruin of one's country, on slavery, on weakness, or blindness, and on every incident that can come under the name of an evil. The Greeks divide these into different treatises and distinct books: but they do it for the sake of employment: not but that disputations are full of entertainment; and yet, as physicians, in curing the whole body, help the least part that is affected, so philosophy, after it has removed grief in general, if any other deficiency exist; should poverty bite, should ignominy sting, should banishment bring a dark cloud over us, or should any of those things I just mentioned appear, it applies to each its particular consolation: which you shall hear whenever you please. But we must have

recourse to the same fountain, that a wise man is free from all evil, because it is insignificant, because it answers no purpose, because it is not founded in nature, but opinion and prejudice, but a kind of courting grief, when once they have imagined that it is their duty to do so. Subtracting then what is altogether voluntary, that mournful uneasiness will be removed; yet some little anxiety, some small remorse will remain. They may indeed call this natural, provided they give it not that horrid, solemn, melancholy name of grief, which can by no means consist with wisdom. But how various, and how bitter, are the roots of grief! Whatever they are, I propose, after having felled the trunk, to destroy them all; and if you approve of it, by particular dissertations, for I have leisure enough, whatever time it may take up. But it is the same with all uneasiness, though it appears under different names. For envy is an uneasiness; so are emulation, detraction, anguish, sorrow, sadness, tribulation, lamentation, vexation, grief, trouble, affliction, and despair. The Stoics define all these, and all those words I mentioned belong to different things, and do not, as they seem, express the same things; but they are distinct, as I shall make appear perhaps in another place. These are those fibres of the roots, which, as I said at first, must be cut off, and destroyed, that not one should remain. You say it is a great and difficult undertaking; who denies it? But what is there of any excellency which has not its difficulty? Yet philosophy undertakes to effect it, provided we accept of the cure. But so much for this: the others, whenever you please, shall be ready for you here, or any where else.

BOOK IV

ON OTHER PERTURBATIONS OF THE MIND

I HAVE been apt to wonder, Brutus, on many occasions, at the ingenuity and virtues of our countrymen; but nothing has surprised me more than those studies, which, though they came somewhat late to us, have been transported into this city from Greece. For the auspices, religious ceremonies, courts of jus-

tice, appeals to the people, the senate, the establishment of horse and foot, and the whole military discipline, were instituted as early as the foundation of the city by royal authority, partly too by laws, not without the assistance of the gods. Then with what a surprising and incredible progress did they advance towards all kind of excellence, when once the Republic was freed from the regal power? Not that I propose to treat here of the manners and customs of our ancestors, the discipline and constitution of the city; for I have elsewhere, particularly in the six books I wrote on the Republic, given a very accurate account of them. But whilst I am on this subject, and considering the study of philosophy, I meet with many reasons to imagine that those studies were brought to us from abroad, and not merely imported, but preserved and improved; for they had Pythagoras, a man of consummate wisdom, in a manner, before their eyes; who was in Italy at the time L. Brutus, the illustrious founder of your nobility, delivered his country from tyranny. As the doctrine of Pythagoras spread itself on all sides, it seems probable to me, that it reached this city: and this is not only probable, but appears to have been the case from many remains of it. For who can imagine, that, when it flourished so much in that part of Italy which was called Greece, in some of the largest and most powerful cities, in which, first, the name of Pythagoras, and then theirs, who were afterwards his followers, was in so high esteem; who can imagine, I say, that our people could shut their ears to what was said by such learned men? Besides, my opinion is, that the great esteem the Pythagoreans were held in, gave rise to that opinion amongst our ancestors, that king Numa was a Pythagorean. For, being acquainted with the discipline and institutes of Pythagoras, and having heard from their ancestors, that the king was a very wise and just man, and not being able to distinguish times that were so remote, they inferred, from his being so eminent for his wisdom, that he was a hearer of Pythagoras.

So far we proceed on conjecture. As to the vestiges of the Pythagoreans, though I might collect many, I shall use but a few; because that is not our present purpose. Now, as it is reported to have been a custom with them to deliver certain

abstruse precepts in verse, and to bring their minds from severe thought to a more composed state by songs and musical instruments; so Cato, a very serious author, saith in his *Origins*, that it was customary with our ancestors for the guests at their entertainments, every one in his turn, to sing the praises and virtues of illustrious men to the sound of the flute: from whence it is clear that poems and songs were then composed for the voice. Still, that poetry was in fashion appears from the laws of the twelve tables, wherein it is provided, that none should be made to the injury of another. Another argument of the erudition of those times is, that they played on instruments before the feasts held in honour of their Gods, and the entertainments of their magistrates: now that was peculiar to the sect I am speaking of. To me, indeed, that poem of Appius Cæcus, which Panætius commends so much in a certain letter to Q. Tubero, has all the marks of a Pythagorean. We have many things derived from them in our customs: which I pass over, that we may not seem to have learned that elsewhere which we look on ourselves as the inventors of. But to return to our purpose. How many great poets as well as orators have sprung up among us! and in what a short time! so that it is evident, that our people could attain any thing as soon as they had an inclination for it. But of other studies I shall speak elsewhere if there is occasion, as I have already often done.

The study of philosophy is certainly of long standing with us; but yet I do not find that I can give you the names of any before the age of Lælius and Scipio: in whose younger days we find that Diogenes the Stoic, and Carneades the Academic, were sent ambassadors by the Athenians to our senate. As these had never been concerned in public affairs, and one of them was a Cyrenean, the other a Babylonian, they had certainly never been forced from their studies, nor chosen for that employ, unless the study of philosophy had been in vogue with some of the great men at that time: who, though they might employ their pens on other subjects; some on civil law, others on oratory, others on the history of former times, yet promoted this most extensive of all arts, the discipline of living well, more by their life than by their writings. So that of that true and elegant philosophy, (which was derived from Socrates, and

is still preserved by the Peripatetics, and by the Stoics, though they express themselves differently in their disputes with the Academics) there are few or no Latin monuments; whether this proceeds from the importance of the thing itself, or from men's being otherwise employed, or from their concluding that the capacity of the people was not equal to the apprehension of them. But, during this silence, C. Amafinius arose and took upon himself to speak; on the publishing of whose writings the people were moved, and enlisted themselves chiefly under this sect, either because the doctrine was more easily understood, or that they were invited thereto by the pleasing thoughts of amusement, or that, because there was nothing better, they laid hold of what was offered them. And after Amafinius, when many of the same sentiments had written much about them, the Pythagoreans spread over all Italy: but that these doctrines should be so easily understood and approved of by the unlearned, is a great proof that they were not written with any great subtlety, and they think their establishment to be owing to this.

But let every one defend his own opinion, they are at liberty to choose what they like: I shall keep to my old custom; and being under no restraint from the laws of any particular school, which in philosophy every one must necessarily confine himself to, I shall always inquire after what has the most probability in every question, which, as I have often practised on other occasions, I have kept close to in my Tusculan Disputations. Therefore, as I have acquainted you with the disputations of the three former days, this book concludes the fourth. When we had come down into the academy, as we had done the former days, the business was carried on thus. *M.* Let any one say, who pleases, what he would have disputed. *A.* I do not think a wise man can possibly be free from every perturbation of mind. *M.* He seemed by yesterday's discourse to be so from grief: unless you allowed it only not to take up time. *A.* Not at all on that account, for I was extremely satisfied with your discourse. *M.* You do not think then that a wise man is subject to grief? *A.* No, by no means. *M.* But if that cannot disorder the mind of a wise man, nothing else can. For what? can it be disturbed by fear? Fear proceeds from the

same things when absent, which occasion grief when present. Take away grief then, and you remove fear.

The two remaining perturbations are, a joy elate above measure, and lust: which, if a wise man is not subject to, his mind will be always at rest. *A.* I am entirely of that opinion. *M.* Had you rather, then, that I should immediately crowd all my sails? or shall I make use of my oars, as if I were just endeavouring to get clear of the harbour? *A.* I do not apprehend what you mean by that. *M.* Why, Chrysippus and the Stoics, when they dispute on the perturbations of the mind, make great part of their debate to consist in dividing and distinguishing: they employ but few words on the subject of curing the mind, and preventing it from being disordered. Whereas the Peripatetics bring a great many things to promote the cure of it, but have no regard to their thorny partitions and definitions. My question then was, whether I should instantly unfold the sails of my discourse, or make my way out with the oars of the logicians? *A.* Let it be so: for by means of both these, the subject of our enquiry will be more thoroughly discussed. *M.* It is certainly the better way: and should any thing be too obscure, you may inform yourself afterwards. *A.* I will do so; but those very obscure things, you will, as usual, deliver with more clearness than the Greeks. *A.* I will indeed endeavour to do so: but it requires great attention, for should you lose one word, the whole will escape you. What the Greeks call *pathē*, we choose to name perturbations (or disorders) rather than diseases, in explaining which, I shall follow, first, that very old description of Pythagoras, then Plato's; who divide the mind into two parts; they make one of these to partake of reason, the other to be without it. In that which partakes of reason they place tranquillity, *i.e.* a placid and undisturbed constancy: to the other they assign the turbid motions of anger and desire, which are contrary and opposite to reason. Let this then be our principle, the spring of all our reasonings. But notwithstanding, I shall use the partitions and definitions of the Stoics in describing these perturbations: who seem to me to have been very subtle on this question.

Zeno's definition, then, is thus: that a perturbation, which he calls a *pathos*, is a commotion of the mind repugnant to rea-

son, and against nature. Some of them define it shorter; that a perturbation is a more vehement appetite; but by more vehement they mean an appetite that recedes further from the constancy of nature. But they would have the distinct parts of perturbations to arise from two imagined goods, and from two imagined evils: and thus they become four: from the good proceed lust and joy: as joy for some present good, lust from future. They suppose fear and grief to proceed from evils: fear from something future, grief from something present: for whatever things are dreaded as approaching, always occasion grief when present. But joy and lust depend on the opinion of good; as lust is inflamed and provoked, and carried eagerly to what has the appearance of good; joy is transported and exults on obtaining what was desired. For we naturally pursue those things that have the appearance of good; and fly the contrary. Wherefore, as soon as any thing that has the appearance of good presents itself, nature incites us to the obtaining it. Now, where this is consistent and founded on prudence, this strong desire is by the Stoics called *boulēsis*, but we name it a volition; and this they allow to none but their wise man, and define it thus. Volition is a reasonable desire, but whatever is incited too violently in opposition to reason, that is a lust, or an unbridled desire; which is discoverable in all fools. And with respect to good, we are likewise moved two ways; there is a placid and calm motion, consistent with reason, called joy: and there is likewise a vain, wanton exultation, or immoderate joy, *lætitia gestiens*, or transport, which they define to be an elation of the mind without reason. And as we naturally desire good things, so in like manner we naturally avoid evil; the avoiding of which, if warranted by reason, is called caution; and this the wise man alone is supposed to have: but that caution which is not under the guidance of reason, but is attended with a base and low dejection, is called fear. Fear is therefore an unreasonable caution. A wise man is not affected by any present evil: but the grief of a fool proceeds from being affected with an imaginary evil, on which their minds are contracted and sunk, as they revolt from reason. This, then, is the first definition, which makes grief to consist in the mind's shrinking contrary to the dictates of reason. Thus there are

four perturbations, and but three opposites, for grief has no opposite.

But they would have all perturbations depend on opinion and judgment; therefore they define them more closely; not only the better to show how blameable they are, but to discover how much they are in our power. Grief then is a recent opinion of some evil, in which it seems to be right, that the mind should shrink and be dejected. Joy, a recent opinion of a present good, in which it seems to be right that the mind should be transported. Fear, an opinion of an impending evil, which we apprehend as intolerable. Lust, an opinion of a good to come, which would be of advantage were it already come, and present with us. But however I have named the judgments and opinions of perturbations, their meaning is not that merely the perturbations consist in them; but the effects likewise of these perturbations: as grief occasions a kind of painful remorse; fear, a recoil or sudden escape of the mind; joy, a profuse mirth, lust, an unbridled habit of coveting. But that imagination, which I have included in all the above definitions, they would have to consist in assenting without warrantable grounds. Now every perturbation has many parts annexed to it of the same kind. Grief is attended with enviousness (I use that word for instruction sake, though it is not so common; because envy takes in not only the person who envies, but the person too who is envied). Emulation, detraction, pity, vexation, mourning, sadness, tribulation, sorrow, lamentation, solicitude, disquiet of mind, pain, despair, and whatever else, is of this kind. Fear includes sloth, shame, terror, cowardice, fainting, confusion, astonishment. In pleasure they comprehend a malevolence that is pleased at another's misfortune, a delight, boasting, and the like. To lust they associate anger, fury, hatred, enmity, discord, wants, desire, and the rest of that kind.

But they define these in this manner. Envy, they say, is a grief arising from the prosperous circumstances of another, which are no ways detrimental to the person who envies: for where any one grieves at the prosperity of another, by which he is injured, such a one is not properly said to envy; as when Agamemnon grieves at Hector's success: but where any one, who is no ways hurt by the prosperity of another, is in pain at

his success, such an one envies indeed. Now that emulation is taken in a double sense, so that the same word may stand for praise and dispraise: for the imitation of virtue is called emulation; but that sense of it I shall have no occasion for here; for that carries praise with it. Emulation is also grief at another's enjoying what I desired to have, and am without. Detraction, (and I mean by that jealousy,) is a grief even at another's enjoying what I had a great inclination for. Pity is a grief at the misery of another, who suffers wrongfully: no one grieves at the punishment of a parricide, or of a betrayer of his country. Vexation is a pressing grief. Mourning is a grief at the bitter death of one who was dear to you. Sadness is a grief attended with tears. Tribulation is a painful grief. Sorrow, an excruciating grief. Lamentation, a grief where we loudly bewail ourselves. Solicitude, a pensive grief. Trouble, a continued grief. Affliction, a grief that harasses the body. Despair, a grief that excludes all hope of better things to come. What is included under fear, they define to be sloth, which is a dread of some ensuing labour: shame and terror, that affects the body; hence blushing attends shame; a paleness and tremor, and chattering of the teeth, terror: cowardice, an apprehension of some approaching evil; dread, a fear that unhinges the mind, whence comes that of Ennius,

Then dread discharg'd all wisdom from my mind:

Fainting is the associate and constant attendant on dread: confusion, a fear that drives away all thought; astonishment, a continued fear.

The parts they assign to pleasure come under this description, that malevolence is a pleasure in the misfortunes of another without any advantage to yourself: delight, a pleasure that soothes the mind by agreeable impressions on the ear. What is said of the ear, may be applied to the sight, to the touch, smell, and taste. All of this kind are a sort of melting pleasures that dissolve the mind. Boasting is a pleasure that consists in making an appearance, and setting off yourself with insolence. What comes under lust they define in this manner. Anger is a lust of punishing any one we imagine has injured us without cause. Heat is anger just forming

and beginning to exist, which the Greeks call *thumōsis*. Hatred is a settled anger. Enmity is anger waiting for an opportunity of revenge. Discord is a sharper anger conceived deep in the mind and heart. Want, an insatiable lust. Desire, is when one eagerly wishes to see a person who is absent. Now here they have a distinction: desire is a lust conceived on hearing of certain things reported of some one, or of many, which the Greeks call predicated; as that they are in possession of riches and honours: but want is a lust for those very honours and riches. But they make intemperance the fountain of all these perturbations: which is an absolute revolt from the mind and right reason: a state so averse to all prescriptions of reason, that the appetites of the mind are by no means to be governed and restrained. As therefore temperance appeases these desires, making them obey right reason, and maintains the well-weighed judgments of the mind; so intemperance, which is in opposition to this, inflames, confounds, and puts every state of the mind into a violent motion. Thus grief and fear, and every other perturbation of the mind, have their rise from intemperance.

Just as distempers and sickness are bred in the body from the corruption of the blood, and the too great abundance of phlegm and bile; so the mind is deprived of its health, and disordered with sickness, from a confusion of depraved opinions, that are in opposition to one another. From these perturbations arise, first, diseases, which they call *nosēmata*; in opposition to these are certain faulty distastes or loathings; then sicknesses, which are called *arrhōstēmata* by the Stoics; and these two have their opposite aversions. Here the Stoics, especially Chrysippus, give themselves unnecessary trouble to show the analogy the diseases of the mind have with those of the body: but, overlooking all that they say as of little consequence, I shall treat only of the thing itself. Let us then understand perturbation to imply a restlessness from the variety and confusion of contradictory opinions; and that when this heat and disturbance of the mind is of any standing, and has taken up its residence, as it were, in the veins and marrow, **then** commence diseases and sickness, and those aversions **which are in opposition to them.**

What I say here may be distinguished in thought, though they are in fact the same; and have their rise from lust and joy. For should money be the object of our desire, and should we not instantly apply to reason, Socrates' medicine to heal this desire, the evil slides into our veins, and cleaves to our bowels, and from thence proceeds a distemper or sickness, which, when of any continuance, is incurable. The name of this disease is covetousness. It is the same with other diseases; as the desire of glory, a passion for women, if I may so call *philoguneia*; and thus all other diseases and sicknesses are generated. Now, the contrary of these are supposed to have fear for their foundation, as a hatred of women, such as is the Woman-hater of Atilius: or the hating the whole human species, as Timon is reported to have done, whom they called the Misanthrope. Of the same kind is inhospitality. All which diseases proceed from a certain dread of such things as they hate and avoid. But they define sickness of mind to be an overweening opinion, and that fixed and settled, of something as very desirable, which is by no means so. What proceeds from aversion, they define thus: a vehement conceit of something to be avoided, when there is no reason for avoiding it; and thus a fixed and settled conceit. Now this conceit is a persuasion that you know what you are ignorant of. But this sickness is attended with something like these; covetousness, ambition, a passion for women, wilfulness, gluttony, drunkenness, luxury, conceit, and the like. For covetousness is a vehement imagination of money, which strongly possesses you that it is a very desirable thing: and in like manner they define other things of the same kind. The definitions of aversions are after this sort; inhospitality is a vehement opinion, with which you are strongly possessed, that you should avoid a stranger. Thus too the hatred of women, like Hippolitus's, is defined, and the hatred of the human species, like Timon's.

But to come to the analogy of the state of body and mind, which I shall sometimes make use of, though more sparingly than the Stoics: as some are more inclined to particular disorders than others. Thus we say, that some are rheumatic, others dropsical, not because they are so at present, but because they are often so: some are more inclined to fear, others to

some other perturbation. Thus in some there is an anxiety, whence they are anxious; in some a hastiness of temper, which differs from anger, as anxiety differs from anguish: for all are not anxious who are sometimes vexed; nor are they who are anxious always uneasy in that manner: as there is a difference betwixt being drunk, and drunkenness; and it is one thing to be a lover, another to be given to women. And this disposition of some to particular disorders, is very extensive: for it relates to all perturbations; it appears in many vices, though it has no name: some are therefore said to be envious, malevolent, spiteful, fearful, pitiful, from a propensity to those perturbations, not from their being always carried away by them. Now this propensity to these particular disorders may be called a sickness, from analogy with the body; that is, nothing more than a propensity towards sickness. But with regard to whatever is good, as some are more inclined to different goods than others, we may call this a facility or tendency: this tendency to evil is a proclivity or inclination to falling: but where any thing is neither good, nor bad, it may have the former name.

Even as there may be, with respect to the body, a disease, a sickness, and a defect; so it is with the mind. They call that a disease where the whole body is corrupted: sickness, where a disease is attended with a weakness: a defect, where the parts of the body are not well compacted together; from whence it follows, that the members are mis-shaped, crooked, and deformed. So that these two, 'a disease and sickness, proceed from a violent concussion and perturbation of the health of the whole body; but a defect discovers itself, even when the body is in perfect health. But a disease of the mind is distinguishable only in thought from a sickness. A viciousness is a habit or affection discordant and inconsistent throughout life. Thus it happens, that a disease and sickness may arise from one kind of corruption of opinions; from another inconstancy and inconsistency. For every vice of the mind doth not imply a disunion of parts; as is the case with those who are not far from wise men: with them there is that affection which is inconsistent with itself whilst it is witless, but it is not distorted, nor depraved. But diseases and sick-

nesses are parts of viciousness: but it is a question whether perturbations are parts of the same: for vices are permanent affections: perturbations are affections that are restless; so that they cannot be parts of permanent affections. As there is some analogy between the nature of the body and mind in evil, so in good: for the distinctions of the body are beauty, strength, health, firmness, quickness of motion; the same may be said of the mind. The body is said to be in a good state, when all those things on which health depends, are consistent: the same may be said of the mind, when its judgments and opinions are not at variance. And this union is the virtue of the mind: which, according to some, is temperance itself; others make it consist in an obedience to the precepts of temperance, and a complying with them, not allowing it to be any distinct species of itself: but be it one or the other, it is to be found only in a wise man. But there is a certain soundness of mind, which a fool may have, when the perturbation of his mind is removed by the care and management of his physicians. And, as what is called beauty arises from an exact proportion of the limbs, together with a sweetness of complexion, so the beauty of the mind consists in an equality and constancy of opinions and judgments, joined to a certain firmness and stability, pursuing virtue, or containing within itself the very essence of virtue. Besides, we give the very same names to the faculties of the mind, as we do to the powers of the body, the nerves, and other powers of action. Thus the velocity of the body is called swiftness: a praise we entitle the mind to, from its running over in its thoughts so many things in so short a time.

Herein indeed the mind and body are unlike: that though the mind when in perfect health may be visited by sickness, as the body may, yet the body may be disordered without our fault, the mind cannot. For all the disorders and perturbations of the mind proceed from a neglect of reason; these disorders therefore are confined to men; the beasts are not subject to perturbations, though they act sometimes as if they had reason. There is a difference too, betwixt ingenious and dull men; the ingenious, like the Corinthian brass, which is long before it receives rust, are longer before they fall into

these perturbations, and are recovered sooner: the case is different with the dull. Nor doth the mind of an ingenious man fall into every kind of perturbation, never into any that are brutish and savage: some of their perturbations have the appearance of humanity, as mercy, grief, and fear. The sicknesses and diseases of the mind are thought to be harder to pluck up, than those leading vices which are in opposition to virtues: for vices may be removed, though the diseases of the mind should continue, which diseases are not cured with that expedition vices are removed. I have now acquainted you with what the Stoics dispute with such exactness: which they call logic, from their close arguing; and since my discourse has got clear of these rocks, I will proceed with the remainder of it, provided I have been sufficiently clear in what I have already said, considering the obscurity of the subject I have treated. *A.* Clear enough; but should there be occasion for a more exact enquiry, I shall take another opportunity: I expect you to hoist your sail, as you just now called it, and proceed on your course.

M. Since I have before said of virtue in other places, and shall often have occasion to say (for a great many questions that relate to life and manners arise from the spring of virtue); since, I say, virtue consists in a settled and uniform affection of mind, bringing praise to those who are possessed of her; she herself, independent of any thing else, without regard to any advantage, must be praiseworthy; for from her proceed good inclinations, opinions, actions, and the whole of right reason; though virtue may be defined in few words to be right reason itself. The opposite to this is viciousness, (for so I choose to define what the Greeks call *kakian*, rather than perverseness; for perverseness is the name of a particular vice; but viciousness includes all) from whence arise those perturbations, which, as I just now said, are turbid and violent motions of the mind, repugnant to reason, and enemies in a high degree to the peace of the mind, and a tranquil life: for they introduce piercing cares, afflicting and debilitating the mind through fear; they violently inflame our appetites; occasioning that impotence of mind, utterly different from temperance and moderation, which I sometimes call desire, sometimes lust, which, should it attain its desires, becomes so elate, that

it loses all its resolution, and knows not what to pursue; so that he was in the right who said, "that too great a joy was founded on a great mistake." Virtue then alone can effect the cure of these evils.

For what is not only more miserable, but more base and sordid, than a man afflicted, weakened, and oppressed with grief? Little short of this misery is one who dreads some approaching evil, and who, through faintheartedness, is under continual suspense. The poets, to express the greatness of this evil, imagine a stone to hang over the head of Tantalus, for his wickedness, his pride, and his boasting. Folly is punished generally in the same way; for there hangs over the head of every one who revolts from reason something of this kind, either grief or fear. And as these perturbations of the mind, grief and fear, are of a poisonous nature; so those two others, though of a more merry cast (I mean lust, which is always coveting, and empty mirth, which is an exulting joy,) differ very little from madness. Hence you may understand what I mean by calling a man sometimes moderate, then modest or temperate, at another time constant and virtuous; sometimes I would include all these names in the word frugality, as the crown of all. For if that word did not include all virtues, it would never have been proverbial to say, that a frugal man doth every thing right; which, when the Stoics apply to their wise man, they seem to exalt him too much, and to speak of him with too much admiration.

Whoever then, through moderation and constancy, is at rest in his mind, and in calm possession of himself, so as neither to pine with care, nor be dejected with fear, neither to be inflamed with desire, nor dissolved by extravagant joy, such a one is the very wise man we enquire after, the happy man: to whom nothing in this life seems so intolerable as to depress him; nothing so exquisite as to transport him. For what is there in this life that can appear great to him, who has acquainted himself with eternity, and the utmost extent of the universe? For What is there in human knowledge, or the short span of this life, that can appear great to a wise man? whose mind is always so upon its guard, that nothing can befall him unforeseen, nothing unexpected, nothing new.

Such a one takes so exact a survey on all sides of him, that he always knows how to dispose of himself, without anxiety, or any care about this world, and entertains every accident that befalls him with a becoming calmness. Whoever conducts himself in this manner, will be void of grief, and every other perturbation: and a mind free from these renders men completely happy: whereas a mind disordered and drawn off from right and unerring reason, loses at once, not only its resolution, but its health. Therefore the thoughts and declarations of the Peripatetics are soft and effeminate, for they say that the mind must necessarily be agitated, but confine it within a certain degree. And do you set bounds to vice? What! is not every disobedience to reason a vice? doth not reason sufficiently declare, that there is no real good which you should too ardently desire, or the possession of which should transport you: or any evil that should dispirit you, or, that the suspicion of it should distract you? and that all these things assume too melancholy, or too cheerful an appearance through our own error? But if fools find this error lessened by time, so that, though the cause remains the same, they are not in the same manner, after some time, as they were at first affected; a wise man ought not to be influenced at all by it. But what are those degrees we are to limit it by? Let us fix these degrees in grief, a subject much canvassed. Fannius writes that P. Rutilius took it much to heart, that his brother was refused the consulate: but he seems to have been too much affected by it; for it was the occasion of his death: he ought therefore to have borne it with more moderation. But let us suppose, that whilst he bore this with moderation, the death of his children had intervened; here would have started a fresh grief, which, admitting it to be moderate in itself, yet still it would be a great addition to the other. Now to these let us add some acute pains of body, the loss of his fortunes, blindness, banishment: supposing then each misfortune to occasion an additional grief, the whole would be insupportable.

The man who attempts to set bounds to vice, acts like one who should throw himself headlong from Leucate, persuaded he could stop himself whenever he pleased. Now, as that is

impossible, so a perturbed and disordered mind cannot refrain itself, and stop where it pleases. Certainly whatever is bad in its increase, is bad in its birth: now grief, and all other perturbations, are doubtless baneful in their progress, and have therefore no small share of infection at the beginning; for they go on of themselves when once they depart from reason, for every weakness is self-indulgent, and indiscreetly launches out, and doth not know where to stop. Wherefore the difference is small betwixt approving of moderate perturbations of mind, and moderate injustice, moderate cowardice, moderate intemperance. For whoever prescribes bounds to vice, admits of a part of it, which, as it is odious of itself, becomes the more so as it stands on slippery ground, and being once set forward, slides headlong, and cannot by any means be stopped.

But what if the Peripatetics, whilst we say that these perturbations should be extirpated, not only say they are natural, but that they were given by nature to a good purpose. They usually talk in this manner. In the first place, they say much in praise of anger; they call it the whetstone of courage, and they say that angry men exert themselves most against an enemy or bad citizen: that those reasons are of little weight which depend on reflection, such as, It is a just war, it becomes us to fight for our laws, our liberties, our country; they will allow no force in these, unless our courage is warmed by anger. Nor do they confine their argument to warriors: but their opinion is, that no one can issue any rigid commands without some mixture of anger. In short, they have no notion, even of an orator either accusing or defending, without being spurred on by anger. And though it should not be real, they think his words and gesture must carry the appearance of it, that the action of the orator may excite this passion in his hearer. And they deny that any man was ever seen, who doth not know what it is to be angry: and they name what we call lenity, by the bad appellation of indolence: nor do they commend only this lust (for anger is, as I defined it above, the lust of revenge), but they maintain that kind of lust or desire to be given us by nature for very good purposes: that no one can execute any thing well but what he is in earnest about. Themistocles used to walk in the public places in the night, because he could not sleep: and

when asked the reason, his answer was, that Miltiades' trophies kept him awake. Who has not heard how Demosthenes used to watch? who said it gave him pain, if any mechanic was up in a morning at his work before him. Lastly, that some of the greatest philosophers had never made that progress in their studies, but from an ardent desire. We are informed that Pythagoras, Democritus, and Plato, visited the remotest parts of the world; they thought that they ought to go wherever any thing was to be learned. Now it is not conceivable that these things could be effected but by the greatest ardour of mind.

They say that even grief, which we describe as a monstrous fierce beast, and to be avoided as such, was appointed by nature, not without some good purpose: that men should lament when they had committed a fault, well knowing they had exposed themselves to correction, rebuke, and ignominy. For they think those who can bear ignominy and infamy without pain, are at liberty to commit what crimes they please: for with them, reproach is a stronger check than conscience. From whence we have that in Afranius, borrowed from common life; for when the abandoned son saith, Wretched that I am! the severe father replies,

Let him but grieve, no matter what the cause.

And they say the other diseases of the mind have their use; pity incites us to the assistance of others, and to alleviate the calamities of men, who undeservedly fall into them: that even envy and defamation are not without their use; as when you see one attain what you cannot, or observe another on a footing with yourself: that, should you take away fear, you would supplant all diligence in life; which those use most who are afraid of the laws and the magistrates, who dread poverty, ignominy, death, and pain. But when they argue thus, they allow of their being retrenched, though they deny that they either can, or should be plucked up by the roots: so that their opinion is, that mediocrity is best in every thing. When they reason in this manner, what think you? do they say something or nothing? *A.* To me they say something; I wait therefore to hear what you will say to them.

M. Perhaps I may find something: but this first; do you take notice with what modesty the Academics behave themselves? for they speak plainly to the purpose. The Peripatetics are answered by the Stoics; they have my leave to fight it out; who think myself no otherwise concerned than to enquire after probabilities. The business is, then, if we can meet with any thing in this question that touches on the probable, beyond which human nature cannot proceed. The definition of a perturbation, as Zeno, I think, has rightly determined it, is thus: That a perturbation is a commotion of the mind against nature, in opposition to right reason; or shorter thus, that a perturbation is a more vehement appetite; that is called more vehement which is at a greater distance from the constant course of nature. What can I say to these definitions? the most part of them we have from those who dispute with sagacity and acuteness: some indeed, such as the ‘ardours of the mind,’ and ‘the whetstones of virtue,’ savour of the pomp of rhetoricians. As to the question, if a brave man can maintain his courage without becoming angry; it may be questioned with regard to the gladiators: though we observe much resolution even in them; they meet, converse, they agree about terms, so that they seem rather placid than angry. But let us admit some Placideianus of that trade, to be in such a mind, as Lucilius relates of him,

If for his blood you thirst, the task be mine;
His laurels at my feet he shall resign;
Not but I know, before I reach his heart,
First on myself a wound he will impart.
I hate the man; enrag’d I fight, and strait
In action we had been, but that I wait
Till each his sword had fitted to his hand,
My rage I scarce can keep within command.

But we see Ajax in Homer advancing to meet Hector in battle cheerfully, without any of this boisterous wrath, who had no sooner taken up his arms, but the first step he made inspired his associates with joy, his enemies with fear: that even Hector, as he is represented by Homer, trembling condemned himself for having challenged him to fight. Yet

these conversed together, calmly and quietly, before they engaged; nor did they show any anger, or outrageous behaviour during the combat. Nor do I imagine that Torquatus, the first who obtained this surname, was in a rage, when he plundered the Gaul of his collar: or that Marcellus' courage at Clastidium was owing to his anger. I could almost swear, that Africanus, whom we are better acquainted with, from the freshness of his memory, was no ways inflamed by anger, when he covered Alienus Pelignus with his shield, and drove his sword into the enemy's breast. There may be some doubt of L. Brutus, if, through infinite hatred of the tyrant, he might not attack Aruns with more rashness, for I observed they mutually killed each other in close fight. Why then do you call in the assistance of anger? would courage, should it not begin to madden, lose its energy? What? do you imagine Hercules, whom the very courage, which you would have to be angry, preferred to heaven, was angry when he engaged the Erymanthian boar, or the Nemean lion? or was Theseus in a passion when he seized on the horns of the Marathonian bull? Take care how you make courage to depend in the least on rage; when anger is altogether irrational, and that is not courage which is void of reason.

We ought to hold all things here in contempt; death is to be looked on with indifference; pains and labours as tolerable. When these are established on judgment and conviction, then will that stout and firm courage take place: unless you attribute to anger whatever is done with vehemence, alacrity, and spirit. To me indeed that very Scipio who was chief priest, that favourer of the saying of the Stoics, 'that no private man could be a wise man,' doth not seem to be angry with Tiberius Gracchus, even when he left the consul in a languishing condition, and, though a private man himself, commanded, with the authority of a consul, that all who meant well to the republic should follow him. I do not know whether I have done any thing in the republic that has the appearance of courage; but if I have, I certainly did not do it in wrath. Doth any thing come nearer madness than anger? which Ennius has well defined, the beginning of madness. The changing colour, the alteration of our voice, the look of our eyes, our manner of

fetching our breath, the little command we have over our words and actions, how little do they partake of a sound mind! What can make a worse appearance than Homer's Achilles, or Agamemnon, during the quarrel. And as to Ajax, anger drove him into downright madness, and was the occasion of his death. Courage therefore doth not want the patronage of anger; it is sufficiently provided, armed, and prepared of itself. We may as well say that drunkenness, or madness, is of service to courage, because those who are mad or drunk do a great many things often with more vehemence. Ajax was always brave, but most so when in a passion:

The greatest feat that Ajax e'er achiev'd
Was, when his single arm the Greeks relieved.
Quitting the field; urg'd on by rising rage,
Forc'd the declining troops again t'engage.

Shall we say then that madness has its use? Examine the definitions of courage: you will find it doth not require the assistance of passion. Courage is, then, an affection of mind, that bears all things with subjection to the chief law; or a firm maintenance of judgment in supporting or repelling every thing that has a formidable appearance, or knowing what is formidable or otherwise, and by maintaining invariably such a sense of them, as to bear them, or despise them; or, in fewer words according to Chrysippus: (for the above definition are Sphærus's, one of the first ability in defining, as the Stoics think: but they are all pretty much alike, they give us only common notions, some one way, and some another.) But what is Chrysippus's definition? Fortitude saith he, is the knowledge of all things that are bearable: or an affection of the mind, which bears and supports every thing in obedience to the chief law of reason, without fear. Now, though we should take the same liberty with these, as Carneades used to do, I fear they will be the only philosophers: for which of these definitions doth not explain that obscure and intricate notion of courage which every man conceives within himself? which being thus explained, what can a warrior, a commander, or an orator, want more? and no one can think but that they will behave themselves courageously without anger. What?

do not even the Stoics, who maintain that all fools are mad, make the same inferences? for, take away perturbations, especially a hastiness of temper, and they will appear to talk very absurdly. But what they assert is thus: they say that all fools are mad, as all dunghills stink; not that they always do so, but stir them, and you will perceive it. Thus a hot man is not always in a passion; but provoke him, and you will see him run mad. Now, that very anger, which is of such service in war, what is its use at home with his wife, children, and family? Is there, then, any thing that a perturbed mind can do better than that which is calm and steady? or can any one be angry without a perturbation of mind? Our people then were in the right, who, as all vices depend on our morals, and nothing is worse than a testy disposition, called angry men alone morose.

Anger is in no wise becoming in an orator; it is not amiss to affect it. Do you imagine I am angry when I plead with unusual vehemence and sharpness? What? when I write out my speeches after all is over and past? Or do you think Æsopus was ever angry when he acted, or Accius was so when he wrote? They act indeed very well, but the orator better than the player, provided he be really an orator: but then they carry it on without passion, and with a composed mind. But what wantonness is it to commend lust? You produce Themistocles and Demosthenes: to these you add Pythagoras, Democritus, and Plato. What, do you call studies lust? Now, should these studies be of the most excellent turn, as those were which you mentioned, they ought however to be composed and tranquil: and what kind of philosophers are they who commend grief, than which nothing is more detestable? Afranius has said much to their purpose,

Let him but grieve, no matter what the cause.

But he spoke this of a debauched and dissolute youth: but we are inquiring after a constant and wise man. We may even allow a centurion, or standard-bearer, to be angry, or any others, whom, not to explain the mysteries of the rhetoricians, I shall not mention here, for to touch the passions, where

reason cannot be come at, may have its use; but my enquiry, as I often aver, is of a wise man.

But even envy, detraction, pity, have their use. Why should you pity rather than assist, if it is in your power? Is it because you cannot be liberal without pity? We should not take cares on ourselves upon another's account; but ease others of their grief if we can. But that detraction, or that vicious emulation, which resembles a rivalry, of what use is it? Now envy implies being uneasy at another's good, and that because he enjoys it. How can it be right, that you should voluntarily grieve, rather than take the trouble of acquiring what you want to have; for it is madness in the highest degree, to desire to be the only one that has it. But who can with correctness speak in praise of a mediocrity of evils? Can any one in whom there is lust or desire, be otherwise than libidinous or desirous? or not be angry, where any vexation is, not to be vexed? or where fear is, not to be fearful? Do we look then on the libidinous, the angry, the anxious, and the timid man, as persons of wisdom? of whose excellence I could speak very largely and copiously, but wish to be as short as possible. Thus, that wisdom is an acquaintance with all divine and human affairs, or a knowledge of the cause of every thing. Hence it is, that it imitates what is divine, and holds all human concerns as inferior to virtue. Did you then say that it was your opinion that such a man was as naturally liable to perturbation as the sea is exposed to winds? What is there that can discompose such gravity and constancy? Any thing sudden or unforeseen? How can any thing of this kind befall one, to whom nothing is sudden that can happen to man? Now, as to their saying that redundancies should be pared off, and only what is natural remain; what, I pray you, can be natural, which may be too exuberant? All these proceed from the roots of errors, which must be entirely plucked up and destroyed, not pared and lopt off.

But as I suspect that your enquiry is more with regard to yourself than the wise man, for you allow him to be free from all perturbations, and would willingly yourself be so too; let us see what remedies may be applied by philosophy to the diseases of the mind. There is certainly some remedy; nor

has nature been so unkind to the human race, as to have discovered so many salutary things for the body, and none for the mind. She has even been kinder to the mind than the body; inasmuch as you must seek abroad for the assistance the body requires; the mind has all within itself. But by how much more excellent and divine the mind is, it requires the more diligence; which, when it is well applied, it discovers what is best; when neglected, is involved in many errors. I shall apply then all my discourse to you; for though you appear to enquire about the wise man, your enquiry may possibly be about yourself. Various, then, are the cures of those perturbations which I have expounded; for every disorder is not to be appeased the same way;—one medicine must be applied to one who mourns, another to the pitiful, another to the person who envies; for there is this difference to be maintained in all the four perturbations; we are to consider, whether the cure is to be applied, as to a perturbation in general, that is, a contempt of reason, or vehement appetite: or whether it would be better directed to particular perturbations, as to fear, lust, and the rest: whether that is not to be much affected by that which occasioned the grief, or whether every kind of grief is not to be entirely set aside. As, should any one grieve that he is poor, the question is, would you maintain poverty to be no evil, or would you contend that a man ought not to grieve at any thing? Certainly this is best; for should you not convince him with regard to poverty, you must allow him to grieve: but if you remove grief by particular arguments, such as I used yesterday, the evil of poverty is in some manner removed.

But any perturbation of the mind of this sort may be, as it were, wiped away by this method of appeasing the mind: by showing that there is no good in what gave rise to joy and lust, nor any evil in what occasioned fear or grief. But certainly the most effectual cure is, by showing that all perturbations are of themselves vicious, and have nothing natural or necessary in them. As we see grief itself is easily softened, when we charge those who grieve with weakness, and an effeminate mind: or when we commend the gravity and constancy of those who bear calmly whatever befalls them here,

which indeed is generally the case with those who look on these as real evils, but yet think they should be borne with resignation. One imagines pleasure to be a good, another money; and yet the one may be called off from intemperance, the other from covetousness. The other method and address, which, at the same time that it removes the false opinion, withdraws the disorder, has more subtilty in it: but it seldom succeeds, and is not applicable to vulgar minds, for there are some diseases which that medicine can by no means remove. For, should any one be uneasy that he is without virtue, without courage, void of duty, or honesty: his anxiety proceeds from a real evil, and yet we must apply another method of cure to him; and such a one as all the philosophers, however they may differ about other things, agree in. For they must necessarily consent to this, that commotion of the mind in opposition to right reason are vicious: that, even admitting those things not to be evils, which occasion fear or grief; nor those good which provoke desire or joy, yet that very commotion itself is vicious: for we mean by the expressions magnanimous and brave, one who is resolute, sedate, grave, and superior to every thing in this life: but one who either grieves, fears, covets, or is transported with passion, cannot come under that denomination; for these things are consistent only with those who look on the things of this world as an overmatch for their minds.

Wherefore, as I before said, the philosophers have all one method of cure; that nothing is to be said to that, whatever it is, that disturbs the mind, but concerning the perturbation itself. Thus, first, with regard to desire; when the business is only to remove that, the enquiry is not to be, whether that be good or evil, which provokes lust; but lust itself is to be removed: so that, whether honesty be the chief good, or pleasure, or whether it consists in both these together, or in the other three kinds of goods, yet, should there be in any one too vehement an appetite of even virtue itself, the whole discourse should be directed to the deterring him from that vehemence. But human nature, when placed in a conspicuous view, gives us every argument for appeasing the mind; and to make this the more distinct, the laws and conditions of life should be

explained in our discourse. Therefore it was not without reason, that Socrates is reported, when Euripides acquainted him with his play, called Orestes, to have begged that the three first verses might be repeated :

What tragic story men can mournful tell,
Whate'er from fate or from the gods befel,
That human nature can support——

But in order to persuade those to whom any misfortune has happened, that they can and ought to bear it, it is very useful to set before them others who have borne the like. Indeed, the method of appeasing grief was explained in my dispute of yesterday, and in my book of Consolation, which I wrote in the midst of my own grief, for I was not the wise man: and applied this, notwithstanding Chrysippus's advice to the contrary, who is against applying a medicine to the fresh swellings of the mind; but I did it, and committed a violence on nature, that the greatness of my grief might give way to the greatness of the medicine.

But fear borders upon grief, of which I have already said enough: but I must say a little more on that. Now, as grief proceeds from what is present, so fear from future evil: so that some have said that fear is a certain part of grief: others have called fear the harbinger of trouble; which, as it were, introduces the ensuing evil. Now the reasons that make what is present tolerable, make what is to come of little weight: for with regard to both, we should take care to do nothing low or grovelling, soft or effeminate, mean or abject. But notwithstanding we should speak of the inconstancy, imbecility, and levity of fear itself, yet it is of greater service to despise those very things we are afraid of. So that it fell out very well, whether it was by accident or design, that I disputed the first and second day on death and pain; two things that are the most dreaded: now, if what I then said was approved of, we are in a great degree freed from fear. And thus far, on the opinion of evils.

Proceed we now to goods, *i. e.* joy and desire. To me, indeed, one thing alone seems to take in the cause of all that relates to the perturbations of the mind; that all perturbations

are in our own power; that they are taken up upon opinion; and are voluntary. This error then must be discharged; this opinion removed: and, as with regard to imagined evils, we are to make them more tolerable, so with respect to goods, we are to lessen the violent effects of those things which are called great and joyous. But one thing is to be observed, that equally relates both to good and evil: that, should it be difficult to persuade any one, that none of those things which disturb the mind are to be looked on as good or evil, yet a different cure is to be applied to different motions; and the malevolent person is to be corrected by one way of reasoning, the lover by another, the anxious man by another, and the fearful by another: and it were easy for any one who pursues the best approved method of reasoning, with regard to good and evil, to maintain that no fool can be affected with joy, as he never can have any thing good. But, at present, my discourse proceeds upon the common received notions. Let, then, honours, riches, pleasures, and the rest, be the very good things they are imagined; yet a too elevated and exulting joy on the possessing them is unbecoming; for, though it were allowable to laugh, a loud laugh would be indecent. Thus a mind enlarged by joy, is as blameable as a contraction of it in grief: and longing is of equal levity with the joy of possessing; and as those who are too dejected are said to be effeminate, so they who are too elate with joy, are properly called volatile: and as envy partakes of grief, so to be pleased with another's misfortune, of joy; and both these are usually corrected, by showing the wildness and insensibility of them. And as it becomes a man to be cautious, but it is unbecoming to be fearful; so to be pleased is proper, but to be joyful improper. I have, that I might be the better understood, distinguished pleasure from joy. I have already said above, that a contraction of the mind can never be right, but an elation may: for the joy of Hector in Nævius is one thing,

'Tis joy indeed to hear my praises sung
By you, who are the theme of honour's tongue.

But that of the character in Trabea another. "The kind procuress, allured by my money, will observe my nod, will watch

my desires, and study my will. If I but move the door with my little finger, instantly it flies open; and if Chrysis should unexpectedly discover me, she will run with joy to meet me, and throw herself into my arms."

Now he will tell you how excellent he thinks this:

Not even fortune herself is so fortunate.

Any one who attends the least to it will be convinced how unbecoming this joy is. And as they are very shameful, who are immoderately delighted with the enjoyment of venereal pleasures; so are they very scandalous, who lust vehemently after them. And all that which is commonly called love (and believe me I can find out no other name to call it by) is of such levity, that nothing, I think, is to be compared to it; of which Cæcilius——

I hold the man of every sense beriev'd,
Who grants not love to be of gods the chief:
Whose mighty power whate'er is good effects,
Who gives to each his beauty and defects:
Hence health and sickness; wit and folly hence,
The God that love and hatred doth dispense!

An excellent corrector of life this same poetry! which thinks that love, the promoter of debauchery and vanity, should have a place in the council of the gods. I am speaking of comedy: which could not subsist at all, but on our approving of these debaucheries. But what said that chief of the Argonauts in tragedy?

My life I owe to honour less than love.

What then? this love of Medea, what a train of miseries did it occasion! and yet the same woman has the assurance to say to her father, in another poet, that she had a husband

Dearer by love than ever fathers were.

But let us allow the poets to trifle: in whose fables we see Jupiter himself engaged in these debaucheries: apply we then to the masters of virtue, the philosophers who deny love to be any thing carnal; and in this they differ from Epicurus, who, I think, is not much mistaken. For what is that

love of friendship? How comes it, that no one is in love with a deformed young man, or a handsome old one? I am of opinion, that this love of men had its rise from the Gymnastics of the Greeks, where these kinds of loves are free and allowed of: therefore Ennius spoke well;

The censure of this crime to those is due,
Who naked bodies first expos'd to view:

Now supposing them chaste, which I think is hardly possible; they are uneasy and distressed, and the more so, as they contain and refrain themselves. But to pass over the love of women, where nature has allowed more liberty; who can misunderstand the poets in their rape of Ganymede, or not apprehend what Laius saith, and what he would be at, in Euripides? Lastly, what the principal poets and the most learned have published of themselves in their poems and songs? What doth Alcus, who was distinguished in his own republic for his bravery, write on the love of young men? and all Anacreon's poetry is on love. But Ibycus of Rhegium appears, from his writings, to have had this love stronger on him than all the rest.

Now we see that the loves of these were libidinous. There have arisen some amongst us philosophers, (and Plato is at the head of them, whom Dicæarchus blames not without reason) who have countenanced love. The Stoics in truth say, not only that their wise man may be a lover, but they also define love itself to be an endeavour of making friendship from the appearance of beauty. Now, provided there is any one in the nature of things, without desire, without care, without a sigh; such a one may be a lover: for he is free from all lust: but I have nothing to say to him, as lust is my subject. But should there be any love, as there certainly is, which is but little short, if at all, of madness, such as his in the Leucadia:

Should there be any god whose care I am:

it is incumbent on all the gods to see that he enjoys his amorous pleasure.

Wretch that I am!

Nothing truer, and he saith very well.

What, are you sane, lamenting at this rate?

He seems even to his friends to be out of his senses? then how tragical he becomes!

Thy aid, divine Apollo, I implore,
And thine, dread ruler of the wat'ry store!
Oh! all ye winds, assist me!

He thinks the whole world should be overturned to help his love: he excludes Venus alone as unkind to him: 'Thy aid, O Venus, why should I invoke?' He thinks Venus too much employed in her own lust, to have regard to any thing else, as if he himself had not said, and committed these shameful things from lust.

Now the cure for one affected in this manner, is to show, how light, how contemptible, how very trifling he is in what he desires; how he may turn his affections to another object, or accomplish his desires by some other means, or that he may entirely disregard it; sometimes he is to be led away to things of another kind, to study, business, or other different engagements and concerns: very often the cure is effected by change of place, as sick people, that have not recovered their strength. Some think an old love may be driven out by a new one, as one nail drives out another: but he should be principally advised, what madness love is: for of all the perturbations of the mind, nothing is more vehement; though, without charging it with rapes, debaucheries, adultery, or even incest, the baseness of any of these being very blameable; yet, I say, not to mention these, the very perturbation of the mind in love, is base of itself, for, to pass over all its mad tricks; those very things which are looked on as indifferent, what weakness do they argue? "Affronts, jealousies, jars, parleys, wars, then peace again. Now, for you to ask advice to love by, is all one as if you should ask advice to run mad by." Now is not this inconstancy and mutability of mind enough to deter one by its own deformity? We are to demonstrate, as was said of every perturbation, that it consists entirely in opinion and judgment, and is owing to ourselves. For if love were natural, all would be in love,

and always so, and love the same object; nor would one be deterred by shame; another by reflection, another by satiety.

Anger, too, when it disturbs the mind any time, leaves no room to doubt its being madness: by the instigation of which, we see such contention as this between brothers.

Where was there ever impudence like thine?
Who on thy malice ever could refine?

You know what follows: for abuses are thrown out by these brothers, with great bitterness, in every other verse; so that you may easily know them for the sons of Atreus, of that Atreus who invented a new punishment for his brother:

I, who his cruel heart to gall am bent,
Some new, unheard-of torment must invent.

Now what were these inventions? Hear Thyestes.

My impious brother fain would have me eat
My children, and thus serves them up for meat.

To what length now will not anger go? even as far as madness. Therefore we say properly enough, that angry men have given up their power, that is, they are out of the power of advice, reason, and understanding: for these ought to have power over the whole mind. Now you should put those out of the way, whom they endeavour to attack, till they have recollected themselves; but what doth recollection here imply, but getting together the dispersed parts of their mind? or they are to be begged and intreated, if they have the means of revenge, to defer it to another opportunity, till their anger cools. But the expression of cooling implies, certainly, that there was a heat raised there in opposition to reason: from whence that saying of Archytas is commended: who being somewhat provoked at his steward, 'How would I have treated you,' saith he, 'if I had not been in a passion?'

Where then are they who say that anger has its use? Can madness be of any use? But still it is natural. Can any thing be natural that is against reason? or how is it, if anger is natural, that one is more inclined to anger than another? or how is it, that the lust of revenge should cease before it

has revenged itself? or that any one should repent of what he had done in a passion? as we see Alexander could scarce keep his hands from himself, when he had killed his favourite Clytus: so great was his compunction! Now who, that is acquainted with these, can doubt but that this motion of the mind is altogether in opinion and voluntary? for who can doubt but that disorders of the mind, such as covetousness, a desire of glory, arise from a great estimation of those things, by which the mind is disordered? from whence we may understand, that every perturbation is founded in opinion. And if boldness, *i.e.* a firm assurance of mind, is a kind of knowledge and serious opinion, not hastily taken up: then diffidence is a fear of an expected and impending evil: and if hope is an expectation of good, fear must of course be an expectation of evil. Thus fear and other perturbations are evils. Therefore as constancy proceeds from knowledge, so perturbation from error. Now they who are said to be naturally inclined to anger, or pitiful, or envious, or any thing of this kind; their minds are constitutionally, as it were, in bad health, yet they are curable, as is said of Socrates, when Zopyrus, who professed knowing the nature of every one from his person, had heaped a great many vices on him in a public assembly, he was laughed at by others, who could perceive no such vices in Socrates: but Socrates kept him in countenance, by declaring that such vices were natural to him, but he had got the better of them by his reason. Therefore, as any one who has the appearance of the best constitution, may yet be more inclined to some particular disorder, so different minds may be differently inclined to different diseases. But those who are said to be vicious, not by nature, but their own fault; their vices proceed from wrong opinions of good and bad things, so that one is more prone than another, to different motions and perturbations. And so in the body, an inveterate disorder is harder to be got rid of, than a perturbation; and a fresh tumour in the eyes is sooner cured, than a defluxion of any continuance is removed.

But as the cause of perturbations is discovered, all which arise from the judgment or opinion, and volitions, I shall put an end to this discourse. But we ought to be assured,

the ends of good and evil being discovered, as far as they are discoverable by man, that nothing can be desired of philosophy greater, or more useful, than what I have disputed of these four days. For to a contempt of death, and the few enabled to bear pain; I have added the appeasing of grief, than which there is no greater evil to man. Though every perturbation of mind is grievous, and differs but little from madness: yet we are used to say of others, when they are under any perturbation, as of fear, joy, or desire, that they are moved and disturbed; but of those who give themselves up to grief, that they are miserable, afflicted, wretched, unhappy. So that it doth not seem to be by accident, but with reason proposed by you, that I should dispute separately of grief, and of the other perturbations: for there lies the spring and head of all our miseries: but the cure of grief, and of other disorders, is one and the same, in that they are all voluntary, and founded on opinion; we take them on ourselves because it seems right so to do. Philosophy promises to pluck up this error, as the root of all our evils: let us surrender ourselves to be instructed by it, and suffer ourselves to be cured; for whilst these evils have possession of us, we not only cannot be happy, but cannot be right in our minds. We must either deny that reason can effect any thing, while, on the other hand, nothing can be done right without reason; or, since philosophy depends on the deductions of reason, we must seek from her, if we would be good or happy, every help and assistance for living well and happily.

BOOK V

WHETHER VIRTUE ALONE BE SUFFICIENT FOR
A HAPPY LIFE

THIS fifth day, Brutus, shall put an end to our Tusculan Disputations: on which day I disputed on your favourite subject. For I perceived from that accurate book you wrote me, as well as from your frequent conversation, that you are clearly of this opinion, that virtue is of itself sufficient for a happy life: and though it may be difficult to prove this, on account of the many various strokes of fortune, yet it is a truth of such a nature, that we should endeavour to facilitate the proof of it. For among all the topics of philosophy, there is none of more dignity or importance. As the first philosophers must have had some inducement, to neglect every thing for the search of the best state of life: surely, it was with the hopes of living happily, that they laid out so much care and pains on that study. Now, if virtue was discovered and carried to perfection by them; and if virtue is a sufficient security for a happy life: who but must think the work of philosophising excellently established by them, and undertaken by me? But if virtue, as subject to such various and uncertain accidents, is but the slave of fortune, and not of sufficient ability to support herself; I am afraid we should seem rather to offer up our petitions to her, than endeavour to place our confidence in virtue for a happy life. Indeed, when I reflect on those troubles, with which I have been severely exercised by fortune, I begin to suspect this opinion; and sometimes even to dread the weakness and frailty of human nature, for I am afraid lest as nature has given us infirm bodies, and has joined to these incurable diseases, and intolerable pains; she might also have given us minds participating of these bodily pains, and harassed with troubles and uneasinesses peculiarly her own. But here I correct myself, for forming my judgment of the force of virtue, more from the weakness of others, or mine own perhaps, than from

virtue itself: for that (provided there is such a thing as virtue, and your uncle Brutus has removed all doubt of it) has every thing that can befall man in subjection to her; and by disregarding them, is not at all concerned at human accidents: and being free from every imperfection, thinks nothing beyond herself can relate to her. But we, who increase every approaching evil by our fear, and every present one by our grief, choose rather to condemn the nature of things, than our own errors.

But the amendment of this fault, and of all our other vices and offences, is to be sought for in philosophy: to whose protection as my own inclination and desire led me, from my earliest days, so, under my present misfortunes, I have recourse to the same port, from whence I set out, after having been tost by a violent tempest. O Philosophy, thou conductor of life! thou discoverer of virtue, and expeller of vices! what had not only I myself been, but the whole life of man without you? To you we owe the origin of cities; you called together the dispersed race of men into social life; you united them together, first, by placing them near one another, then by marriages, and lastly, by the communication of speech and languages. To you we owe the invention of laws; you instructed us in morals and discipline. To you I fly for assistance; and as I formerly submitted to you in a great degree, so now I surrender up myself entirely to you. For one day well spent, and agreeably to your precepts, is preferable to an eternity of sin. Whose assistance then can be of more service to me than yours, which has bestowed on us tranquillity of life, and removed the fear of death? But philosophy is so far from being praised, as she hath deserved of man, that she is wholly neglected by most, and ill spoken of by many. Can any speak ill of the parent of life, and dare to pollute himself thus with parricide! and be so impiously ungrateful as to accuse her, whom he ought to reverence, had he been less acquainted with her? But this error, I imagine, and this darkness, has spread itself over the minds of ignorant men, from their not being able to look so far back, and from their not imagining that those by whom human life was first improved, were philosophers: for though we see philosophy

to have been of long standing, yet the name must be acknowledged to be but modern.

But indeed, who can dispute the antiquity of philosophy, either in fact or name? which acquired this excellent name from the ancients, by the knowledge of the origin and causes of every thing, both divine and human. Thus those seven *Sophoi*, as they were held and called by the Greeks, and wise men by us: and thus Lycurgus many ages before, in whose time, before the building of this city, Homer is said to have been, as well as Ulysses and Nestor in the heroic ages, were all reported really to have been, as they were called, wise men; nor would it have been said, that Atlas supported the heavens, or that Prometheus was bound to Caucasus, nor would Cephæus, with his wife, his son-in-law, and his daughter, have been enrolled among the constellations, but that their more than human knowledge of the heavenly bodies had transferred their names into an erroneous fable. From whence, all who were exercised in the contemplation of nature, were held to be, as well as called, wise men: and that name of theirs continued to the age of Pythagoras, who is reported to have gone to Phlius, as we find it in Ponticus Heraclides, a very learned man, and a hearer of Plato's, and to have discoursed very learnedly and copiously on certain subjects, with Leon, prince of the Phliasii. Leon, admiring his ingenuity and eloquence, asked him what art he particularly professed; his answer was, that he was acquainted with no art, but that he was a philosopher. Leon, surprised at the novelty of the name, enquired what he meant by the name of philosopher, and in what they differed from other men: on which Pythagoras replied, "That the life of man seemed to him to resemble those games, which were kept with the greatest entertainment of sports, and the general concourse of all Greece. For as there were some, whose pursuit was glory, and the honour of a crown, for the performance of bodily exercises; so others were induced by the gain of buying and selling, and mere lucrative motives: but there was likewise one sort of them, and they by far the best, whose aim was neither applause, nor profit, but who came merely as spectators through curiosity, to remark what was done, and to see in what manner

things were carried on there. Thus we come from another life and nature, unto this, as it were out of another city, to some much frequented mart: some slaves to glory, others to money: that there are some few, who, taking no account of any thing else, earnestly look into the nature of things: that these call themselves studious of wisdom, that is, philosophers; and as there it is more reputable to be a looker on, without making any acquisition, so in life, the contemplating on things, and acquainting yourself with them, greatly exceeds every other pursuit of life."

Nor was Pythagoras the inventor only of the name, but he enlarged also the thing itself, and, when he came into Italy after this conversation at Phlius, adorned that Greece, which is called Great Greece, both privately and publicly, with the most excellent institutes and arts; of whose discipline perhaps, I shall find another opportunity to speak. But numbers and motions, the beginning and end of things, were the subjects of the ancient philosophy down to Socrates, who was a hearer of Archelaus, the disciple of Anaxagoras. These made diligent enquiry into the magnitude of the stars, their distances, courses, and all that relates to the heavens. But Socrates was the first who brought down philosophy from the heavens, placed it in cities, introduced it into families, and obliged it to examine into life and morals, good and evil. Whose several methods of disputing, together with the variety of his topics, and the greatness of his abilities, being immortalized by the memory and writings of Plato, gave rise to many sects of philosophers of different sentiments: of all which I have principally adhered to that, which, in my opinion, Socrates himself followed; to conceal my own opinion, clear others from their errors, and to discover what has the most probability in every question. A custom Carneades maintained with great copiousness and acuteness, and which I myself have often used on many occasions elsewhere, agreeable to which manner I disputed too in my Tusculum, and indeed I have sent you a book of the four former days' disputations; but the fifth day, when we had seated ourselves as before, what we were to dispute on was proposed thus:

A. I do not think virtue can possibly be sufficient to a

happy life. *M.* But my Brutus thinks so, whose judgment, with submission, I greatly prefer to yours. *A.* I make no doubt of it; but your regard for him is not the business now, but what I said was my opinion: I wish you to dispute on that. *M.* What! do you deny that virtue can possibly be sufficient for a happy life? *A.* It is what I entirely deny. *M.* What! is not virtue sufficient to enable us to live as we ought, honestly, commendably, or, in fine, to live well? *A.* Certainly sufficient. *M.* Can you then help calling any one miserable, who lives ill? or any one whom you allow to live well, will you deny to live happily? *A.* Why may I not? for a man may be upright in his life, honest, praiseworthy, and therefore live well, even in the midst of torments, but a happy life doth not aspire after that. *M.* What then? is your happy life left on the outside of the prison, whilst constancy, gravity, wisdom, and the other virtues, are surrendered up to the executioner, and bear punishment and pain without reluctance? *A.* You must look out for something new, if you would do any good. These things have very little effect on me, not merely from their being common, but principally, because, like certain light wines, that will not bear water, these arguments of the Stoics are pleasanter to taste than to swallow. As when the assemblage of virtue is committed to the rack, it raises so reverend a spectacle before our eyes, that happiness seems to hasten on, and not to suffer them to be deserted by her. But when you take your attention off from these fancies, to the truth and the reality, what remains without disguise is, whether any one can be happy in torment. Wherefore let us examine that, and not be under any apprehensions, lest the virtues should expostulate and complain, that they are forsaken by happiness. For if prudence is connected with every virtue, prudence itself discovers this, that all good men are not therefore happy; and she recollects many things of *M. Attilius*, *Q. Cæpio*, *M. Aquilius*: and prudence herself, if these representations are more agreeable to you than the things themselves, pulls back happiness, when it is endeavouring to throw itself into torments, and denies that it has any connection with pain and torture.

M. I can easily bear with your behaving in this manner,

though it is not fair in you to prescribe to me, how you would have me to dispute: but I ask you if I effected any thing or nothing in the foregoing days? *A.* Yes, something was done, some little matter indeed. *M.* But if that is the case, this question is routed, and almost put an end to. *A.* How so? *M.* Because turbulent motions and violent agitations of the mind, raised and elated by a rash impulse, getting the better of reason, leave no room for a happy life. For who that fears either pain or death, the one of which is always present, the other always impending, can be otherwise than miserable? Now supposing the same person, which is often the case, to be afraid of poverty, ignominy, infamy, or weakness, or blindness; or lastly, which doth not befall particular men, but often the most powerful nations, slavery; now can any one under the apprehensions of these be happy? What! if he not only dreads as future, but actually feels and bears them at present? Let us unite in the same person, banishment, mourning, the loss of children; whoever is in the midst of this affliction is worn with sickness; can he be otherwise than very miserable indeed? What reason can there be, why a man should not rightly enough be called miserable, that we see inflamed and raging with lust, coveting every thing with an insatiable desire, and the more pleasures he receives from any thing, still thirsting the more violently after them? And as to a man vainly elated, exulting with an empty joy, and boasting of himself without reason, is not he so much the more miserable, as he thinks himself the happier?

Therefore, as these are miserable, so on the other hand they are happy, who are alarmed by no fears, wasted by no griefs, provoked by no lusts, melted by no languid pleasures that arise from vain and exulting joys. We look on the sea as calm when not the least breath of air disturbs its waves; so the placid and quiet state of the mind is discovered when unmoved by any perturbation. Now if there be any one who holds the power of fortune, and every thing human, every thing that can possibly befall any man, as tolerable, so as to be out of the reach of fear or anxiety: and should such a one covet nothing, and be lifted up by no vain joy of mind,

what can prevent his being happy? and if these are the effects of virtue, why cannot virtue itself make men happy?

A. One of these is undeniable, that they who are under no apprehensions, no ways uneasy, who covet nothing, are lifted up by no vain joy, are happy: therefore I grant you that; and the other I am not at liberty to dispute; for it was proved by your former disputations that a wise man was free from every perturbation of mind. *M.* Doubtless, then, the dispute is over. *A.* Almost, I think, indeed. *M.* But yet, that is more usual with the mathematicians than philosophers. For the geometricians, when they teach any thing, if what they had before taught relates to their present subject, they take that for granted, and already proved; and explain only what they had not written on before. The philosophers, whatever subject they have in hand, get every thing together that relates to it; notwithstanding they had disputed on it somewhere else. Were not that the case, why should the Stoics say so much on that question, whether virtue was abundantly sufficient to a happy life? when it would have been answer enough, that they had before taught, that nothing was good but what was honest: this being proved, the consequence would be, that virtue was sufficient to a happy life: and, as follows from the other, so if a happy life consists in virtue, nothing can be good but what is honest: but they do not act in this manner; for they have distinct books of honesty, and the chief good; for though it follows from the former, that virtue has power enough to make life happy, yet they treat the other distinctly; for every thing, especially of so great consequence, should be supported by arguments which belong to that alone. Have a care how you imagine philosophy to have uttered any thing more noble, or that she has promised any thing more fruitful or of greater consequence: for, good gods! doth she not engage, that she will so accomplish him who submits to her laws, as to be always armed against fortune, and to have every assurance within himself of living well and happily; that he shall, in one word, be for ever happy. But let us see what she will perform? In the meanwhile I look upon it as a great thing, that she has promised. For Xerxes, who was loaded with all the rewards and gifts of

fortune, not satisfied with his armies of horse and foot, nor the multitude of his ships, nor his infinite treasure of gold, offered a reward to any one who could find out a new pleasure: which, when discovered, he was not satisfied with; nor can there ever be an end to lust. I wish we could engage any one, by a reward, to produce something the better to establish us in this.

A. I wish so indeed: but I want a little information. For I allow, that in what you have stated, the one is the consequence of the other; that as, if what is honest be the only good, it must follow, that a happy life is the effect of virtue: so that if a happy life consists in virtue, nothing can be good but virtue. But your Brutus, on the authority of Aristo and Antiochus, doth not see this: for he thinks the case to be the same, even if there was any thing good besides virtue. *M.* What then? do you imagine I shall dispute against Brutus? *A.* You may do what you please: for it is not for me to prescribe what you shall do. *M.* How these things agree together shall be enquired somewhere else: for I frequently disputed that with Antiochus, and lately with Aristo, when, as general, I lodged with him at Athens. For to me it seemed that no one could possibly be happy under any evil: but a wise man might be under evil, if there are any evils of body or fortune. These things were said, which Antiochus has inserted in his books in many places: that virtue itself was sufficient to make life happy, but not the happiest: and that many things are so called from the major part, though they do not include all, as strength, health, riches, honour, and glory: which are determined by their kind, not their number: thus a happy life is so called from its being in a great degree so, though it should fall short in some point. To clear this up, is not absolutely necessary at present, though it seems to be said without any great consistency: for I do not apprehend what is wanting to one that is happy, to make him happier? for if anything be wanting, he cannot be so much as happy; and as to what they say, that every thing is called and looked upon from the greater part, may be admitted in some things. But when they allow three kinds of evils; when any one is oppressed with all the evils of two kinds, as with adverse fortune,

and his body worn out and harassed with all sorts of pains, shall we say such a one is little short of a happy life, not to say, the happiest? This is what Theophrastus could not maintain: for when he had laid down, that stripes, torments, tortures, the ruin of one's country, banishment, the loss of children, had great influence as to living miserably and unhappily, he durst not use any high and lofty expressions, when he was so low and abject in his opinion.

How right he was is not the question; he certainly was consistent. Therefore I am not for objecting to consequences where the premises are allowed of. But this most elegant and learned of all the philosophers, is not taken to task when he asserts his three kinds of good; but he is attacked by all for that book which he wrote on a happy life, in which book he has many arguments, why one who is tortured and racked cannot be happy. For in that he is supposed to say, that such a one cannot reach a complete happy life. He no where indeed saith so absolutely, but what he saith amounts to the same thing. Can I then find fault with him; to whom I allowed, that pains of body are evils, that the ruin of a man's fortunes is an evil, if he should say that every good man is not happy, when all those things which he reckons as evils, may befall a good man? The same Theophrastus is found fault with by all the books and schools of the philosophers, for commending that sentence in his Callisthenes:

Fortune, not wisdom, rules the life of man.

They say, never did philosopher assert any thing so languid. They are right indeed in that: but I do not apprehend any thing could be more consistent: for if there are so many good things that depend on the body, so many foreign to it, that depend on chance and fortune, is it not consistent, that fortune, who governs every thing, both what is foreign and what belongs to the body, has greater power than counsel. Or would we rather imitate Epicurus? who is often excellent in many things which he speaks, but quite indifferent how consistent, or to the purpose. He commends spare diet, and in that he speaks as a philosopher; but it is for Socrates or Antisthenes to say so, not one who confines all good to

pleasure. He denies that any one can live pleasantly, unless he lives honestly, wisely, and justly. Nothing is more serious than this, nothing more becoming a philosopher, had he not applied this very thing, to live honestly, justly, and wisely, to pleasure. What better, than that fortune interferes but little with a wise man? But doth he talk thus, who had said that pain is the greatest evil, or the only evil, and who might be afflicted with the sharpest pains all over his body, even at the time he is vaunting himself the most against fortune? Which very thing, too, Metrodorus has said, but in better language: 'I have prevented you, Fortune; I have caught you, and cut off every access, so that you cannot possibly reach me.' This would be excellent in the mouth of Aristo the Chian, or Zeno the Stoic, who held nothing to be an evil but what was base; but for you, Metrodorus, to prevent the approaches of fortune, who confine all that is good to your bowels and marrow; you, who define the chief good by a firm habit of body, and a well assured hope of its continuance,—for you to cut off every access of fortune? Why, you may instantly be deprived of that good. Yet the simple are taken with these, and from such sentences great is the crowd of their followers.

But it is the duty of one who disputes accurately, to see not what is said, but what is said consistently. As in the opinion which is the subject of this disputation; I maintain that every good man is always happy; it is clear what I mean by good men: I call those both wise and good men, who are provided and adorned with every virtue. Let us see then who are to be called happy. I imagine, indeed, those, who are possessed of good without any alloy of evil: nor is there any other notion connected with the word that expresses happiness, but an absolute enjoyment of good without any evil. Virtue cannot attain this, if there is any thing good besides itself: for a crowd of evils would present themselves, if we allow poverty, obscurity, humility, solitude, the loss of friends, acute pains of the body, the loss of health, weakness, blindness, the ruin of one's country, banishment, slavery, to be evils: for, to conclude, a wise man may be in all these and many others: for they are brought on by chance, which may attack a wise man; but if these are evils, who can maintain a wise man to

be always happy, when all these may light on him at the same time? I therefore do not easily agree with my Brutus, nor our common masters, nor those ancient ones, Aristotle, Speusippus, Xenocrates, Polemon, who reckon all that I have mentioned above as evils, and yet they say that a wise man is always happy; who, if they are charmed with this beautiful and illustrious title, which would very well become Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, they should be persuaded, that strength, health, beauty, riches, honours, power, with the beauty of which they are ravished, are contemptible, and that all those things which are the opposites of these are not to be regarded. Then might they declare openly, with a loud voice, that neither the attacks of fortune, nor the opinion of the multitude, nor pain, nor poverty, occasion them any apprehensions; and that they have every thing within themselves, and that they hold nothing to be good but what is within their own power. Nor can I by any means allow the same person, who falls into the vulgar opinion of good and evil, to make use of these expressions, which can only become a great and exalted man. Struck with which glory up starts Epicurus, who, with submission to the gods, thinks a wise man always happy. He is much taken with the dignity of this opinion, but he never would have owned that, had he attended to himself: for what is there more inconsistent, than for one who could say that pain was the greatest or the only evil, to think that a wise man should say in the midst of his torture, How sweet is this! We are not therefore to form our judgment of philosophers from detached sentences, but from their consistency with themselves, and their common manner of talking.

A. You engage me to be of your opinion; but have a care that you are not inconsistent yourself. *M.* By what means? *A.* Because I have lately read your fourth book on Good and Evil: in that you appeared to me, when disputing against Cato, to have endeavoured to shew, which with me is to prove, that Zeno and the Peripatetics differ only about some new words; which allowed, what reason can there be, if it follows from the arguments of Zeno, that virtue contains all that is necessary to a happy life, that the Peripatetics should not be at liberty to say the same? For, in my opinion, regard should be

had to the thing, not to words. *M.* What? you would convict me from my own words, and bring against me what I had said or written elsewhere. You may act in that manner with those who dispute by established rules: we live from hand to mouth, and say any thing that strikes our mind with probability, so that we only are at liberty. But because I just now spoke of consistency, I do not think the enquiry in this place is, if Zeno's and his hearer Aristo's opinion be true, that nothing is good but what is honest; but, admitting that, then, whether the whole of a happy life can be rested on virtue alone. Wherefore if we certainly grant Brutus this, that a wise man is always happy, how consistent he is, is his business: for who indeed is more worthy than himself of the glory of that opinion? Still we may maintain that the same is most happy; though Zeno of Citium, a stranger and a mean coiner of words, has insinuated himself into the old philosophy.

Yet the prevalence of this opinion is due to the authority of Plato, who often makes use of this expression, "that nothing but virtue can be entitled to the name of good:" agreeably to what Socrates saith in Plato's *Gorgias*, when one asked him, if he did not think Archelaus the son of Perdiccas, who was then looked on as the most fortunate person, a very happy man: "I do not know," replied he, "for I never conversed with him. What, is there no other way you can know it by? None at all. You cannot then pronounce of the great king of the Persians, whether he is happy or not? How can I, when I do not know how learned or how good a man he is? What! Do you look on a happy life to depend on that? My opinion entirely is, that good men are happy, and the wicked miserable. Is Archelaus then miserable? Certainly, if unjust." Now doth it not appear to you, that he placed the whole of a happy life in virtue alone? But what doth the same say in his funeral oration? "For," saith he, "whoever has every thing that relates to a happy life so compact within himself, as not to be connected with the good or bad fortune of another, and not to depend on what befalls another, or be under any uncertainty, such a one has acquired the best rule of living: this is that moderate, that brave, that wise man, who submits to the gain and loss of every thing, and especially of his children,

and obeys that old precept; so as never to be too joyful or too sad, because he depends entirely upon himself."

From Plato therefore all my discourse shall be deduced, as it were, from some sacred and hallowed fountain. Whence can I then more properly begin, than from nature, the parent of all? For whatsoever she produces, not only of the animal sort, but even of the vegetable, she designed it to be perfect in its respective kind. So that among trees, and vines, and those lower plants and trees, which cannot advance themselves higher from the earth, some are ever green, others are stripped of their leaves in winter; and, warmed by the spring season, put them out afresh, and there are none of them but what are so quickened by a certain interior motion, and their own seeds inclosed in every one so as to yield flowers, fruit, or berries, that all may have every perfection that belongs to it, provided no violence prevents it. But the force of nature itself may be more easily discovered in animals, as she has bestowed sense on them. For those animals that can swim she designed inhabitants of the water; those that fly to expatiate in the air; some creeping, some walking; of these very animals some are solitary, some herding together; some wild, others tame, some hidden and covered by the earth; and every one of these maintains the law of nature, confining itself to what was bestowed on it, and unable to change its manner of life. And as every animal has from nature something that distinguishes it, which every one maintains and never quits: so man has something far more excellent, though every thing is said to excel by comparison. But the human mind, as derived from the divine reason, can be compared with nothing but with the Deity itself, if I may be allowed the expression. This then, when improved, and its perception so preserved, as not to be blinded by errors, becomes a perfect understanding, that is, absolute reason: which is the very same as virtue. And if every thing is happy, which wants nothing, and is complete and perfect in its kind, and that is the peculiar lot of virtue; certainly all who are possessed of virtue are happy. And in this I agree with Brutus, even with Aristotle, Xenocrates, Speusippus, Polemon. To me such only appear completely happy: for what can he want to a complete happy life, who relies on his

own good qualities, or how can he be happy who doth not rely on them?

But he who makes a threefold division of goods, must necessarily be diffident, for how can he depend on having a sound body, or that his fortune shall continue? but no one can be happy without an immovable, fixed, and permanent good. What then is this opinion of theirs? So that I think that saying of the Spartan may be applied to them, who, on some merchant's boasting before him, that he could dispatch ships to every maritime coast; replied, that a fortune which depended on ropes was not very desirable. Can there be any doubt that whatever may be lost, cannot be of the number of those things which freedom a happy life depends) who has, or may have, a happy life, nothing will admit of growing old, of wearing out or decaying; for whoever is apprehensive of any loss in these cannot be happy: the happy man should be safe, well fenced, well fortified, out of the reach of all annoyance; not under trifling apprehensions, but void of all. As he is not called innocent who but slightly offends, but who offends not at all: so is he only to be held without fear, not who is in but little fear, but who is void of all fear. For what else is courage but an affection of mind, that is ready to undergo perils, as well as to bear pain and labour without any allay of fear? Now this certainly could not be the case, if any thing were good but what depended on honesty alone. But how can any one be in possession of that desirable and much requested security (for I now call a freedom from anxiety a security, on which freedom a happy life depends) who has, or may have, a multitude of evils attending him? How can he be brave and undaunted, and hold every thing as trifles which can befall a man, for so a wise man should do, but who thinks every thing depends on himself? Could the Lacedæmonians without this, when Philip threatened to prevent all their attempts, have asked him, if he could prevent their killing themselves? Is it not easier then to find a man of such a spirit as we enquire after, than to meet with a whole city of such men? Now, if to this courage I am speaking of, we add temperance, that governs all our commotions, what can be wanting to complete his happiness who is secured by his courage from uneasiness

and fear; and is prevented from immoderate desires, and immoderate insolence of joy, by temperance? I could show virtue able to effect these, but that I have explained on the foregoing days.

But as the perturbations of the mind make life miserable, and tranquillity renders it happy: and as these perturbations are of two sorts; grief and fear, proceeding from imagined evils, immoderate joy and lust, from the mistake of what is good; and all these are in opposition to reason and counsel; when you see a man at ease, quite free and disengaged from such troublesome commotions, which are so much at variance with one another, can you hesitate to pronounce such a one a happy man? Now the wise man is always in such a disposition: therefore the wise man is always happy. Besides, every good is pleasant; whatever is pleasant may be boasted and talked of; whatever is so, is glorious; but whatever is glorious is certainly laudable, whatever is laudable doubtless, too, honest; whatever then is good, is honest. But what they reckon good, they themselves do not call honest: therefore what is honest alone is good. Hence it follows that a happy life is comprised in honesty alone. Such things then are not to be called or held for goods, amidst the abundance of which a man may be most miserable. Is there any doubt but that one who enjoys the best health, has strength, beauty, has his senses in their utmost quickness and perfection; suppose him likewise, if you please, nimble and alert, nay, give him riches, honours, authority, power, glory; now, I say, should this person, who is in possession of all these, be unjust, intemperate, timid, stupid, or an idiot; could you hesitate to call such a one miserable? What then are those goods, in the possessing which you may be very miserable? Let us see then if a happy life is not made up of parts of the same nature, as a heap implies a quantity of grain of the same kind. Which admitted, happiness must be compounded of goods, which alone are honest; if there is any mixture of things of another sort with these, nothing honest can proceed from such a composition: now, take away honesty, how can you imagine any thing happy? For whatever is good is desirable on that account: whatever is desirable must certainly be approved of: whatever you approve of must be

looked on as acceptable and welcome. You must consequently assign dignity to this; and if so, it must necessarily be laudable; therefore every thing that is laudable is good. Hence it follows, that honesty is the only good. Should we not look on it in this light, we must call a great many things good.

Not to mention riches, which, as any one, let him be ever so unworthy, may have them, I do not reckon amongst goods, for good is not attainable by all. I pass over notoriety, and popular fame, raised by the united voice of knaves and fools: even things which are absolute nothings, may be called goods; as white teeth, handsome eyes, a good complexion, and what was commended by Euryclea when she was washing Ulysses's feet, the softness of his skin, and the mildness of his discourse. If you look on these as goods, what greater encomiums can the gravity of a philosopher be entitled to, than the wild opinion of the vulgar, and the thoughtless crowd? The Stoics give the name of excellent and choice to what the others call good: they call them so indeed: but they do not allow them to complete a happy life: but these think there is no life happy without them; or, admitting it to be happy, they deny it to be the most happy. But our opinion is, that it is the most happy: and we prove it from that conclusion of Socrates. For thus that author of philosophy argued: that as the disposition of a man's mind is, so is the man: such as the man is, such will be his discourse: his actions will correspond with his discourse, and his life with his actions. But the disposition of a good man's mind is laudable, the life therefore of a good man is laudable: it is honest therefore, because laudable; the inference from which is, that the life of good men is happy. For, good gods! did I not make it appear, by my former disputations,—or was I only amusing myself and killing time, in what I then said,—that the mind of a wise man was always free from every hasty motion, which I call a perturbation?

A temperate man then, constant, without fear or grief, without any immoderate joy or desire, cannot be otherwise than happy; but a wise man is always so; therefore always happy. Why then cannot a good man make every thing he thinks, or doth, regard what is laudable? For he has respect in every thing to living happily: a happy life then is laudable;

but nothing is laudable without virtue; a happy life then is the effect of virtue.

The inference is made too in this manner. A wicked life has nothing to be spoken of nor gloried in: nor has that life, which is neither happy nor miserable. But there is a kind of life that admits of being spoken of and gloried in, and boasted of, as Epaminondas saith,

The wings of Sparta's pride my counsels clipt.

Thus Africanus,

Who, from beyond Mæotis, to the place
Where the sun rises, deeds like mine can trace?

If then there is such a thing as a happy life, it is to be gloried in, spoken of, and commended by the person who enjoys it; but there is nothing, excepting that, which can be spoken of, or gloried in; which admitted, you know what follows. Now unless an honorable life is a happy life, there must of course be something preferable to a happy life. For they will certainly grant honor to have the preference. Thus there will be something better than a happy life: than which what can be more absurd? What! When they grant vice to be effectual to the rendering life miserable, must they not admit the same force to be in virtue to the making it happy? For contraries follow from contraries. And here I ask, what they think of Critolaus's balance? who, having put the goods of the mind into one scale, and the goods of the body and other external advantages into the other, thought the goods of the mind so to outweigh them, as to outbalance even the earth and sea.

What hinders then that gravest of philosophers, and Xenocrates too, who raises virtue so high, and who lessens and depreciates every thing else, from not only placing a happy life, but the happiest, in virtue: which were it not so, virtue would be absolutely lost. For whoever is subject to grief, must necessarily be subject to fear too; for fear is an uneasy apprehension of future grief: and whoever is subject to fear, is liable to dread, timidity, consternation, cowardice. Therefore such a one may some time or other be over forward, nor think himself concerned with that precept of Atreus,

Through his whole life a stranger to defeat.

But such a one as I said will be defeated, and not only defeated, but made a slave of. But we would have virtue always free, always invincible: and were it not so, there would be an end of virtue. But if virtue hath in herself all that is necessary for a good life, she is certainly sufficient for happiness: virtue is certainly sufficient too for our living with courage; if with courage, then with a great mind, and indeed so as never to be under any fear, and thus to be always invincible. Hence it follows, that there can be nothing to be repented of, no wants, no lets or hindrances. Thus all things must be prosperous, perfect, and as you would have them; and consequently happy; but virtue is sufficient for living with courage, and therefore able to make your life happy. For as folly, even when possessed of what it desires, never thinks it has acquired enough: so wisdom is always satisfied with the present, and never repents on her own account. Look but on the single consulate of Lælius, and that too after having been set aside (though when a wise and good man, like him, is outvoted, the people are disappointed of a good consul, rather than he disappointed, by a vain people); but the point is, would you prefer, were it in your power, to be once such a consul as Lælius, or be elected, four times as Cinna? I am very well satisfied what answer you will make, and it is on that account I put the question, to you.

I will not ask every one this question; for some one perhaps might answer, that he would not only prefer four consulates to one, but even one day of Cinna's life, to ages of many and famous men. Lælius would have suffered, had he but touched any one with his finger; but Cinna ordered the head of his colleague consul Cn. Octavius to be struck off; and of P. Crassus, and L. Cæsar, those excellent men, so renowned both at home and abroad. Even M. Antonius, the greatest orator I ever heard; with C. Cæsar, who seems to me to have been the pattern of humanity, politeness, sweetness of temper, and wit. Could he then be happy who occasioned the death of these? So far from it, that he not only seems, to me miserable for doing thus; but for acting in such a manner, that it was even lawful for him to do it, though it is unlawful for any one to do wicked actions; but this proceeds

from inaccuracy of speech, for we call whatever a man is allowed to do, lawful. Was not Marius happier, I pray you, when he shared the glory of the victory gained over the Cimbrians, with his colleague Catulus, who was almost another Lælius (for I look upon him as very like); than, when conqueror in the civil war, he in a passion answered the friends of Catulus, who were interceding for him: "Let him die," and this he did not once, but often? In which he was happier who submitted to that barbarous decree, than he who issued it. And it is better to receive an injury than to do one; so was it better to advance a little to meet that death, that was making its approaches, as Catulus did; than, like Marius, to sully the glory of six consulates, and disgrace his latter days by the death of such a man.

Dionysius exercised his tyranny over the Syracusians thirty-eight years, being but twenty-five years old when he seized on the government. How beautiful and how wealthy a city did he oppress with slavery! And yet we have it from good authority, that he was remarkably temperate in his manner of living, that he was very quick and diligent in carrying on business, but naturally mischievous and unjust. Whence every one who diligently enquires into truth, must necessarily see that he was very miserable. Neither did he attain what he so greatly desired, even when he was persuaded he had unlimited power. For notwithstanding he was of a good family and reputable parents (though that is contested) and had a great acquaintance of intimate friends and relations, he could not trust any one of them, but committed the guard of his person to some slaves, whom he had selected from rich men's families and made free, and to strangers and barbarians. And thus, through an unjust desire of governing, he in a manner shut himself up in a prison. Besides, he would not trust his throat to a barber, but had his daughters taught to shave; so that these royal virgins were forced to descend to the base and slavish employment of shaving the head and beard of their father. Nor would he trust even them, when they were grown up, with a razor: but contrived how they might burn off the hair of his head and beard with red-hot nut-shells. And as to his two wives, Aristomache his countrywoman, and Doris

of Locris, he never visited them at night before every thing had been well searched and examined. And as he had surrounded the place where his bed was, with a broad ditch, and made a way over it with a wooden bridge; he drew that bridge over after shutting his bedchamber door. And as he did, not dare to stand where they usually harangued, he generally addressed the people from a high tower. And it is said that when he was disposed to play tennis, for he delighted much in it, and had pulled off his clothes, he used to give his sword into the keeping of a young man, whom he was very fond of. On this one of his intimates said pleasantly, 'You certainly trust your life with him;' the young man happening to smile at this, he ordered them both to be slain, the one for shewing how he might be taken off, the other for approving of what was said by his smiling. But he was so concerned, at what he had done, that nothing affected him more during his whole life: for he had slain one he was extremely partial to. Thus do weak men's desires pull them different ways, and whilst they indulge one, they act counter to another. This tyrant, however, showed how happy he esteemed himself.

For whilst Damocles, one of his flatterers, was talking in conversation about his forces, his wealth, the greatness of his power, the plenty he enjoyed, the grandeur of his royal palaces, and was maintaining that no one was ever happier: "Have you an inclination," saith he, "Damocles, as this kind of life pleases you, to have a taste of it yourself, and try to make a trial of the good fortune that attends me?" "I should be glad to make the experiment," says Damocles; upon which Dionysius ordered him to be laid on a bed of gold, with the most beautiful covering, embroidered, and wrought in a high taste, and he dressed out a great many sideboards with silver and embossed gold. He then ordered some youths, distinguished for their handsome persons, to wait at his table, and to observe his nod, in order to serve him with what he wanted. There were ointments and garlands; perfumes were burned; tables provided with the most exquisite meats. Damocles thought himself very happy. In the midst of this apparatus Dionysius ordered a bright sword to be let down from the ceiling, tied by a horsehair, so as to hang over the head of that

happy man. After which he neither cast his eye on those handsome waiters, nor on the well wrought plate; nor touched any of the provisions: the garlands fell to pieces. At last he entreated the tyrant to give him leave to go, for that now he had no desire to be happy. Doth not Dionysius, then, seem to have declared there can be no happiness with one who is under constant apprehensions? But he was not now at liberty to return to justice, and restore his citizens their rights and privileges; for by the indiscretion of youth he had engaged in so many wrong steps, and committed such extravagancies, that had he attempted to have returned to a right way of thinking, he must have endangered his life.

Yet, how desirous he was of those very friends, whose fidelity he dreaded, appears from the two Pythagoreans: one of these had been security for his friend, who was condemned to die; the other, to release his security, presented himself at the time appointed for his dying: "I wish," said Dionysius, "you would admit me as a third." What misery was it for him to be deprived of acquaintance, of company at his table, and of the freedom of conversation; especially for one who was a man of learning, and from his childhood acquainted with liberal arts, very fond of music, and himself a tragedian, how good a one is not to the purpose, for I know not how it is, but in this way, more than any other, every one thinks his own performances excellent; I never as yet knew any poet (and Aquinius was my friend) who did not give himself the preference. The case is this, you are pleased with your own, I like mine. But to return to Dionysius; he debarred himself from all civil and polite conversation, spent his life among fugitives, bondmen, and barbarians: for he was persuaded no one could be his friend, who was worthy of liberty, or had the least desire of being free. Shall I not then prefer the life of Plato and Archytas, manifestly wise and learned men, to his, than which nothing can possibly be more horrid and miserable?

I will present you with an humble and obscure mathematician of the same city, called Archimedes, who lived many years after: whose tomb, overgrown with shrubs and briars, I in my quæstorship discovered, when the Syracusians knew

nothing of it, and even denied that there was any such thing remaining: for I remembered some verses, which I had been informed were engraved on his monument. These set forth that on the top of it there was placed a sphere with a cylinder. When I had carefully examined all the monuments (for there are a great many) at the gate Achradinæ, I observed a small column standing out a little above the briars, with the figure of a sphere and a cylinder upon it; whereupon I immediately said to the Syracusians, for there were some of their principal magistrates there, that I imagined that was what I was inquiring for. Several men being sent in with scythes, cleared the way, and made an opening for us. When we could get at it, and were come near to the front base of it, I found the inscription, though the latter parts of all the verses were effaced almost half away. Thus one of the noblest cities of Greece, and once, likewise, the most learned, had known nothing of the monument of its most ingenious citizen, if it had not been discovered to them by a native of Arpinum. But to return from whence I have rambled. Who is there in the least acquainted with the Muses, that is, with liberal knowledge, or that deals at all in learning, who would not choose to be this mathematician rather than that tyrant? If we look into their methods of living and their employments, we shall find the mind of the one strengthened and improved, with tracing the deductions of reason, amused with his own ingenuity, the sweetest food of the mind; the thoughts of the other engaged in continual murders and injuries, in constant fears by night and by day. Now imagine a Democritus, a Pythagoras, and an Anaxagoras; what kingdom, what riches would you prefer to their studies and amusements? for you must necessarily look there for the best of every thing, where the excellency of man is; but what is there better in man than a sagacious and good mind? Now the enjoying of that good can alone make us happy: but virtue is the good of the mind; it follows, therefore, that a happy life depends on that. Hence proceed all things that are beautiful, honest, and excellent, as I said above: but these, I think, must be treated of more at large, for they are well stored with joys. For, as it is clear that a happy life consists in perpetual and unexhausted

pleasures, it follows too that a happy life must arise from honesty.

But that what I propose to demonstrate to you may not rest in mere words only, I must set before you the picture of something, as it were, living and moving in the world, that may dispose us more for the improvement of the understanding and real knowledge. Let us then pitch upon some man perfectly acquainted with the most excellent arts; let us present him for a while to our own thoughts, and figure him to our own imaginations. In the first place, he must necessarily be of an extraordinary capacity; for virtue is not easily connected with dull minds. Next, he must have a great desire of discovering truth, from whence will arise that threefold production of the mind; one depends on knowing things, and explaining nature: the other in defining what we should desire, and what avoid: the third in judging of consequences and impossibilities: in which consists as well subtilty in disputing as clearness of judgment. Now with what pleasure must the mind of a wise man be affected, which continually dwells in the midst of such cares and engagements as these, when he views the revolutions and motions of the whole world, and sees those innumerable stars in the heavens, which, though fixed in their places, yet have a common motion with the whole, and observes the seven other stars, some higher, some lower, each maintaining their own course, while their motions, though wandering, have limited and appointed spaces to run through! The sight of which doubtless urged and encouraged those ancient philosophers to employ their search on many other things. Hence arose an enquiry after the beginnings, and, as it were, seeds from whence all things were produced and composed; what was the origin of every kind as well animate as inanimate, articulate as inarticulate; what occasioned their beginning and end, and by what alteration and change one thing was converted into another: whence the earth, and by what weights it was balanced: by what caverns the seas were supplied: by what gravity all things being carried down tend always to the middle of the world, which in any round body is the lowest place.

A mind employed on such subjects, and which night and

day contemplates on them, has in itself that precept of the Delphic god, to "know itself," and to perceive its connexion with the divine reason, from whence it is filled with an insatiable joy. For reflections on the power and nature of the gods raise a desire of imitating their eternity. Nor doth the mind, that sees the necessary dependencies and connexions that one cause has with another, think itself confinable to the shortness of this life. Those causes, though they proceed from eternity to eternity, are governed by reason and understanding. Whoever beholds these and examines them, or rather whose view takes in all the parts and boundaries of things, with what tranquillity of mind doth he look on all human affairs, and what is nearer him! Hence proceeds the knowledge of virtue; hence arise the kinds and species of virtues; hence is discovered what nature regards as the bounds and extremities of good and evil, to what all duties have respect, and which is the most eligible manner of life. One great effect that arises from informing himself of these, and such like things, is, that virtue is of itself sufficient to a happy life, which is the subject of this disputation.

The third qualification of our wise man comes next, which goes through and spreads itself over every part of wisdom; it is that whereby we define every particular thing, distinguish the genus from its species, connect consequences, draw just conclusions, and distinguish true and false, which is the very art and science of disputing; which is not only of the greatest use in the examination of what passes in the world, but is likewise the most rational entertainment, and most becoming true wisdom. Such are its effects in retirement. Now let our wise man be considered as protecting the republic; what can be more excellent than such a character? By his prudence he will discover the true interests of his fellow-citizens, by his justice he will be prevented from applying what belongs to the public to his own use; and in short, he will be ever governed by all the virtues, which are many and various? To these let us add the advantage of his friendships; in which the learned reckon not only a natural harmony and agreement of sentiments throughout the conduct of life, but the utmost pleasure and satisfaction in conversing and passing our time

constantly with one another. What can be wanting to such a life as this, to make it more happy than it is? Fortune herself must yield to a life stored with such joys. Now if it be a happiness to rejoice in such goods of the mind, that is, virtue, and all wise men enjoy thoroughly these pleasures; it must necessarily be granted that all such are happy.

A. What, when in torments and on the rack? *M.* Do you imagine I am speaking of him as laid on roses and violets? Is it allowable even for Epicurus (who only affects being a philosopher, and who assumed that name to himself,) to say, and as matters stand, I commend him for his saying, a wise man may at all times cry out, though he be burned, tortured, cut to pieces, How little I regard it? Shall this be said by one who defines all evil by pain, every good by pleasure; who could ridicule whatever we say either of what is honest, or what is base, and could declare of us that we were employed about words, and discharging mere empty sounds; and that nothing is to be regarded, but as it is perceived smooth or rough by the body? What, shall such a man as this, as I said, whose understanding is little superior to the beasts, be at liberty to forget himself; and not only despise fortune, when the whole of his good and evil is in the power of fortune, but say, that he is happy in the most racking torture, when he had actually declared pain not only the greatest evil, but the only one? And all this without having recourse to our remedies for bearing pain, such as firmness of mind, a shame of doing any thing base, exercise, and the habit of patience, precepts of courage, and a manly hardiness: but saith, he supports himself on the single recollection of past pleasure; as if any one, being so hot as scarce to be able to bear it, should attempt to recollect that he was once in my country Arpinum, where he was surrounded on every side by cooling streams; for I do not apprehend how past pleasures can allay present evils. But when he saith that a wise man is always happy, who has no right to say so, can he be consistent with himself? What may they not do, who allow nothing to be desirable, nothing to be looked on as good but what is honest? Let then the Peripatetics and old Academics follow my example, and at length leave off to mutter to themselves: and openly and with a clear voice let

them be bold to say, that a happy life may descend into Phalaris's bull.

But to dismiss the subtilties of the Stoics, which I am sensible I have dealt more in than necessary, let us admit of three kinds of goods: let them really be the three kinds of good, provided no regard is had to the body, and externals, as no otherwise entitled to the appellation of good, than as we are obliged to use them: but let those other and divine goods spread themselves far and near, and reach the very heavens. Why then may I not call him happy, nay, the happiest, who has attained them? Shall a wise man be afraid of pain? which is, indeed, the greatest enemy to our opinion. For I am persuaded we are prepared and fortified sufficiently, by the disputations of the foregoing days, against our own death, or the death of our friends, against grief and the other perturbations of the mind. Pain seems to be the sharpest adversary of virtue, that threatens us with burning torches; that threatens to take down our fortitude, greatness of mind, and patience. Shall virtue then yield to this? Shall the happy life of a wise and constant man submit to this? Good gods! how base would this be! Spartan boys will bear to have their bodies torn by rods without uttering a groan. I myself saw, at Lacedæmon, troops of young men, with great earnestness contending together with their hands and feet, with their teeth and nails, nay even ready to expire, rather than own themselves conquered. Is any country more savagely barbarous than India? Yet they have amongst them some that are held for wise men, who never wear any clothes all their life long, and bear the snow of Caucasus, and the piercing cold of winter, without any pain: and will throw themselves into the fire to be burned without a groan. The women too in India, on the death of their husbands, apply to the judge to have it determined which of them was best beloved by him; for it is customary there for one man to have many wives. She in whose favour it is determined, attended by her relations, is laid on the pile with her husband: the others, who are postponed, walk away very much dejected. Custom can never be superior to nature: for nature is never to be got the better of. But our minds are infected by sloth and idleness,

delicacies, languor, and indolence: we have enervated them by opinions, and bad customs. Who but knows the manner of the Egyptians? Their minds being tainted by pernicious customs, they are ready to bear any torture, rather than hurt an ibis, a snake, cat, dog, or crocodile: and should any one inadvertently have hurt any of these, they submit to any punishment. So far of human nature. As to the beasts, do they not bear cold, hunger, running about in woods, and on mountains and deserts? will they not fight for their young ones till they are wounded? Are they afraid of any attack or blows? I mention not what the ambitious will suffer for honour's sake, or those who are desirous of praise on account of glory, or lovers to gratify their lust. Life is full of such instances.

But not to dwell too much on these, and to return to our purpose. I say, and say again, that happiness will submit even to be tormented; and after having accompanied justice, temperance, but principally fortitude, greatness of soul and patience will not stop short at sight of the executioner; and when all other virtues proceed calmly to the torture, will that halt, as I said, on the outside and threshold of the prison? for what can be baser, what can carry a worse appearance, than to be left alone, separated from those beautiful attendants? which can by no means be the case: for neither can the virtues hold together without happiness, nor happiness without the virtues: so that they will not suffer her to desert them, but will carry that along with them, to whatever torments, to whatever pain they are led. For it is the peculiar quality of a wise man to do nothing that he may repent of, nothing against his inclination: but always to act nobly, with constancy, gravity, and honesty: to depend on nothing as certainty; to wonder at nothing, when it falls out, as if it appeared new and unexpected to him: to be independent of every one, and abide by his own opinion. For my part, I cannot form an idea of any thing happier than this. The conclusion of the Stoics indeed is easy, as they are persuaded that the end of good is to live agreeably to nature, and be consistent with that; as a wise man should do so, not only because it is his duty, but because it is in his power. It must of course follow, that whoever has the chief good in his

power, has his happiness so too. Thus the life of a wise man is always happy. You have here what I think may be confidently said of a happy life, and as things are now, very truly, unless you can advance something better.

A. Indeed I cannot; but I would willingly request of you, unless it is troublesome (as you are under no confinement from obligations to any particular sect, but gather from all of them whatever most strikes you with the appearance of probability :) as you just now seemed to advise the Peripatetics, and the old Academy, boldly to speak out without reserve, "that wise men are always the happiest," I should be glad to hear how you think it consistent for them to say so, when you have said so much against that opinion, and the conclusions of the Stoics. *M.* I will make use then of that liberty, which none but ourselves have the privilege of using in philosophy, whose discourses determine nothing, but take in every thing, leaving them, unsupported by any authority, to be judged of by others, according to their weight. And as you seem desirous of knowing why, notwithstanding the different opinion of philosophers, with regard to the ends of goods, virtue may have sufficient security for a happy life: which security, as we are informed, Carneades used indeed to dispute against: but he disputed as against the Stoics, whose opinions he combated with great zeal and vehemence; but I shall handle it with more temper; for if the Stoics have rightly settled the *ends* of goods, the affair is at an end; for a wise man must necessarily be always happy. But let us examine, if we can, the particular opinions of the others, that this excellent decision, if I may so call it, of a happy life, may be agreeable to the opinions and discipline of all.

These then are the opinions, as I think, that are held and defended: the first four simple ones; "that nothing is good but what is honest," according to the Stoics: "nothing good but pleasure," as Epicurus maintains: "nothing good but a freedom from pain," as Hieronymus asserts: "nothing good but an enjoyment of the principal, or all, or the greatest goods of nature," as Carneades maintained against the Stoics: these are simple, the others mixt. Three kinds of goods; the greatest those of the mind, the next those of the body. The

third were external goods, as the Peripatetics say, and the old Academics differ very little from them. Clitomachus and Callipho have coupled pleasure with honesty: but Diodorus, the Peripatetic, has joined indolence to honesty. These are the opinions that have some footing; for those of Aristo, Pyrrho, Herillus, and of some others, are quite out of date. Now let us see what they have of weight in them, excepting the Stoics, whose opinion I think I have sufficiently defended; and indeed I have explained what the Peripatetics have to say; excepting that Theophrastus, and those who followed him, dread and abhor pain in too weak a manner. The others may go on to exaggerate the gravity and dignity of virtue, as usual; which when they have extolled to the skies, with the usual extravagance of good orators, it is easy to reduce the other to nothing by comparison, and to despise them. They who think praise is to be acquired by pain, are not at liberty to deny those to be happy, who have acquired it. Though they may be under some evils, yet this name of happy extends very widely.

Even as trading is said to be lucrative, and farming advantageous, not because the one never meets with any loss, or the other no damage from the inclemency of the weather, but because they succeed in general: so life may be properly called happy, not from its being entirely made up of good things, but as it abounds with these to a great and considerable degree. By this way of reasoning, then, a happy life may attend virtue even to punishments; nay, may descend with her into Phalaris's bull, according to Aristotle, Xenocrates, Speusippus, Polemon; and will not be gained over by any allurements to forsake her. Of the same opinion will Calliphon and Diodorus be: both of them such friends to virtue, as to think all things should be discarded and far removed, that are compatible with it. The rest seem to be more scrupulous about these things, but yet get clear of them; as Epicurus, Hieronymus, and whoever thinks it worth while to defend the deserted Carneades: not one of them but thinks the mind to be judge of those goods, and can sufficiently instruct him how to despise what has the appearance only of good or evil. For what seems to you to be the case with Epicurus, it is the same with

Hieronymus and Carneades, and indeed with all the rest of them: for who is not sufficiently prepared against death and pain? I will begin, with your leave, with him whom we call soft and voluptuous. What! doth he seem to you to be afraid of death or pain, who calls the day of his death happy; and when affected by the greatest pains, silences them all by recollecting arguments of his own discovering? And this is not done in such a manner as to give room for imagining that he talks thus wildly on a sudden start: but his opinion of death is, that on the dissolution of the animal, all sense is lost, and what is deprived of sense, as he thinks, can no way affect us. And as to pain, he has his maxims too: if great, the comfort is, that it must be short; if of long continuance, it must be tolerable. What then? Do those great boasters declare any thing better than Epicurus, in opposition to these two things which distress us the most? And as to other things, do not Epicurus and the rest of the philosophers seem sufficiently prepared? Who doth not dread poverty? And yet no true philosopher ever can.

But with how little is this man satisfied? No one has said more on frugality. For when a man is far removed from those things which occasion a desire of money, from love, ambition, or other daily expenses; why should he be fond of money, or concern himself at all about it? Could the Scythian Anacharsis disregard money, and shall not our philosophers be able to do so? We are informed of an epistle of his, in these words: "Anacharsis to Hanno, greeting. My clothing is as the Scythians cover themselves; the hardness of my feet supplies the want of shoes; the ground is my bed, hunger my sauce, my food milk, cheese, and flesh. So you may come to a man in no want. But as to those presents you take so much pleasure in, you may dispose of them to your own citizens, or to the immortal gods." Almost all the philosophers, whatever their discipline be, excepting those who are warped from right reason by a vicious disposition, are of this very opinion. Socrates, when he saw in a procession a great deal of gold and silver, cried out, "How many things are there I do not want!" Xenocrates, when some ambassadors from Alexander had brought him fifty talents, the largest money of those times,

especially at Athens, carried the ambassadors to sup in the academy: and placed just a sufficiency before them, without any apparatus. When they asked him the next day to whom he would order the money to be told out: "What?" saith he, "did you not perceive by our slight repast of yesterday, that I had no occasion for money?" But when he perceived that they were somewhat dejected, he accepted of thirty minæ, that he might not seem to disrespect the king's generosity. But Diogenes took a greater liberty as a Cynic, when Alexander asked him if he wanted any thing: "A little from the sun," said he, for Alexander hindered him from sunning himself. And indeed this very man used to maintain how much he excelled the Persian king, in his manner of life and fortune; that he himself was in want of nothing, the other never had enough; that he had no inclination for those pleasures which could never satisfy the other: and that the other could never obtain his.

You see, I imagine, how Epicurus has divided his kinds of desires, not very subtilely perhaps, but usefully: that they are "partly natural and necessary; partly natural, but not necessary; partly neither." Those which are necessary may be supplied almost for nothing; for the things that nature requires are easily obtained. As to the second kind of desires, his opinion is, that any one may easily either enjoy or go without them. With regard to the third, being frivolous, as neither allied to necessity nor nature, he thinks they should be entirely rooted out. On this topic the Epicureans dispute much; and those pleasures which they do not despise, on account of their species, they reduce one by one, and seem rather for lessening the number of them: for as to wanton pleasures, of which they say a great deal, these, say they, are easy, common, and within any one's reach; and think that if nature requires them, they are not to be estimated by birth, condition, or rank, but by shape, age, and person: and that it is by no means difficult to refrain from them, should health, duty, or reputation require it; and that this kind of pleasure may be desirable, where it is attended with no inconvenience, but can never be of any use. And what he declares upon the whole of pleasure is such, as shows his opinion to be, that pleasure is always desirable, to be pursued merely as a pleas-

ure; and for the same reason pain is to be avoided, because it is pain. So that a wise man will always do himself the justice to avoid pleasure, should pain ensue from it in a greater proportion; and will submit to pain, the effects of which will be a greater pleasure: so that all pleasurable things, though the corporeal senses are the judges of them, are to be referred to the mind, on which account the body rejoices, whilst it perceives a present pleasure; but that the mind not only perceives the present as well as the body, but foresees it, whilst it is coming, and, even when it is past, will not let it quite slip away. So that a wise man enjoys a continual series of pleasures, uniting the expectation of future pleasure to the recollection of what he has already tasted. The like notions are applied by them to high living and the magnificence and expensiveness of entertainments are deprecated, because nature is satisfied at a small expense.

For who doth not see this, that an appetite is the best sauce? When Darius, flying from the enemy, had drunk some water which was muddy, and tainted with dead bodies, he declared that he had never drunk any thing more pleasant; the case was, he had never drunk before when he was thirsty. Nor had Ptolemy ever ate when he was hungry: for as he was travelling over Egypt, his company not keeping up with him, he had some coarse bread presented him in a cottage: upon which he said, "Nothing ever seemed to him pleasanter than that bread." They relate of Socrates, that, once walking very fast till the evening, on his being asked why he did so, his reply was, that he was purchasing an appetite by walking, that he might sup the better. And do we not see what the Lacedemonians provide in their Phiditia? where the tyrant Dionysius supped, but told them he did not at all like that black broth, which was their principal dish; on this he who dressed it said, "It was no wonder, for it wanted seasoning." Dionysius asked what that seasoning was; to which it was replied, "fatigue in hunting, sweating, a race on the banks of Eurotas, hunger, and thirst:" for these are the seasonings to the Lacedemonian banquets. And this may not only be conceived from the custom of men, but from the beasts, who are satisfied with any thing that is thrown before them, provided it is not un-

natural, and they seek no farther. Some entire cities, taught by custom, are delighted with parsimony, as I said but just now of the Lacedemonians. Xenophon has given an account of the Persian diet: who never, as he saith, use any thing but cresses with their bread, not but that, should nature require any thing more agreeable, many things might be easily supplied by the ground, and plants in great abundance, and of incomparable sweetness. Add to this, strength and health, as the consequence of this abstemious way of living. Now compare with this, those who sweat and belch, crammed with eating like fatted oxen: then will you perceive that they who pursue pleasure most, attain it least: and that the pleasure of eating lies not in satiety, but appetite.

They report of Timotheus, a famous man at Athens, and the head of the city, that having supped with Plato, and being extremely delighted with his entertainment, on seeing him the next day he said, "Your suppers are not only agreeable whilst I partake of them, but the next day also." Besides, the understanding is impaired when we are full with over-eating and drinking. There is an excellent epistle of Plato to Dion's relations. It is written almost in these words; "When I came there, that happy life so much talked of, crowded with Italian and Syracusan entertainments, was no ways agreeable to me; to be crammed twice a day, and never to have the night to yourself, and other things which attend on this kind of life, by which a man will never be made the wiser, and may be much less moderate; for it must be an extraordinary disposition that can be temperate in such circumstances." How then can a life be pleasant without prudence and moderation? Hence you discover the mistake of Sardanapalus, the wealthiest king of the Assyrians, who ordered it to be engraved on his tomb,

I still possess what luxury did cost;
But what I left, though excellent, is lost.

"What but this," saith Aristotle, "could be inscribed on the tomb, not of a king but an ox?" He said that he possessed those things when dead, which, in his life-time, he could have no longer than whilst he was enjoying them. Why then are

riches desired? And wherein doth poverty prevent us from being happy? In the want, I imagine, of statues, pictures, and diversions. Should any one be delighted with these, have not the poor people the enjoyment of these more than they who have them in the greatest abundance? For we have great numbers of them shown publicly in our city. And whatever private people may have of them, they have not many of them, and they but seldom see them, only when they go to their country seats; and some of them must be stung to the heart when they consider how they came by them. The day would fail me, should I be inclined to defend the cause of poverty: the thing is manifest, and nature daily informs us, how few little trifling things she really stands in need of.

Let us enquire then, if obscurity, the want of power, or even the being unpopular, can prevent a wise man from being happy? Observe if popular favour, and this glory which they are so fond of, be not attended with more uneasiness than pleasure? Our Demosthenes was certainly very weak in declaring himself pleased with a woman who carried water, as is the custom in Greece, whispering to another, "that is he, that is Demosthenes." What could be weaker than this? And yet what an orator he was! But although he had learned to speak to others, he had conversed but little with himself. We may perceive that popular glory is not desirable of itself; nor is obscurity to be dreaded. "I came to Athens," saith Democritus, "and there was no one there that knew me;" this was a moderate and grave man, who could glory in his obscurity. Shall musicians compose their tunes to their own taste; and shall a philosopher, master of a much better art, enquire, not after what is most true but what will please the people? Can any thing be more absurd than to despise the vulgar as mere unpolished mechanics, when single, and to think them of consequence when collected into a body? These wise men would condemn our ambitious pursuits, and our vanities, and would reject all honours the people could voluntarily offer to them: but we know not how to despise them, till we begin to repent of having accepted them. Heraclitus, the natural philosopher, relates thus of Hermodorus the chief of the Ephesians; "that all the Ephesians," saith he, "ought to

be punished with death, for saying, when they had expelled Hermodorus out of their city, that they would have no one amongst them better than another; if there were any such, let him go elsewhere to some other people." Is not this the case with the people every where? do they not hate every virtue that distinguishes itself? What? was not Aristides (I had rather instance in the Greeks than ourselves) banished his country for being eminently just? What troubles, then, are they free from, who have no connexions with the people! What is more agreeable than a learned retirement? I speak of that learning which makes us acquainted with the boundless extent of nature, and the universe, and in this world discovers to us both heaven, earth, and sea.

If then honour and riches have no value, what is there else to be afraid of? Banishment, I suppose; which is looked on as the greatest evil. Now, if the evil of banishment proceeds not from ourselves, but from the froward disposition of the people, I have just now declared how contemptible it is. But if to leave one's country be miserable, the provinces are full of miserable men: very few of those ever return to their country again. But exiles are amerced of their goods! What then? Has there not been enough said on bearing poverty? But with regard to banishment, if we examine the nature of things, not the ignominy of the name, how little doth it differ from constant travelling! In which some of the most famous philosophers have spent their whole life: as Xenocrates, Crantor, Arcesilas, Lacydes, Aristotle, Theophrastus, Zeno, Cleanthes, Chrysippus, Antipater, Carneades, Panætius, Clitomachus, Philo, Antiochus, Posidonius, and innumerable others: who from their first setting out never returned home again. Now what ignominy can a wise man be affected with, (for of such a one I speak,) who can be guilty of nothing to occasion it; for one who is banished for his deserts ought not to be comforted. Lastly, They can easily reconcile themselves to every accident, who make every thing that ensues from life conduce to pleasure; so that in whatever place these are supplied, there they may live happily. Thus what Teucer said may be applied to every case:

Wherever I am happy, there is my country.

Socrates, indeed, when asked where he belonged to, replied "The world;" for he looked upon himself as a citizen and inhabitant of the whole world. How was it with T. Alibutius? Did he not follow his philosophical studies with the greatest satisfaction at Athens, although he was banished? which would not have happened to him, if he had obeyed the laws of Epicurus, and lived peaceably in the republic. In what was Epicurus happier, living in his country, than Metrodorus at Athens? Or did Plato's happiness exceed that of Xenocrates, or Polemo, or Arcesilas? Or is that city to be valued much, that banishes all her good and wise men? Demaratus, the father of our king Tarquin, not being able to bear the tyrant Cypselus, fled from Corinth to Tarquinii, settled there, and had children. How, was it an unwise act in him to prefer the liberty of banishment to slavery at home?

Besides the emotions of the mind, all griefs and anxieties are assuaged by forgetting them, and turning our thoughts to pleasure. Therefore it was not without reason, that Epicurus presumed to say that a wise man abounds with good things. because he may always have his pleasures. From whence, as he thinks, our point is gained, that a wise man should be always happy. What! though he should be deprived of the senses of seeing and hearing? Yes: for he holds those things very cheap. For in the first place, what are the pleasures we are deprived of by that dreadful thing, blindness? For though they allow other pleasures to be confined to the senses, yet what are perceived by the sight do not depend wholly on the pleasure the eyes receive: as when we taste, smell, touch, or hear; in all these, the organs themselves are the seat of pleasure; but it is not so with the eyes. The mind is entertained by what we see; but the mind may be entertained many ways, though we could not see at all. I am speaking of a learned and wise man, with whom to think is to live. But thinking with a wise man doth not altogether require the use of his eyes in his investigations; for if night doth not strip him of his happiness, why should blindness, which resembles night, have that effect? For the reply of Antipater the Cyrenaic, to some women who bewailed his being blind, though it is a little too obscene, had no bad meaning. "What do you

mean," saith he; "do you think the night can furnish no pleasure?" And we find by his magistracies and his actions, that old Appius too, who was blind many years, was not prevented from doing whatever was required of him, with respect to the public or his own affairs. It is said that C. Drusus's house was crowded with clients. When they, whose business it was, could not see how to conduct themselves, they applied to a blind guide.

When I was a boy, Cn. Aufidius, a blind man, who had served the office of prætor, not only gave his opinion in the senate, and was ready to assist his friends, but wrote a Greek history, and had an insight into literature. Diodorus the Stoic was blind, and lived many years at my house. He indeed, which is scarce credible, besides applying himself more than usual to philosophy, and playing on the flute agreeably to the custom of the Pythagoreans, and having books read to him night and day, in all which he did not want eyes, contrived to teach geometry, which one would think could hardly be done without the assistance of eyes, telling his scholars how and where to describe every line. They relate of Asclepiades, no obscure Eretric philosopher, when one asked him what inconveniences he suffered from his blindness, that his reply was, "He was at the expense of another servant." So that, as the most extreme poverty may be borne, if you please, as is daily the case with some in Greece: so blindness may easily be borne, provided you have the proper supports of health. Democritus was so blind he could not distinguish white from black: but he knew the difference betwixt good and evil, just and unjust, honest and base, the useful and useless, great and small. Thus one may live happily without distinguishing colours; but without acquainting yourself with things, you cannot; and this man was of opinion, that the intense application of the mind was taken off by the objects that presented themselves to the eye, and while others often could not see what was before their feet, he travelled through all infinity. It is reported also that Homer was blind, but we observe his painting, as well his poetry. What country, what coast, what part of Greece, what military attacks, what dispositions of battle, what army, what ship, what motions of men

and animals, has he not so described as to make us see what he could not see himself? What, then, can we imagine Homer, or any other learned man can want to entertain his mind? Were it not so, would Anaxagoras, or this very Democritus, have left their estates and patrimonies, and given themselves up to the pursuit of acquiring this divine entertainment? It is thus, that the poets, who have represented Tiresias the Augur as a wise man, blind, never exhibit him as bewailing his blindness. But as Homer had described Polypheme as a monster and a wild man, he represents him talking with his ram, and speaking of his good fortune, that he could go wherever he pleased and touch what he would. And so far he was right, for that Cyclops was of much the same understanding with his ram.

Now as to the evil of being deaf; M. Crassus was a little thick of hearing: but it was more uneasiness to him that he heard himself ill spoken of; though, in my opinion, without reason. Our Epicureans cannot understand Greek, nor the Greeks Latin; now, they are deaf reciprocally as to each other's language, and we are all truly deaf with regard to those innumerable languages which we do not understand. They do not hear the voice of the harper, but then they do not hear the grating of a saw when it is setting, or the grunting of a hog when his throat is cutting, nor the roaring of the sea when they are desirous of rest. And if they should chance to be fond of singing, they ought in the first place to consider that many wise men lived happily before music was discovered; besides they may have more pleasure in reading verses, than in hearing them sung. Then, as I before referred the blind to the pleasures of hearing, so I may the deaf to the pleasures of sight: moreover, whoever can converse with himself doth not need the conversation of another. But supposing all these misfortunes to meet in one person: suppose him blind and deaf, let him be afflicted with the sharpest pains of body, which, in the first place, generally of themselves make an end of him: but should they continue so long and the pain be so exquisite, that there should be no reason for bearing them, why, good Gods, should we be under any difficulty? For there is a retreat at hand;—death is that retreat—a shelter where

we shall for ever be insensible. Theodorus said to Lysimachus, who threatened him with death, "It is a great matter indeed, for you to do what cantharides can." When Perses intreated Paulus not to lead him in triumph, "That is as you please," said Paulus. I said many things of death in our first day's disputation, when death was the subject: and not a little the next day when I treated of pain, which things if you recollect, there can be no danger of your looking upon death as undesirable, or at least it will not be dreadful.

That custom in force with the Grecians at their banquets, should, in my opinion, take place in life: Drink, say they, or leave the company; and right enough: let him either enjoy the pleasure of drinking with others, or not stay till he meets with affronts from those that are in liquor. Thus those injuries of fortune you cannot bear, you should leave. This is the very same which is said by Epicurus and Hieronymus. Now if those philosophers, whose opinion it is that virtue has no power of itself, and who say that what we denominate honest and laudable imply nothing, and are only set off with an unmeaning sound: can they nevertheless maintain that a wise man is always happy? You see what may be done by the Socratic and Platonic philosophers. Some of these allow such superiority to the goods of the mind, as quite to eclipse what concerns the body and all accidental circumstances. But others do not admit these to be goods; they repose all in the mind: whose disputes Carneades used, as an honorary arbitrator, to determine. For as what seemed goods to the Peripatetics, were allowed to be advantages by the Stoics; and as the Peripatetics allowed no more to riches, good health, and other things of that sort, than the Stoics; when these things were considered according to their reality, not by mere report; his opinion was, that there was no ground for disagreeing: Therefore let the philosophers, that hold other tenets, see how they may carry this point. It is very agreeable to me that they make some professions worthy the mouth of a philosopher, with regard to a man's having always the means of living happily.

But as we are to depart in the morning, let us remember these five days' disputations, though indeed, I think, I shall

write them: for how can I better employ the leisure I have, whatever it be owing to? and I will send these other five books to my Brutus; by whom I was not only incited to write on philosophy, but provoked. In which it is not easy to say what service I may be of to others; but in my own various and acute afflictions which surrounded me on all sides, I could find no better solace.

EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG ORATOR

FROM THE
INSTITUTES OF THE ORATOR
BY QUINTILIAN

TRANSLATED BY
J. PATSALL, A.M.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY
LIFE OF QUINTILIAN

INTRODUCTION

LIFE OF QUINTILIAN

MARCUS FABIVS QVINTILIANVS was born about A.D. 35 at Calaguris in Spain. He received in young manhood training as an orator at Rome, returning home about A.D. 59. In A.D. 68 he went back to the imperial city in the suite of Galba, to become a legal practitioner and a teacher of rhetoric. So great was his fame as an instructor that in the reign of Vespasian he was enabled to open a great school, for conducting which he received a salary from the state. He retired in A.D. 90, after twenty years of active labor, and devoted himself to the education of the grandchildren of Domatilla, the sister of Domitian, and was rewarded therefor by the emperor with the rank of consul. He died between 97 and 100 A.D., having outlived his wife and two sons.

Only one of the works of Quintilian has survived, but that is his masterpiece—the *Institutes of the Orator*. It is a series of twelve books treating of the training of an orator. He wrote it in two years, and, after repeated revisions, published it in A.D. 96, shortly before the death of Domitian. He dedicated it to his friend, the orator Victorius Marcellus, to aid him in the education of his son. The work is a complete and progressive course in rhetoric and oratory. The second book, which treats of the period when the youth, after having completed his general primary education, enters upon specific instruction in rhetoric and oratory, is here presented, as being particularly useful to American youth of equal age, who are now taking the so-called “high-school” course.

Quintilian modeled his style upon Cicero’s, from whom he quotes copiously, and therefore his work is very properly included with the writings of the great Roman orator.

QUINTILIAN

EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG ORATOR

CHAPTER I

At what time a boy ought to be sent to the Rhetoric School.

THERE is a custom, which daily prevails more and more, of sending children later than they ought to be sent, to schools of eloquence. This has been occasioned by our rhetoricians having neglected a part of their duty, and by grammarians having appropriated to themselves what they omitted. Rhetoricians think it only incumbent on them to dictate subjects of declamation, to pronounce speeches composed on the plans of these subjects, and to make their pupils perform the same. All this is executed in the judicial and deliberative kinds; for they esteem other points as beneath their profession. Grammarians, not content to assume what was neglected, for which in some measure we are obliged to them, have also intruded upon figurative tracts of eloquence, called Prosopopeias, and speeches in the deliberative kind; both which are with difficulty attempted, and require to be supported by an extraordinary force of eloquence. Hence, it comes to pass, that what formerly made the beginning of one art, now makes the end of another; and it is chiefly on this account that an age, designed for higher matters, must grovel in a low class, and learn rhetoric among grammarians. Besides, what seems to me most ridiculous, is that a lad is not fit to be sent to the rhetoric school, unless he already knows how to declaim.

Every profession, methinks, ought to be kept within its bounds. Let grammar (which, as we may judge by its name, is properly the science of letters) be acquainted with its own; especially, since it has soared so high above the poverty of its appellation, to which the first grammarians confined themselves. Inconsiderable at first in its source, afterwards aug-

mented with an additional supply of poets and historians, it now flows in a sufficiently ample channel, by having, with the methods it prescribes for language, which are of no small extent, embraced likewise the knowledge of the greatest arts. Rhetoric too, which in its etymology implies the art and force of eloquence, should not decline any of its duties; neither should it rejoice at seeing a business taken up that belonged to itself; for whilst it neglected its function, it had been almost driven out of possession. I will not deny that there are grammarians of sufficient abilities to teach the things I mentioned; but in this case, they do the duty of a rhetorician, and not their own.

The point therefore that seems now necessary to be decided, is the time when a boy is fit to be sent to learn rhetoric. Here-upon I may say, that no particular age can be assigned for this purpose, as it must entirely depend on the progress he has made in his first studies; so that he cannot be properly sent till he is found capable. But this likewise must be accounted for by what has been observed a little before; for if the duty of grammar extends to speeches in the deliberative kind, which rhetoricians make the rudiments of their art, the rhetoric school may be dispensed with for a considerable time: on the contrary, if rhetoricians do not decline the first duties of their business, they will begin with narrations and little essays in the demonstrative kind. Are we ignorant that the ancient rhetoricians exercised their eloquence by common places, and theses, and other general questions, either fictitious or real, which afford matter for contestation? Whence it may be judged how shameful it is to the professors of the art, to have deserted that part, which for a considerable time made their first and only occupation. What is there in all hitherto mentioned, that is not essential to rhetoric, and does not take place in the judicial kind? Must not narrations be made at the bar? For aught I know, they constitute the most important part of a cause. Are not praise and dispraise frequent topics in pleadings? Are not common places often inserted in them, as well those on subjects of vice, of which Cicero has left us excellent models, as those of Quintus Hortensius, which treat of general questions, and contain the very marrow of the law? Some of

these questions regard what may be urged for and against witnesses, as to their credibility; and whether we ought to believe on slight evidence and probabilities. These are as arms, that must be kept in readiness for use, upon occasion; and whoever imagines they do not belong to an orator, may believe that artists begin not a statue, by first fusing the metal which is to compose its parts. However, let none here, though some may, blame me for too much precipitation, as if, to deliver a youth into the hands of a master of rhetoric, I should take him away too soon from the grammarian. Both will have their time, and there is no fear that he will be burdened with two masters. The study that was confounded under one, will not be multiplied, but divided; and every master will be the more useful by discharging his respective duty. This is still observed by the Greeks, though omitted by the Latins, who seem to excuse themselves by saying, that others have succeeded to that care.

CHAPTER II

Of the Morals and Duty of a Rhetoric-Master.

WHEN therefore a boy is so far a proficient in study, as to be capable of having a just notion of the first principles of rhetoric, he must be sent to the masters of that art. Their morals are first to be examined into. Not but we ought to be equally circumspect in regard to other masters, as I hinted in my first book; but here I think the mentioning of it more particularly necessary on account of the children's age, who are almost grown up, when sent to the rhetoric-school, where they continue for some years. For this reason, greater care ought then to be taken, that the integrity of the master's morals may preserve them in the innocence of their early youth, and his gravity, commanding respect, keep them within bounds, especially in an age when a spirit of licentiousness makes them more difficultly governed: for it is not enough for him to be of irreproachable conduct, unless also he curbs them by strict discipline.

Above all, let him have towards them the benevolent disposition of a parent, and consider himself as holding the place of those, who have entrusted him with this charge. He must neither be vicious himself, nor countenance vice. Austere, though not harsh; mild, though not familiar; lest the first ingenerate hatred, the second contempt. Let him talk frequently of virtue. The oftener he advises, the seldomer he will be obliged to punish. Let him not give into passion, yet let him not dissemble faults. Let him be plain and simple in his manner of teaching; patient in labour; rather punctual in making his scholars comply with their duty, than too exact in requiring more than they can do. Let him answer with pleasure the questions put to him, and when not asked, let him ask of his own motion. Let him neither refuse due praise, nor be too lavish of it; the one discourages, the other begets a dangerous security. In correcting the faults of their exercises, he should neither be tart, nor affront them. Nothing gives them so great an aversion against study, as to find themselves constantly reprimanded, which they take to be the effect of their master's hatred. Let him daily say something, nay many things to them, which they may retain and profit by; for though reading furnishes them with a sufficiency of good examples for imitation; yet word of mouth, as it is called, is of much greater efficacy, especially that of a master, whom youth of honourable principles, love and esteem; for it scarce can be expressed, by what an intire inclination we are prompted to imitate those we love.

A master must not suffer his pupils to take the liberty, as is often practised, of praising and complimenting each other. The opinion of young persons ought to be very moderate and sparing; for so, they will pay a deference to their master's judgment, and think they have done right, when they have his approbation. That ill custom of applauding one another for every thing done, which now goes under the name of good nature, is unbecoming, and favours too much of the theatre; and ought, as a most troublesome enemy to study, to be banished well regulated schools. How will they be careful and take pains, when certain that whatever they babble will be received with applause? Let those therefore who hear, as

well as he that declaims, have an eye to the countenance of the master. So it is, they will discern what is commendable, and what is faulty; and so, by attending to his sentiments on the performances of their school-fellows, they will acquire a facility in composition, and improve their judgment. Instead of this, now, at every period they bend forward, ready to rise, to run about, to clap hands, to cry out! Such are their mutual felicitations, and hence they derive the success of their pieces. They become afterwards so full of themselves, and so vainly proud, that if their master does not praise them to the degree they would have him, they think but indifferently of him. On the other hand, let a master content himself in being heard with attention and modesty. It is his pupils' business to seek his approbation, and not his theirs. He may, however, take notice of the impression his words make on every one of them; and when he finds they have a sense of what is good, he may rejoice, but more on their account than his own.

I do not approve of the younger boys being seated intermixed with the greater; for though a master, such as we suppose him, be capable of keeping his scholars to a modest behaviour; yet the weak are to be separated from the robust, and base criminality so far from being committed, ought not even to be suspected. I thought it was necessary to make this short remark, because there is no occasion for hinting any thing by way of precept, to secure the master and scholars from flagrant vices. But if one is so indiscreet, as to chuse for his son a master, whom he knows to be notoriously wicked, he may be assured, that all we have hitherto said, and shall say hereafter on the education of youth, will be to no purpose, on account of this single omission.

CHAPTER III

Whether the best Masters at first ought to be made choice of.

I MUST not pass by in silence the silly opinion of many, who, when their boys are fit for the rhetoric school, do not believe it necessary to place them immediately under the care of the most eminent, but keep them for some time at schools of

less repute; presuming that a master of slender abilities is more proper in these beginnings, as easier understood and imitated, and not too proud to submit to the drudgery of the first elements of rhetoric. Herein, I fancy, I shall be put to no great difficulty to shew the advantages of the best instructions, when it must appear, on the contrary, how hard a matter it is to deface the evil that has once sunk deep; to say nothing of the double burden of the succeeding master, who will have much more trouble in unteaching, than teaching: an instance of which we find related of Timotheus, a famous flute-player, who required twice as much from those who were instructed by others, than he did from such as came novices into his own hands.

But to proceed; we shall find persons of this way of thinking, guilty of two mistakes. The first, in reputed masters of ordinary abilities good enough for the present. It is true, a good ¹stomach may digest every thing: but though this security is in the main blameable, it nevertheless may be somewhat tolerable, if the little these masters teach was well taught; but the misfortune is, it is quite the reverse. The second, and more common mistake, is believing, that masters of more distinguished merit, think it beneath them to descend to such small matters, whether it be they are not inclined to take the trouble, or they cannot. For my part, I would not rank him who cannot, in the catalogue of teachers; but I repute the master of the greatest talents, to be as much capable, if he pleases, of teaching little as great things. First, because the man, who surpasses others in eloquence, may be supposed to have studied accurately the means for attaining it. Secondly, because the plainest method is always the best, which the most learned possess in a greater degree than others. Lastly, because it is not possible, that he who excels in great, should be ignorant in little things. If this was not true, it might as well be said, that

¹ A metaphor borrowed from food; for as those of a good stomach have no particular choice in what they eat, so those, on the contrary, who have an indifferent one seek meats pleasing to the appetite and easy of digestion. In like manner, parents, entertaining the best hopes of their children's genius, make no choice of masters for them.—There is some error perhaps here in the text.

Phidias indeed, had made an excellent statue of Jupiter, but that another would have better executed the ornamental parts; or that an Orator knows not how to speak; or that a very skilful physician is at a loss to remedy a slight indisposition.

What then? Is there not an eloquence by far surpassing the weak understanding of children? There is, I confess; but I suppose this eloquent master to be prudent and discreet; that he is not ignorant of the best method of teaching; and that he can adapt himself to the capacity of the learner. Just so, should a man, who can walk very fast, chance to go part of a road with a child; would he not give him his hand, would he not lessen his pace, and go no faster than as the child might be able to keep up with him? Again, are not things much clearer, and more easily understood, when explained by a man of learning? Perspecuity is the principal accomplishment of eloquence; and the more slender a person's genius is, the more extraordinary will be his efforts to stretch and puff himself up: just so, your pigmy-men walk on tip-toe, to look big; and none are known to be so liberal of threats as the feeble. I am persuaded that 'bombast, and flashy thoughts, and brilliant bubbles, and tinsel-periods, and all other affected niceties of discourse, denote a weakness and not a strength of genius. In like manner, when we see persons of bloated bodies, we cannot think that this corpulency proceeds from a vigorous constitution, but is rather the effect of gluttony and peccant humours. Thus also it is, that they who leave the strait road, either go astray, or must go a more round about way; and therefore the less capable a master is, the more will his method of teaching and explaining be involved in obscurity.

I have not forgot, that in a passage of my first book, wherein I shewed the advantages of a public education to be superior to those of a private, I said that children incline more to the imitation of their companions than others, as more proportioned to their capacities. This perhaps may seem to contradict what I now advance. But the case is far from being

¹ He censures those who, whilst they over-affect some virtue, fall into the vice that borders upon that virtue. *Cacozelia* in the text, signifies a vicious affectation. By *tumidos* he means those that strain

so, and for this very reason I would have a boy sent to the best master; for his scholars, as better instructed, will be more complete models for imitation, and should they be guilty of mistakes, these will be instantly rectified. On the contrary, an illiterate master may pass by a number of faults, and even perhaps approve them; and his judgment will be a standard of approbation to his whole school. Let us therefore make choice of the equally virtuous and learned, such as 'Homer's Phoenix, a man as much renowned for eloquent speech, as the gallant behaviour of a soldier.

CHAPTER IV

What ought to be the first Exercises in the Rhetoric School.

I AM now going to speak of the exercises rhetoricians ought to begin with, and therefore, for a while, shall defer considering what is generally called the art of rhetoric.

A master, I think, cannot better begin than with subjects in nature like to what the boy has already learned in the grammar-school. Narrations, very proper for this purpose, are divided into three sorts, exclusive of that which is used at the bar. The first is fabulous, adopted by tragedies and other poems, without truth, or even a probability for its foundation. The second, fictitious, but true in appearance, is the same as subjects for comedy. The third is historical, and contains the relation of real facts. The two first we leave to grammarians. The last, the more solid as true, is what rhetoricians ought to begin with.

In regard to the best manner for forming a narration, we shall lay down rules for it, when we speak of the judicial kind. All that is necessary to be observed here is, that it be neither quite dry nor hungry; for to what purpose would all the trouble of study be, was it sufficient to shew things naked, and with-

hard at the sublime. By *corruptos*, those that hunt after striking and elegant thoughts. By *tinnulos*, those that study to make out a fine jingle of words.

¹ Iliad ix, 443.

out any grace or ornament? Neither would I have it too luxuriant by circumlocution and far fetched descriptions, in the manner of poetical redundancy. Both are faults, but poverty is worse than abundance. We can neither require, nor expect a perfect discourse from a child; but I cannot help having a good opinion of the fertile wit, that attempts nobly, though it may sometimes not keep within the bounds of precision. I never also dislike superfluities in a young beginner, and therefore would have a master, like a tender nurse, indulge the young minds of his pupils in the most delicious nurture, suffering them to feed, as on the sweetest milk, on the gaiety of florid thoughts and expressions. Time will soon bring the pampered body to a due consistence, and will give great hopes of a sound constitution; whereas the child that is suddenly formed in all its limbs, portends future leanness and infirmity. Let us therefore allow them to make little attempts; let them invent, and take pleasure in their inventions, though what they do is not yet sufficiently correct and just. It is easy to remedy fruitfulness, but impossible to conquer barrenness. The boy that discloses his turn of genius by a few tokens of judgment, affords me but slender hopes of solid natural parts. I would have him enlarge upon, and spin out his subject to more than a just length. Time will introduce precision and justness into his thoughts and style; reason will polish, and frequent practice rub off something from them. There ought to be something of substance to bear clipping and filing off, and it will so happen, if the plate too thinly wrought in the beginning, does not break on the first deep impressing of the graving tool. They who have read ¹Cicero, will make no wonder of what I here advance: "I would have a young man, says he, shew a fertile genius." For which reason, let a master, whose method of teaching is dry, be avoided, and particularly for children, as he may be as detrimental to them, as a parched and dry soil must be to young plants. From him they give into a dearth of conception; they grovel, and never attempt to hazard any thing above common discourse. A meagre state is health to them, and what they call judgment, is merely debility; and whilst

¹ De Orat. ii. 28.

they think it enough to be free from faults, they consider not that it is a signal fault to be destitute of beauties. I would not therefore have maturity brought on apace: new wine cannot instantly ripen while it ferments in a vat; it must be tunned up to preserve its spirit, and age will be the proof of its goodness.

It will not be amiss to hint, in how great a degree youth are discouraged by a master hard to be pleased, and rather too severe in correcting their performances. On this account, they despair, fret, and hate study, and what most hurts them, is their attempting nothing, whilst they labour under continual apprehension. The example of vine-dressers may not in this respect be unapplicable to masters. They do not prune the vine while its branches are tender, imagining it dreads the knife, and cannot yet endure the least wound. So, a master ought to make himself agreeable, and should know that remedies, harsh in their nature, require to be mitigated by something gentle. Some things he may praise, others he may make some allowance for; this he may alter, giving a reason, why he does so; and that he may mend with something of his own. It will be also sometimes of service to dictate the heads of a subject, for being enlarged upon: this will help to perfect a boy's imitation, and he will flatter himself that it is a work of his own production. But if his composition happens to be so faulty as not to admit of correction, in this case, it was customary with me to have recourse to an expedient, which I always found successful. On going over the same subject again, and having explained it in all its parts, I advised him to work it up anew, telling him it might be better done. Thus, the hope of success was a great incentive to study. Others are to be treated differently, but all according to their respective capacities. It was also customary with me to acquaint those, whose style was somewhat gay, and thought more bold and solid, that for the present it might pass, but that a time would come, when I should not permit such liberties. By this treatment, they prided themselves in their wit, and were not deceived in their judgment.

But to return from whence I have digressed; I would have them compose their narrations with all the accuracy

possible of elegant style. At first, for forming them to talk with facility, they will profit much by making them repeat what they have heard, tracing the exposition through all its parts. What I here mean, regards such only as are merely children; who, while they can do nothing else, and while they begin to annex words to ideas, may greatly by this exercise improve their memories: but, as soon as taught to make a regular and correct discourse, to suffer them to prattle extempore nonsense, to speak before they think, to blab out things indiscreetly, before they are hardly risen from their seats, is indeed a ridiculous ostentation, more befitting a Charletan than Student of rhetoric. This, however, fills ignorant parents with joy, inspires youth with a contempt for study, furnishes them with a stock of impudence, makes them contract a habit of ill speaking, practises them in venting fooleries, and, what has often ruined a considerable progress in learning, creates in them an arrogant presumption. Every thing will have its time, and I shall not forget in the sequel to discuss this point of extempore speaking. In the mean time, it will be enough for a youth, with all the application and care he is capable of, to write something tolerable. Let this be his constant exercise, and let him make it a sort of second nature. The most likely to attain what we here seek after, or at least to come near it, is he that learns to speak with propriety and elegance, before he learns to speak with facility.

To narrations is not improperly subjoined the manner of confirming and refuting them. This is practised as well in historical records, as fabulous subjects and poetical narratives. If the question should be concerning the probability of a crow's alighting on the head of Valerius, and contending hard, whilst he continued fighting, with beak and wings to peck and lash at the face and eyes of the Gaul, his adversary; it would on both sides furnish matter of great contestation. The same may be said of the serpent, it is imagined, Scipio derived his origin from; and the she-wolf of Romulus, and Numa's Egeria. Greek history, for the most part, is as fabulous as their poetry. There are likewise several questions concerning the time and place of the transaction, and

even sometimes concerning persons. Livy and other historians abound with these doubts, and rarely agree in opinion with each other.

From hence there may be a gradual transition to greater matters, as the praise of illustrious men, and the dispraise of the vicious, by which a youth will reap more than one advantage. For besides exercising his genius on a subject so copious and so full of variety, the consideration of good and evil and their consequences, will form his morals; he will likewise acquire the knowledge of an infinity of things, and his memory will be stored with examples, which are of singular efficacy in the pleading of all kinds of causes, and of which he will make a proper use, as he finds occasion. To this may succeed the exercise of forming parallels, "as which is better, or which is worse." These, though similar to the just mentioned subjects, contain a much more extensive matter, as treating not only of the nature of virtues and vices, but also of their degree and measure. But, as the notions of praise and dispraise, belong to the third part of rhetoric, we shall speak of them in their place.

As to common places, (I speak of those, in which, without mentioning persons, it is customary to inveigh against vice, as against an adulterer, a gamester, debauchee,) they are so inseparable from judicial causes, that we need only name the party and convert them into real accusations. We may descend also from generals to some particulars which aggravate the guilt, as "a blind adulterer, a poor man addicted to gaming, an amorous old fellow." Sometimes too, for exercise sake, we may take the part of these vices; for in real causes, a defence is admitted in favour of luxury and love; we plead for a pimp and parasite; but in palliating the crime, we are not advocates for the criminal.

Certain theses, framed out of a comparative view of things, are very fruitful sources for the exercise of eloquence; as "Whether a country life be preferable to a city life;" "Whether the function of a lawyer is more honourable than that of a soldier." Such questions are of great service for either the deliberate or the judicial kinds; and Cicero has treated the latter in a very ample manner, in his oration for

Murena. The following are entirely in the deliberative kind; as, "Whether it be adviseable to marry;" "Whether magistracies ought to be sought after." Connected with the parties to be advised, these become deliberations of some importance.

My masters, I remember, were wont to exercise us on a sort of subject which was equally pleasing and agreeable to us. These subjects consisted of conjectural questions, as "What reason the Lacedemonians had to represent Venus armed?" "Why Cupid is represented as a boy, with wings, and armed with arrows, and a torch?" The whole stress of the argument lay in discovering the intention of the author. Frequent debates occur on like questions in civil causes, and they may seem to be a kind of chrias.

Other common places, concerning "the credibility of witnesses, and believing on slight proofs," so evidently belong to the judicial kind, that lawyers of some note, write, and commit them carefully to memory, to have them at hand, for embellishing, as with so many ¹ornaments, their extempore harangues. Herein, indeed, they seem to me conscious to themselves of very weak intellects; for how will they discover the essential point of a cause, which has always different and new faces? How will they be able to answer the arguments of their adversaries; clear up instantly unforeseen difficulties started amidst altercations; interrogate properly a witness; and all these, and the like, if there be a necessity for so much preparation to say what is common, what takes place in most causes, and what is the usual practice of the bar? Must not these orators, by constantly instancing in the same in a diversity of pleadings, disgust their auditors, as if they had served up to them cold and laid-by meats? Or must they not be ashamed to bring so often to their remembrance the retailing of their wretched furniture; in this respect not unlike reduced gentlemen, ever priding themselves for putting their antique family remains to all sorts of uses?

¹ *Emblema* in the text, signifies something set in and applied to another thing. Cicero uses the word *emblemata* to denote certain ornaments set in gold and silver vessels, which may be taken out or put in as one pleases.

Add to this, that no common place can well coincide with a cause, unless it bears a natural affinity to the principal question: otherwise, it will appear not so much applicable as foisted in; either, because it differs from other parts, or is improperly introduced; not that there is an occasion for it, but because it is ready for use. I pass a like censure on those verbose digressions, which some designedly give into, to make room for a beautiful thought; whereas the thought ought naturally to flow from the cause itself: for though an expression be ever so beautiful, a remark so nice, they will tend to nothing, unless decisive of the main point, being not only superfluous, but often contrary to the affair in question. But perhaps we may have digressed too far ourselves, and therefore shall return to our subject.

The praise and dispraise of laws, is a kind of essay that requires a degree of eloquence equal to the greatest subjects...

Such were the subjects, by which most commonly the ancients exercised the talent of speaking, but adopted the logical form of argument. The Greeks were not acquainted till the time of Demetrius of Phalerea, with the manner of forming harangues in imitation of those of the bar, and public consultations. I cannot assuredly say he was the author of this sort of exercise. They, who insist he was, cannot make appear their assertion as well grounded. Cicero¹ informs us that the Latins began to have masters for the art of speaking about the latter time of Lucius Crassus; and among them Plotius was reckoned the most illustrious.

CHAPTER V

Of the reading of Orators and Historians in the Rhetoric School.

I SHALL soon hereafter speak of the method of declaiming; in the mean time, as we yet are treating of the first elements of rhetoric, I think a master will much contribute to the improvement of his pupils, if, as grammarians explain poets, he in like manner should make them acquainted with

¹ Lib. iii de Orat.

historians, and particularly orators. This I practised when I professed teaching; but my care was confined to a few, whose age seemed to require it, and whose parents requested it as a favour. I was then, indeed, very sensible of its advantages, but could not well depart from the custom of otherwise teaching, which had been long used; besides this the greater part of my scholars, who had already made a considerable progress in their studies, did not want a help of the kind, and could follow the ¹examples I set them. Even now, had I acquired any new help, I should not be ashamed to communicate it to the public. What I here recommend, I know to be observed by the Greek masters of rhetoric, though not entirely by themselves, as not having sufficient time to discharge the task; but rather more by the assistants they employ for this purpose.

It is certain, that to read an author with a boy; to teach him only to read smoothly and distinctly; or to make him likewise remark the force of expression, if any occur deserving notice, is much beneath the profession of a rhetoric-master: but to point out beauties, and faults also, if any, I take to be a duty, which he cannot be reasonably dispensed from; and so much the more, as I do not demand from him the drudgery of reading with every child the particular book they fancy, this being the business of those who teach the first rudiments. But I would have him, as the easiest and most useful way of complying with this duty, make choice of an oration, and commanding silence, appoint his scholars, every one in his turn, to read a part, which will be a ready means of forming their pronunciation. Afterwards, he will explain to them the state of the cause; for so the rest will be the easier understood. Next, he will let nothing pass, either in the invention or elocution, without some remark. He will observe to them in the exordium, the

¹ They did not read in rhetoric schools historians and orators, from whence they borrowed examples for composition; but followed the examples I set them. This appears by what he says in the fifth section of this chapter: "A master declaims, that a scholar may copy after his manner; but would not the reading of Cicero and Demosthenes be of more service to them?"

art of the orator in procuring the favour of the judges; the perspicuity of the narration, its conciseness, its air of sincerity, its design and sometimes hidden artifice; for here the secret of the art is known only to connoisseurs. He then will shew the order and exactness of the division; he will observe how subtil and close the orator is in his arguments; here how strong, nervous, and sublime; there how sweet and insinuating; how tart in his invectives, how nice in his railleries; lastly, how powerful he is in the passions, how he forces and masters hearts, and turns the minds of the judges as he pleases. In regard to elocution, he will let them see the choice, the elegant, the sublime expression: on what occasion the amplification is commendable, and where it is not; where lies the beauty of metaphors, which are the figures in words, and what is a smooth and periodical style, yet manly composition.

Neither will it be unnecessary to read also publicly for them certain orations, which are extremely faulty, and are only in request on account of the corrupt taste of the times. The many improprieties of speech, and the many obscure, turgid, low, mean, wanton, and effeminate things in them should be pointed out; because, not only they are received with a sort of general approbation; but, what is worse, are esteemed because vicious. A plain and natural composition seems now to have no wit. What is far fetched and extraordinary captivates our admiration; just so, as some are known to set a greater value on misshaped bodies and monstrous figures, than such as are possessed of all natural advantages. Some won also by appearances, imagine a more exquisite beauty to be in 'artificial features, in a painted face, in false or coloured looks, than in the unartful garb and mien of innocent and pure nature, as if the beauty of the body could be enhanced by the depravation of our morals.

It is not sufficient for a master to animadvert in this manner; he should likewise often ask questions, and so prove the

¹ The text has *levatis* for *levigatis*, for *leve* with the first syllable long, signifies something smooth and without hairs. The men, in Quintilian's time, that affected a handsome face, plucked out the hairs on their cheeks; whence they were called *vulsi*.

judgment of his scholars. This will be a means to keep them from a notion of security, to fix in their memories what is said, to ripen their invention, and to clear up their conceptions. For what other is our end in teaching them, but that they may not always be taught?

I dare say, they will profit more by this care, than by all the precepts of arts and sciences, which undoubtedly are great helps, but considered in their extent, imply an impossibility of examining into all the distinct species of things, which daily present themselves to our consideration. There are general precepts on the art of war, but it would avail more to know, how a general behaved in such a situation and time, and what contributed to his success, and what not. For in all cases, experience most commonly effects more than theory. A master declaims, that his scholars may copy after his manner; but would not the reading of Cicero and Demosthenes be of more service to them? He corrects publicly the faults his scholars make in their declamations, but would it not be much better to criticize the just-mentioned modern pieces of eloquence, which must not only make a greater impression, but also be more pleasing to them; for self-love would rather have the faults of others corrected than its own? I have yet many things to say on this head, but all know the utility of the counsel I give, and I heartily wish that the sense of the benefit may prompt to its being put in execution!

CHAPTER VI

What authors are first and principally to be read.

THERE remains to discuss what authors are first to be read. Some approve of authors of less note, because the understanding of them is more easy; others of the more florid, as more capable of feeding with delicious nourishment the genius of children. For my part, I think that the best ought to be read first, and always; especially, the plainest and most natural; and therefore I recommend Livy preferably to Salust. Livy has taken in a greater scope of history, but to understand him one must have made some progress. Cicero

appears to me pleasing to beginners, and is sufficiently plain. He may be read not only with profit, but even a fondness may be contracted for reading him; yet this must be by those, as ¹Livy says, who have copied his character.

There are two sorts of authors I would have youth cautioned against. The first, are those that favour too much of antiquity, as the Gracchi, Cato, and such as lived about the same time. An over-fond admirer of their productions ought not to put them into the hands of youth, lest they contract a stiffness by the reading of them, and withal a harsh, dry, and barbarous style: for incapable of attaining the strength of their noble sentiment, they will rest satisfied with their elocution, which then was undoubtedly of the best, but is not so now; and the worst is, that by imitating what was defective in these great men, they will be so fool-hardy as to fancy they resemble them.

The second, are the moderns, who slide into the opposite extreme. Youth must beware of being enamoured of the profusion of ornaments crouded into their writings; and the bait is the more dangerous, as this luscious manner is nearly allied to conceits of puerile fancy. But when the judgment is sufficiently formed, and without running any risque, is capable of abiding by the good and the true in writing, then both the ancients and moderns may be indiscriminately read. The force and solidity of the former, purged of the dregs of a grosser age, will add new lustre to the elegance of our style; and the latter will appear to have qualities, not to be rejected. We are not more dull by nature than the ancients; but we have perverted the taste of good writing and refined it to a fault. Our wit is as sprightly as theirs, but it wants to be animated by the grandeur of the same designs. We must therefore endeavour to make a proper choice, and discern between good and bad, which lie often intermixed. I not only grant, but even contend, that there lately have been, and are still living, some ²moderns, worthy of imitation in all respects. But to make known who they are is not every one's

¹ In his epistle to his son, which, it were to be wished, was extant.

² He means Pliny, Tacitus, and some others of his contemporaries.

business. The imitation, however, of the ancients is safer, should we even go astray with them. I therefore thought it advisable to postpone the reading of the moderns, that their imitation might have no ascendant over us, till we are able to form a competent judgment of their merit.

CHAPTER VII

On what subjects a master of rhetoric ought to exercise his scholars' style and composition.

MASTERS disagree in the manner of prescribing subjects for composition. Some, not satisfied with dividing them into all their parts, enlarge on every point, assigning proofs, figures, and passions to their respective places. Others draw only the out-lines, but when their pupils have performed their declamations, they fill up what had been omitted by each of them, and improve some parts with as great care, as if they were to pronounce them themselves.

Both these methods are good, and I separate not the one from the other; but if a choice was to be made, I should rather put children immediately on the strait road, than wait to recall them when once gone astray. First, because correcting their faults affects only their ears, whereas an exact division directs both their thought and style. Secondly, because a master is heard with less reluctance, when he instructs than when he finds fault, and now especially, when youth, from their morals being so little attended to, shew a petulancy of disposition, prone to resentment, or tacitly indignant of reproof. Still their faults are not less to be publicly corrected, that it may not be imagined by the other scholars, that what the master left unnoticed, was right. But both methods might be equally and occasionally used. Beginners ought to have subjects adapted to their abilities, and having sufficiently conformed themselves to the prescribed rules, they may be shewn, as it were, a short cut, and suffered to follow the bent of their own genius, lest the habit of doing nothing without the help of another, make them incapable of attempting any thing of themselves. When they have executed any thing

tolerable, the master's care will be almost at an end; but if they still commit mistakes, it will be his business to redress them. We perceive a like conduct in birds, which, while their young are yet but weak and tender, bring them food, and distribute regularly to all their portion; but when they seem fledged, and to have gathered strength, the mother teaches them to get for a short time out of their nest, and to fly about their own place, setting an example of flying before them herself; and when thus she has made sufficient trial of what they are able to do, she suffers them to take wing where they please, and act as they list.

CHAPTER VIII

Boys ought to be made to commit to memory select passages from historians and orators; but seldom what they have written themselves.

I THINK the custom ought to be entirely changed, of making boys get by heart their own compositions, and declaiming them at stated times. This is greatly owing to parents, who measure their children's studies by their frequent declamations, whereas their greatest progress consists chiefly in diligence. But, as I would have children learn to compose, and to be more conversant with this exercise than any other; so also, preferably to their own compositions, I would have them get by heart select passages from orators, historians, and other authors, deserving of this care. When for some time they have accustomed themselves to this seemingly foreign to them, and laborious kind of exercise, they will the easier fix in their minds their own compositions; they will familiarize themselves to the best things; by them they will have a fund in themselves for imitation; and even without thinking of it, will express the form of that piece of eloquence, they had treasured up in their minds. Words, manner, turns, figures, all will spontaneously flow in, and present themselves from this treasure. The remembrance of witty sayings and ingenious thoughts will also be as much an additional charm in conversation, as useful at the bar; for a well-timed applica-

tion, not having the air of study, does us more honour than if it was our own production.

Youth, however, may sometimes be permitted to declaim their own compositions, that they may not be frustrated in the praise they seek after, and which they repute the chief reward of their labours. But this indulgence should not take place but when they have accomplished something accurate. Then it is they may reasonably expect it as due to their study, and pride themselves for having deserved it.

CHAPTER IX

Whether every one is to be taught according to his genius.

It is reckoned a talent of no small merit in a master, to be able to discern the difference of his pupils' genius, and to know what in each is the bent of nature. The variety in this respect, disclosing itself to view, is wonderful. We discover almost as many forms of minds, as of bodies; and without passing out of our subject, we may have an instance of it in orators, who though they have formed themselves in imitation of those they approved of, yet so far differ in the manner of eloquence, that not one is like another. Hence it is, that several seemed to act with reason, by cultivating the good natural parts of children, and assisting them in the things, for which they seemed to be born. A man well versed in the requisites for being a proficient in the exercises of the academy, in order to train up the youth committed to his charge, makes trial of their strength, their agility, and their inclination for one exercise more than another. The same way, a master of eloquence, sagacious at passing in review the turn of genius in every one of his scholars, one being just and correct, another rather bold; one serious, another ludicrous; one smooth, another rough; one florid and brilliant, another polite and delicate; ought so to adapt himself to each, as to endeavour to perfect him in what his talent chiefly lies; because nature, seconded by care, waxes stronger and stronger; and the person that is put out of his bias, cannot help performing but indifferently, as by deserting, as it were, his instinct, he must of consequence be weaker in his efforts.

For my part, being always for following the dictates of reason, even contrary to received opinions, I must confess that I am not intirely of this sentiment. It is true, a discernment of the peculiarities of genius is necessary, and a certain choice ought to be made of suitable studies. One will be disposed for history, another for poetry, another for the law, and some perhaps will be so stupid, as to be fit for nothing but the plough. It is the business of a master of eloquence to pry into, and draw a line of separation between these different characters of wits; just as the conductor of the exercise-school, designs one for the course, another for wrestling, another for fisty-cuffs, and another for some other contention, like any of those practised in the solemn ¹games of Greece. The case is different in regard to him, who is destined for the bar. It is not enough for him to be expert in a part of his art. Notwithstanding any intervening difficulties, he must strenuously endeavour to attain the whole of it. For if nature were sufficient, there would be no necessity for learning.

Should a genius be depraved by the affectation of refinement, or pompous thoughts and expressions, as it happens to a good many; must it be suffered to indulge these fancies? Must not food and raiment be given to the hungry and naked? If superfluities are to be retrenched, why should it not be allowable to supply deficiencies? I do not run counter to nature; I would not have native excellencies neglected, but rather improved and augmented. When that great master Isocrates, whose books are a proof of his eloquence, whose disciples are evidences of his good teaching, passed this judgment upon Ephorus and Theopompus, that the one wanted a bridle, the other a spur; did he therefore pretend that a master was to promote the slowness of the one, and the impetuosity of the other? He rather thought that their nature wanted mingling together.

Weak wits, however, should be so managed, as to be made

¹ There were four of these solemn games of Greece, viz. the Nemean, Olympian, Isthmian, and Pythian, in which were various antagonists for entering the lists in each of the contentions.

only to second the call of nature. So it is, they will succeed better, if wholly employed about the little they are capable of. But those blessed by nature with a fruitful genius, and of whom we may rationally entertain the best hopes for becoming Orators, must not neglect any accomplishment of eloquence. For though they may be naturally inclined to one manner more than another, there can be no impediment to their embracing all, as application will make their acquired qualities equal to their natural. It is so, to make use again of our former example, that a skilful teacher of exercises acts in regard to ¹one he designs to train up and perfect in all the branches of his art. He does not merely teach him to kick, or cuff, or trip, or catch hold, or fold himself in a certain way about his adversary; but he instructs him in all the dexterity of feints and slights that may be used in every one of these glorious strifes. Should a youth seem not disposed for performing some of these exercises, the master will apply him to that he is most capable of; for two inconveniencies must be avoided, the first, not to attempt what is impracticable; the second, not to set aside a thing that may be very well done, for another that cannot be so well done. But let the exercise-master complete such as was Nicostratus, that famous invincible old champion, whom, when I was a young man, I saw honoured with a crown, for having gained on the same day the prizes of the cestus and wrestling.

And now, how much greater ought the care of the future Orator's master to be, who should form him to every manner of eloquence, it being not enough for him to possess a single perfection, as of being only concise, subtil, or smart. A

¹ *Pancratiastes* in the text, is said to be a person, like our English adepts in the science of boxing, who, with all the might of his body, kicks, cuffs, cross-buttocks, and folds himself about his adversary. This sort of exercise was called *pancratium*, and is one of the five combats of which the *Pentathlon* of the Greeks consisted. These were wrestling, fighting with the cestus or boxing, running including charioteering, jumping, and throwing the quoit. Some will have the *pancratium* to be the same with the *pentathlum*, that is, these who could go through every one of the five ancient combats of Greece, and this seems to be the right sense of this passage.

¹musician is not esteemed good, if he only touches and stops well the base, or menor, or tenor, or treble. To be good, he must be perfect in every article; for it is the same with a piece of eloquence, as with a lyre, which will admit of no accurate execution, unless the just agreement of its different sounds united together, forms that harmony which ravishes and transports us.

CHAPTER X

Of the Duty of Scholars.

HAVING enlarged upon the duties of masters, before I proceed farther, I have one advice to recommend unto scholars, and this is, to love their masters not less than the sciences they learn from them, and to consider them as parents, from whom they receive not the life of the body, but the life of the soul. In such a disposition of mind, they will be attentive to them with more willingness, will believe what they say, will desire to be like them, and will come to school with more pleasure and alacrity. When admonished, they will not take it ill; when praised, they will be glad; and to be highly endeared, they will deserve it by application and diligence. It is the master's duty to teach, and it is theirs to make themselves tractable. One can effect nothing without the other. For, as the origin of the human body proceeds equally from the father and the mother; and, as there is no sowing a piece of ground, unless properly prepared, so eloquence cannot coalesce without the mutual concurrence of the teacher and learner.

CHAPTER XI

That declamations ought to resemble as nearly as possible the pleadings of the bar.

WHEN a youth is sufficiently conversant with his first essays, which are not inconsiderable in themselves, but are,

¹ *Phonasecus* in the text, is properly a master of pronounciation, or modeller of the voice.

as it were, the limbs and parts of greater matters; he may apply himself to subjects in the deliberative and judicial kinds. But before I enter on this discussion, I shall animadvert a little on the manner of declamation, an exercise of late invention, but extremely useful, when properly conducted. Besides comprehending the greater part of the things already mentioned, it bears the nearest resemblance to truth; and for this reason, is so much prized, that many think it alone sufficient for forming an Orator, as there is scarce a requisite in a set speech, but may be found in this kind of composition. It has, however, much swerved from its primitive institution; the ignorance and licentiousness of declaimers being justly held to be one of the principal causes of the corruption of eloquence. But what in its nature is good, has this peculiar to it, that it may be converted to a good use. Let therefore the subjects that are imagined retain the resemblance of real ones, and let declamation, as nearly as possible, imitate those acts, for the exercise of which it was imagined; for subjects of declamation, built upon magic incantations, the causes of pestilence, the answers of oracles, the cruel devices of stepmothers so often agitated in tragic scenes, and a variety of still more fabulous descriptions, have no manner of relation to the ¹forms and practice of the bar.

What if they have not? Shall therefore young persons be never permitted to treat these marvellous, and I may truly say, poetical subjects? Must they never indulge their imagination in the extraordinary evagations of fiction, and give them, as it were, a body by the force of eloquence? It would be more advisable if they never did. Let them hold to what is grand and noble, and not to fustian, extravagance, and ridicule. But if allowances are to be made our declaimers, let them endeavour to pamper themselves, provided they know, that as beasts are put to grass for a time, and afterwards let

¹ *Sponsiones et interdicta*. By *Sponsio* is meant a covenant, or rather a wager at law. When both parties by consent laid down a sum of money to engage their standing to trial, the issue whereof was, that he who was cast in the suit, lost also his money. *Interdictum* signifies an arrest.

blood, before they return to a food of greater consistence, and more proper for preserving their health and strength: so they, if willing to be wholesome and vigorous, must diminish their corpulency, and evacuate all gross and corrupt humours; otherwise the inanity of the inflation will be discovered at the first attempt of any work having truth for its foundation.

They who fancy the whole business of declamation to be intirely different from the pleadings of the bar, are not acquainted with the end and reason of its invention. If it be not a preparative to the bar, it will at best be but an empty shew, a mad vociferation more becoming a stage-player than an Orator. What will it avail to gain over a judge where no judge exists? To what purpose is a narration made, known by every one to be false? Where is the necessity of alledging proofs for a cause on which none are to pass sentence? All this is somewhat tolerable; but to be touched; to excite anger and indignation, sorrow and compassion in the minds of the auditory, must be an extreme piece of mockery, unless this image of war is as a prelude to real contention.

Must there be no difference therefore, between the pleadings of the bar, and declamatory speeches? There should not, if our motive be improvement. I wish it was customary to descend to particulars; to name persons; to imagine controversies of a more complicated nature, and requiring some length of time in the discussion; to be not afraid of using popular terms, or such as obtain at the bar; to season the whole with ingenious raillery; in all which we are perfect novices when we appear at the bar, notwithstanding the multiplicity of our school-exercises.

Declamations calculated for ostentation, may give something to the pleasure of the ear; for in pleadings, grounded undoubtedly on some truth, but whose aim is to amuse agreeably, as panegyrics, and all speeches in the demonstrative kind, there is full allowance for more flowers and graces than in judicial proceedings, in which usually the art is more hidden, but in them displays all its colouring and beauty, to fill the expectation of an auditory, who come designedly to hear a fine discourse. Wherefore, so far as declamation is the image of judicial and deliberative causes, it ought to have a veri-

similitude; and so far as it is a work of ostentation, a due share of pomp and lustre. This is what comedians do. They do not intirely speak in the manner of common conversation, which would be artless; yet do not depart much from nature, which if they did, imitation would be destroyed; but they heighten the simplicity of ordinary discourse, by a becoming theatrical air and manner.

SELECTED LETTERS
OF THE
YOUNGER PLINY

TRANSLATED BY
JOHN DELAWARE LEWIS, M.A.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

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INTRODUCTION

THE YOUNGER PLINY

BY CHURCH AND BRODRIBB

No reading can be pleasanter or more instructive than the correspondence of a clever and accomplished man, whose circumstances have brought him into continual contact with the politics and literature of his day. Cicero's letters are certainly among the most interesting remains of antiquity. Those of the younger Pliny are indeed the work of a man many degrees intellectually inferior to Cicero, but they have deservedly found many attentive readers in modern times. They throw much light on that period of transition in the history of mankind which began with the origin and rise of the Christian Church; and, as we read them, we feel that there is something in their general tone and character which makes them a sort of link between the old and new worlds.

Caius Plinius Cæcilius Secundus—such was his full Roman name—is familiarly known as “the younger Pliny,” to distinguish him from his uncle, and father by adoption, the famous naturalist. His mother, Plinia, was this uncle's sister. His father, Caius Cæcilius, was a man of no note, but of a good old Roman stock. The Cæcilian family, though of plebeian origin, had been for centuries an honourable house, and could reckon consuls and great state officials among its scions. The most illustrious name connected with it was that of the Metelli. It was also wealthy; so that Pliny entered the world under good auspices. We have to pick out from his own letters all that can be known about him. He was, he tells us, in his eighteenth year when that memorable eruption of Vesuvius, A.D. 79, destroyed the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum. He was therefore born A.D. 62, a year in which the wickedness and infamy of Nero were rising to their utmost height. Comum, now Como, on the lake of that name,

was the place of his birth, as may be inferred with almost absolute certainty from various passages in his letters. His family, it would seem, had considerable estates in the neighbourhood; and their relations to the town and its inhabitants were much the same as those of a great English landowner to a borough closely connected with his property. The early death of his father was possibly the cause of his future distinction. His uncle, after the Roman fashion, adopted him as his son, and imbued him with a love of letters, and an earnest desire of entering on an honourable career. He had likewise the good fortune to have as his guardian a truly great man—Verginius Rufus—to whom we shall have occasion to refer more at length when we come to speak of Pliny's friends. As a matter of course, the best education which the age could furnish was provided for him. He attended lectures of the most famous teachers of the day—of Quintilian among the number. He must have been a precocious lad, as he tells us that he wrote a Greek tragedy in his fourteenth year, and that he began to practise as an advocate at nineteen. His early success was no doubt due to his remarkable industry as well as to his great social advantages.

The years of his childhood and youth were terrible and eventful for the state. The latter period of Nero's reign was an undisguised despotism, which indulged itself without restraint in freaks of senseless and capricious wickedness. The year A.D. 68 delivered the world from the last¹ and worst of the Cæsars. That same year witnessed a great rising in the armies of Gaul and of Lower Germany; and the empire was actually offered by the troops on the Rhine to young Pliny's guardian, Verginius Rufus. He declined it; and Servius Galba, who had been governor of one of the provinces of Spain, and was a favourite with the soldiers, became emperor. Thus was effected a complete revolution. Men chosen by the soldiers were henceforth to rule the Roman

¹ So Suetonius terms him, as the last of the Julia gens—that is, of the family of Julius Cæsar, whether connected with it by blood or adoption. Commonly the first twelve emperors are called "the twelve Cæsars."

world. The secret of the empire, as Tacitus says in one of the opening chapters of his History, was now divulged,—that an emperor might be created elsewhere than at Rome. The following year was one of continuous civil war. It comprises the brief reigns of Galba, Otho, Vitellius, and is minutely described by Tacitus. It was a time of horrible bloodshed and confusion. “I am entering,” says the historian, “on a period rich in disasters, frightful in its wars, torn by civil strife, and even in peace full of horrors.” With its close, which witnessed the establishment of the Flavian dynasty, began a more hopeful era. Vespasian, the first representative of that dynasty, was called to the empire by the Roman legions in the east, to the command of which he had been appointed at the commencement of the Jewish war. A man of humble birth, he attained greatness by his energy and perseverance. He was an able general, and he retained through life the plain and straightforward character of a good soldier. His good sense and firmness enabled him to repress or mitigate some of the worst evils of the time; and his reign was on the whole a decided benefit to the Roman world.

Vespasian was Emperor from A.D. 70 to 79. During these years Pliny was diligently pursuing his studies under the direction of the best of teachers. The Emperor himself was a man of no culture or refinement, but he was shrewd enough to see that it was for the public good that men of letters should be encouraged. He had the reputation of being parsimonious to a fault, but he knew when to be munificent. He founded a public library, and liberally pensioned poets and artists, professors of grammar and rhetoric. Quintilian, the most successful teacher of the day, rose, contrary to all precedent, to the consulship. We may well imagine what a shock it must have been to an old-fashioned Roman nobleman to see a schoolmaster raised to the highest dignity of the state. Vespasian no doubt felt that the surest way to make his government popular was to conciliate the goodwill of the men who directed the education of the Roman youth. He could do nothing with the philosophers, whose political creed, that especially of the Stoics, was a fanatical republicanism, utterly impracticable, and at the same time restless and aggressive.

He was obliged to treat them as enemies who were plotting the overthrow of his government. Of the fate of Helvidius Priscus, the most eminent, perhaps also the noblest and most conscientious, of the Stoics, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. He was banished, and soon after put to death. Then followed a wholesale expulsion from Rome of all the Stoics and Cynics; and we may infer from several allusions to them in Juvenal that the popular sentiment, which regarded them as hypocrites and impostors, heartily approved this seemingly harsh measure. The quiet man of letters, who was content to make the best of existing political arrangements, had nothing to fear from Vespasian. Such a man as the elder Pliny was perfectly safe, and, without any loss of self-respect, could look upon the Emperor as a friend. In the year A.D. 77, he dedicated his great work on natural history to Vespasian's son and successor.

Vespasian encouraged architecture as well as letters. He adorned both Rome and the provincial cities with splendid structures. The Colosseum, the greatest building of the ancient world, was begun by him. The Temple of Peace was also his work. He spared no expense in making the capital, and the empire generally, more imposing and magnificent. His reign was peaceful and prosperous; there were none of those commotions in Gaul, Germany, or the East which before and after his time almost seemed to threaten the Roman world with dissolution. As might have been expected from a prudent and energetic soldier, he maintained the armies of the state, which numbered about 400,000 men, in thorough efficiency. In A.D. 78, the great Julius Agricola, Tacitus's father-in-law, whom Vespasian had raised to the patrician rank, was sent to Britain, and strengthened the Roman hold on the island by the conquest of North Wales and Anglesey. In the following year the Emperor died, and was succeeded by his son Titus.

The chief event which we usually associate with the name of Titus is the capture of Jerusalem¹ and the destruction of the Jewish nationality. His short reign of two years was

¹ Jerusalem was taken in the month of September, A.D. 70.

perfectly tranquil. He was so popular an emperor that he was spoken of as "the delight of the human race." Though he had seen and himself taken part in peculiarly horrible scenes of war, there was much less of the stern soldier in him than in his father. He could win men's affections as well as gain their respect. He was lavish of money, and was sincerely anxious to spread comfort and happiness among his subjects. The hateful class of informers who from the time of Tiberius had traded successfully on false accusations of treason, were driven out of Rome in disgrace. Like his father, he improved the capital with great public works. He completed and dedicated the Colosseum, and gave to Rome the famous baths which are called by his name. His reign, however, was not without serious disasters. The great eruption of Vesuvius in A.D. 79, a fire which raged uninterruptedly in Rome for three days, and was hardly less destructive than that in Nero's reign, and a pestilence which for a while, according to Eusebius, daily destroyed 10,000 of the population, followed in quick succession. In the eruption of Vesuvius perished a man who, both for his own merits and for the beneficial influence which he exercised over the mind of the young Pliny, deserves a detailed notice. To the elder Pliny we must certainly give the first place among the authors of his time. He did not, indeed, escape the weaknesses and defects which marred all the natural philosophy of the ancients, but he pursued his studies with an ardour and enthusiasm which could not fail to produce substantial results.

The nephew, we may be sure, owed much to such an uncle. In one of his letters [To Bæbius Macer], he describes, with evident admiration, his uncle's marvellous devotion to study. From this letter we derive our chief acquaintance with the elder Pliny's manner of life.

LETTERS OF PLINY THE YOUNGER

TO BÆBIUS MACER [III. 5]

CONCERNING PLINY THE ELDER

I AM much pleased at your being so diligent a student of my uncle's books that you wish to have them all, and inquire the names of all. I will fill the part of a catalogue, and will further inform you of the order in which they were written; this also being a kind of information not unwelcome to the studious. "On Cavalry Javelin-Exercise, in one book." This he wrote, with as much ability as care, during his campaigns as commander of the allied cavalry. "The Life of Pomponius Secundus, in two books," a man who had cherished a singular regard for him, so that in this work he discharged, as it were, a duty which he owed to the memory of his friend. "The German Wars, in twenty books," in which he collected all the wars which we have waged with the Germans. This he commenced during a campaign in Germany, by admonition of a dream. During his sleep there stood by him the form of Drusus Nero (who, after triumphing far and wide over the Germans, died in their country), commending his memory to my uncle, and entreating the latter to rescue him from unmerited oblivion. "The Student, in three books," divided into six volumes on account of their length, in which the orator is trained from his very cradle and perfected. "On Doubtful Phraseology, in eight books." He wrote this under Nero, in the last years of his reign, when every kind of literary pursuit which was in the least independent or elevated had been rendered dangerous by servitude. "A Continuation of Aufidius Bassus, in thirty-one books." "Natural History, in thirty-seven books," a work of great compass and learning and no less varied than nature itself.

You are astonished that a busy man should have completed such a number of volumes, many of them on such intricate subjects; you will be still more astonished when you learn that for a considerable time he practised at the bar, that he died in his fifty-sixth year, and that between these two periods he was much distracted and hindered, partly by the discharge of important offices, and partly by his intimacy with the emperors. But his was a piercing intellect, an incredible power of application, an extraordinary faculty of dispensing with sleep. He began to work by candlelight at the feast of Vulcan, not with the view of seizing an auspicious occasion, but for the purpose of study immediately after midnight; in winter, indeed, at one o'clock in the morning, or at the latest at two, often at midnight.¹ To be sure sleep came to him very easily, overtaking him at times, or leaving him, even in the midst of his studies. Before daybreak he used to repair to the Emperor Vespasian (who as well as himself worked by night), and after that to his official duties. On his return home, he gave the rest of his time to study. After partaking in the course of the day of a light and digestible meal in the old-fashioned style, he would often in summer, if he had any spare time, lie in the sun, when a book was read to him, of which he made notes and extracts. Indeed, he read nothing without making extracts; he used even to say that there was no book so bad as not to contain *something* of value. After his sunning he commonly took a cold bath; then he lunched and went to sleep for a very short time.

¹ The Vulcanalia were on the 23d of August. It was customary on this day to commence working by candlelight, which was probably considered as an auspicious beginning of the use of fire, as the day was sacred to the god of this element. The elder Pliny, we are led to suppose, did not, like other students, observe this practice once, and then leave it off. He commenced his studies by candlelight on this day, as being a convenient date, and so continued them.

As the Romans divided the daylight, whether long or short, into twelve equal hours, and similarly the night, it is obvious that the hours (*septima, octava, &c.*) would vary, and the translations "one o'clock," "two o'clock," in the text are merely given for the sake of convenience.

Shortly afterwards, as though he were beginning a fresh day, he studied on till dinner-time. At this meal a book was read out and passing comments made upon it. I remember that one of his friends, on the reader mispronouncing some words, stopped him and made him repeat them, upon which my uncle said, "Surely you understood him?" His friend said, "Yes." "Why then did you stop him? We have lost more than ten verses by this interruption of yours." So parsimonious was he of his time.

In summer he rose from dinner by daylight; in winter before seven as though constrained by some law. Such was his life in the midst of his avocations and the bustle of the city. In the country, only his bathing-time was exempted from study. When I say bathing, I am speaking of the actual bath inside, for while he was being rubbed and dried he was read to or dictated. When travelling, as though freed from every other care, he devoted himself to study alone. At his side was a secretary,¹ with a book and tablets, whose hands were protected in winter by gloves, so that not even the rigour of the season might rob my uncle of any time for study; for which reason, in Rome, too, he used to be carried in a sedan. I remember being reproved by him for taking a walk. "You might," said he, "have avoided wasting those hours." For he thought all time wasted which was not employed in study. By dint of this intense application he completed all those numerous volumes, and left me one hundred and sixty books of "selections," written on both sides of the parchment and in an extremely small hand, which makes their number really much larger. He used to relate himself that when he was procurator in Spain he might have sold these books to Largius Licinus for four hundred thousand sesterces,² and at that time there were rather fewer of them.

Does it not seem to you, when you recollect how much he read and how much he wrote, that he could never have been engaged in any public offices or in attendance on the

¹ Or shorthand writer—*notarius*.

² About \$16,000.

sovereign? And, on the other hand, when you hear how laboriously he toiled at his studies, would you not think that he neither wrote nor read enough? For what is there that would not be impeded by such occupations as his? On the other hand, what is there that could not be accomplished by such unflagging industry? Hence I am in the habit of laughing when some folks call me studious, who if compared with him am the idlest of the idle. *I* only, do I say, distracted as I am partly by public calls, partly by those of friendship? Why, who of those who devote their whole lives to letters, when compared with him, will not have to blush as a sluggard and a trifler?

I have extended my letter, though proposing originally to give you the required information only, the names of the books he had left behind. Yet I am confident that all this additional matter will prove as acceptable to you as the books themselves, since it may incite you, by the stimulus of emulation, not merely to read them, but to elaborate something of the same kind yourself.

TO TACITUS [VI. 16]

DEATH OF PLINY THE ELDER IN THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

You ask me to write you an account of my uncle's end, in order that you may be able the more faithfully to transmit it to posterity. I thank you, as I see that his death, if commemorated by you, has an imperishable renown offered it. For though he fell amid the destruction of such fair regions, and seems destined to live for ever—like so many peoples and cities—through the memorable character of the disaster; though he himself was the author of many and enduring works; yet the immortality of your writings will add greatly to the uninterrupted continuance of his fame. For my part I deem those blessed to whom, by favour of the gods, it has been granted either to do what is worth writing of, or to write what is worth reading; above measure blessed those

on whom both gifts have been conferred. In the latter number will be my uncle, by virtue of his own and of your compositions. Hence, I the more readily undertake, and even lay claim to perform what you request.

He was at Misenum, in personal command of the fleet. The ninth day before the Kalends of September, at about the seventh hour, my mother indicated to him the appearance of a cloud of unusual size and shape. He had sunned himself, and next gone into his cold bath; and after a light meal, which he took reposing, was engaged in study. He called for his sandals, and ascended to a spot from which this portent could best be seen. A cloud was rising—from what mountain was a matter of uncertainty to those who looked at it from a distance: afterwards it was known to be Vesuvius—whose appearance and form would be represented by a pine better than any other tree. For, after towering upwards to a great height with an extremely lofty stem, so to speak, it spread out into a number of branches; because, as I imagine, having been lifted up by a recent breeze, and having lost the support of this as it grew feebler, or merely in consequence of yielding to its own weight, it was passing away laterally. It was at one time white, at another dingy and spotted, according as it carried earth or ashes. To a man of my uncle's attainments, it seemed a remarkable phenomenon, and one to be observed from a nearer point of view. He ordered his fast-sailing cutter to be got ready, and, in case I wished to accompany him, gave me leave to do so. I replied that I preferred to go on with my studies, and it so happened that he had himself given me something to write out.

He was in the act of leaving the house, when a note was handed him from Rectina.¹ Cæsius Bassus, frightened, together with the people there, at the imminence of the peril (for his villa lay under the mountain, and there was no

¹ Apparently a place between Portici and Herculaneum. According to another reading, Rectina would be the name of a woman, the wife of Tascus.



A SUMMER NIGHT IN POMPEII

Photogravure

POMPEII WAS THE NEWPORT OF ANCIENT ROME, WHITHER THE RICH RESORTED FOR PLEASURE. ON NOVEMBER 23, A.D. 79, IT, TOGETHER WITH HERCULANEUM AND STABIA, WAS TOTALLY DESTROYED BY AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS. IN THIS ERUPTION THE ELDER PLINY WAS KILLED, AS RELATED BY HIS NEPHEW, THE YOUNGER PLINY, IN HIS FAMOUS LETTERS TO TACITUS. SEE PAGES 401 AND 405.

on whom both gifts have been conferred. In the latter number will be my uncle, by virtue of his own and of your compositions. Hence, I the more readily undertake, and even lay claim to perform what you request.

He was at Misenum, in personal command of the fleet. The ninth day before the Kalends of September, at about the seventh hour, my mother indicated to him the appearance of a cloud of unusual size and shape. He had sunned himself, and next gone into his cold bath; and after a light meal, which he took reposing, was engaged in study. He called for his sandals, and ascended to a spot from which this portent could best be seen. A cloud was rising—from what mountain was a matter of uncertainty to those who looked at it from a distance; afterwards it was known to be *Vesuvius*—whose appearance and form would be represented by a pine better than any other tree. For, after towering upwards to a great height with an extremely lofty stem, so to speak, it spread out into a number of branches; because, as I imagine, having been lifted up by a recent breeze, and having lost the support of this as it grew feebler, or merely in consequence of yielding to its own weight, it was passing away literally. It was at one time white, at another dingy and spotted, according as it retired north or south. To a man of my uncle's attainments, it seemed a remarkable phenomenon, and one to be observed from a remote point of view. He ordered his fast-sailing vessel to be got ready, and, in case I wished to accompany him, gave me leave to do so. I replied that I preferred to go on with my studies, and it so happened that he had himself given me something to write out.

He was in the act of leaving the house, when a note was handed him from *Rectina*.¹ *Cassius Bassus*, frightened, together with the people there, at the imminence of the peril (for his villa lay under the mountain, and there was no

* Apparently a place between *Portici* and *Herculaneum*. According to another reading, *Rectina* is the name of a woman, the wife of *Rectus*.

¹ *Tombeil* was the Newport of ancient Rome, whither the rich resorted for pleasure. On November 23, A.D. 79, it, together with *Herculaneum* and *Stabia*, was totally destroyed by an eruption of Mount *Vesuvius*. In this eruption the elder *Pliny* was killed as related by his nephew, the younger *Pliny*. In his *Letters* to *Tacitus*. See pages 404 and 405.



Olden 1910

escape for him except by taking ship), begged my uncle to rescue him from so critical a situation. Upon this he changed his plan, and, having started on his enterprise as a student, proceeded to carry it out in the spirit of a hero. He launched his four-ranked galleys, and embarked in person, in order to carry assistance, not to Rectina only, but to many others, for the charms of the coast caused it to be much peopled. He hastened in the direction whence every one else was flying, holding a direct course, and keeping his helm set straight for the peril, so free from fear that he dictated and caused to be noted down, as fast as he seized them with his eyes, all the shiftings and shapes of the dreadful prodigy. Ashes were already falling on the ships, hotter and thicker the nearer they approached; and even pumice and other stones, black, and scorched, and cracked by the fire. There had been a sudden retreat of the sea, and the débris from the mountain made the shore unapproachable. Having hesitated for a moment whether to turn back, he shortly called out to the helmsman (who was urging him to do so), "Fortune favours the brave! Make in the direction of Pomponianus." The latter was at Stabiæ, separated from him by the whole width of the bay, for the sea flows in by shores gradually winding and curving inwards. There, in view of the danger which, though it had not yet approached, was nevertheless manifest and must be upon them as soon as it extended itself, he had got his effects together on board ship, resolved to fly, if only the wind left off blowing from the opposite quarter. My uncle, brought to shore by this same wind, which precisely favoured him, embraced his trembling friend, consoling and exhorting him, and, in order to calm his fears by his own *sang froid*, bade them to conduct him to the bath. After bathing, he took his place at table, and dined gaily, or (which was equally heroic) with an air of gaiety.

Meanwhile, from many points of Mount Vesuvius, vast sheets of flame and tall columns of fire were blazing, the flashes and brightness of which were heightened by the darkness of night. My uncle, to soothe the terrors of those about him, kept telling them that these were fires which the fright-

ened country people had left to burn, and that the deserted houses were blazing away all by themselves. Then he gave himself up to repose, and slept a perfectly genuine sleep, for his snoring (which in consequence of his full habit was heavy and loud) was heard by those in attendance about his door.

However, the courtyard from which this suite of rooms was approached was already so full of ashes mixed with pumice-stones that its surface was rising, and a longer stay in the bedchamber would have cut off all egress. On being aroused, he came forth and rejoined Pomponianus and the others who had kept watching. They consulted together whether to remain under cover or wander about in the open; for the walls nodded under the repeated and tremendous shocks, and seemed, as though dislodged from their foundations, to be swaying to and fro, first in one direction and then in another. On the other hand, in the open air, there was the fall of the pumice-stones (though they were light and burnt out) to be apprehended. However, a comparison of dangers led to the choice of the latter course. With my uncle indeed it was a case of one reason getting the better of another; while in the case of others fear overcame fear. They covered their heads with pillows tied round with cloths: this was their way of protecting themselves against the shower. By this time it was day elsewhere, but there it was night, the blackest and thickest of all nights, which, however, numerous torches and lights of various kinds served to alleviate. It was decided to make for the shore, in order to learn from the nearest point whether the sea was by this time at all available. A huge and angry sea still continued running. Here, reclining on a cloth which had been thrown on the ground, my uncle more than once called for a draught of cold water and swallowed it. Upon this, an outbreak of flame and smell of sulphur, premonitory of further flames, put some to flight and roused him. With the help of two slave-boys he rose from the ground, and immediately fell back, owing (as I gather) to the dense vapour obstructing his breath and stopping up the access to his gullet, which with him was weak and narrow and frequently subject to wind. When day returned (the third from that which he had looked

upon for the last time¹) his body was found whole and uninjured, in the dress he wore; its appearance was that of one asleep rather than dead.

Meanwhile my mother and I at Misenum—however, this has nothing to do with history, nor did you wish to learn anything except what related to his death. So I will make an end. This alone I will add, that everything related by me has been either matter of personal observation or else what I heard on the spot, the time of all others when the truth is told. Do you select what you choose. For a letter is a different matter from a history; it is one thing to write to a friend and another to write for the world.

TO TACITUS [vi. 20]

THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS

You say that the letter I wrote you, at your request, on the subject of my uncle's death has made you wish to know what I myself, when left behind at Misenum—for with the mention of this I broke off—had to go through, not merely in the way of alarms, but of actual adventures.

“Though memory shuns the theme, I will begin.” [*Æneid* ii. 12.]

After the departure of my uncle, I devoted what time was left to study (it was for that purpose that I remained behind); the bath shortly followed, then dinner, then a short and troubled sleep. There had been heavings of the earth for many days before this, but they produced the less apprehension from being customary in Campania. On that night, however, they so much increased that everything seemed not so much to be in motion as to be turned upside down. My mother rushed into my room; I was similarly getting up with the intention of arousing her in case she were asleep. We

¹ His body was found next morning: but counting the day of his death as no day at all, owing to the darkness, Pliny is able to express himself, as in the text, in the Roman idiom.

sat down in a courtyard attached to the house, which separated by a small space the dwelling from the sea. I do not know whether to style it intrepidity or imprudence on my part, seeing that I was only in my eighteenth year; however, I called for a volume of Livy, and read it as though quite at my ease, and even made extracts from it, as I had begun to do. Upon this, a friend of my uncle's who had lately come to him from Spain, when he saw my mother and me seated, and me reading into the bargain, reproved her for her apathy and me for my insensibility to danger. None the less diligently did I devote myself to my book. It was now seven o'clock in the morning, yet still there was but a kind of sickly and doubtful light; now, too, that the surrounding buildings had been shaken, as the place in which we were, though not under cover, was of small dimensions, there was a great and unavoidable risk of our being overwhelmed. Then, at last, we decided on leaving the town. The mass of the inhabitants followed us terror-stricken, and (an effect of panic causing it to resemble prudence) preferring the guidance of others to their own, they pressed on us as we were making off, and impelled us forwards with their crowded ranks. When we had got beyond the buildings we stopped. There we experienced much that was strange, and many terrors. For the vehicles which we had ordered to be brought out, though standing on a perfectly level plain, were rocking from one side to the other, and would not remain still in the same place even when propped under with stones. Moreover, we saw the sea sucked back into itself, and repulsed as it were by the quaking of the earth. The shore had certainly encroached on the sea, and retained a number of marine animals on its dry sands. On the other side of us a black and terrible cloud, broken by the zig-zag and tremulous careerings of the fiery element, was parting asunder in long trains of flame: these were like lightning, but on a larger scale. Then, indeed, the above-mentioned friend from Spain became more urgent and pressing. "If," said he, "*your* brother and *your* uncle is alive, it is his wish that you should be in safety; if he has perished, it *was* his wish that you should survive him. Why then hesitate to escape?" We replied that we could not so

act as, while uncertain of his safety, to provide for our own. Without further delay he rushed off, and got out of reach of danger as fast as he could.

Not long after, the cloud in question descended on the earth and covered the sea. Already it had enveloped and hidden from view Capreæ, and blotted out the promontory of Misenum. Upon this my mother begged and prayed and even ordered me to make my escape as best I could, it being in my power as a young man to do so; as for herself, retarded by her years and her frame, she was well content to die provided she had not been the cause of my death. I, on the other hand, declared that I would not be saved except in her company, and clasping her hand I compelled her to quicken her pace. She obeyed with reluctance, blaming herself for delaying me. And now came a shower of ashes, though as yet but a thin one. I looked back: a dense mist was closing in behind us, and following us like a torrent as it streamed along the ground. "Let us turn aside," said I, "while we can still see, lest we be thrown down in the road and trampled upon in the darkness by the crowd which accompanies us." We had scarcely sat down when night came on, not such as it is when there is no moon, or when there are clouds, but the night of a closed place with the lights put out. One could hear the shrieks of the women, the cries for help of the children, the shouts of the men: some were calling for their parents, others for their young ones, others for their partners and recognising them by their voices. Some were lamenting their own case, others that of those dear to them. There were those who, through fear of death, invoked death. Many raised their hands to the gods, but the greater number concluded that there were no longer gods anywhere, and that the last eternal night of story had settled on the world. Nor were there wanting those who by imaginary and false alarms increased the real dangers. Some present announced that such and such a part of Misenum had been overthrown, or such another was in flames; falsely, yet to believing ears. There was a little light again, but this seemed to us not so much day-light as a sign of approaching fire. Accordingly there was fire, but it stayed at a consid-

erable distance from us, then darkness again and a thick and heavy shower of ashes. We got up from time to time and shook these off us; otherwise we should have been covered with them and even crushed by their weight. I might make a boast of not having suffered to escape me either a groan or a word lacking in fortitude, in the midst of such perils, were it not for the fact that I believed myself to be perishing in company with all things, and all things with me, a miserable and yet a mighty consolation in death.

At last, this black mist grew thin, and went off into a kind of smoke or haze; soon came real day, and the sun even shone forth, luridly however, and with the appearance it usually wears under an eclipse. Our yet trembling eyes saw everything changed and covered with deep ashes as with snow. We returned to Misenum, and refreshed our persons as best we might, and there spent a night of suspense alternating between hope and fear. Fear prevailed, for the quaking of the earth continued, and many persons, crazy with terror, were sporting with their own and other's misfortunes by means of the most appalling predictions. Yet not even then, after experiencing and still expecting perils, did we think of going away till news came of my uncle. All this, which is in no way worthy of history, will be for you to read, not to write about, and you must lay it to your own account (since it was you who called for the communication) if it should seem to you not even worthy of a letter.

TO MAXIMUS [II. 14]

PRACTICES OF THE ROMAN COURTS

You are right in your supposition. I am distracted by my causes in the Centumviral Court,¹ which are practice for me rather than pleasure. For most of them are trumpery and insignificant; rarely does one occur that is noticeable from the position of the parties or the importance of the issue. Add to this that there are few in whose company I

¹ The court or chamber of a hundred judges.

care to plead; the remainder are impudent fellows, and indeed for the most part obscure striplings, who have come there for the purpose of declaiming; and with such want of propriety and recklessness, that my friend Attilius seems to have expressed it exactly when he said, "Boys commence with Centumviral causes at the bar as they do with Homer at school." Here, as there, what is first in importance has come to be taken first in time. But, by Hercules, before my day (so old people will tell you), young men, even of the highest families, were not admitted to practice, except upon the introduction of some man of consular rank; such was the respect paid to this noble profession. Now-a-days all barriers of shame and respect are broken down; everything is open to everybody; they are no longer introduced—they rush in. The pleaders are followed by an audience of the same stamp, hired and bought for the purpose; a bargain is made with a speculator; in the middle of the court, presents are distributed as openly as in the dining-room. For a like consideration, these people will pass from one court to another. Hence they are humorously called "Sophocless,"¹ and have received the Latin name of "Laudiceni."² And yet this vile practice, thus stigmatised in both languages, grows day by day. Yesterday two of my nomenclators³ (to be sure they are of the age of those who have just assumed the toga!⁴) were being carried off to applaud by a gift of three denarii apiece. Such is the price which it will cost you to become an orator of the first water. For this sum the benches, however numerous, are filled; for the same, a huge crowd is collected, and no end of cheering called forth, as soon as the leader of the chorus has given the signal. A signal is of course wanted for people who don't understand, who don't even listen; for most of them do not listen, nor are there any who applaud more heartily than

¹ Shouters of "bravo," with a humorous reference to the tragedian's name.

² Toadies for the sake of a meal.

³ Slaves who accompanied their masters in the streets to tell them the names of the people whom they met.

⁴ This is ironical. "They are full fourteen or fifteen years of age!" They are at the age at which a citizen would assume the *toga virilis*.

these. If you should happen at any time to be passing through the court-house, and should wish to know how each speaker acquits himself, there is no necessity for going on the platform or listening to the speeches; it is easy to guess; be assured that he is the worst speaker who receives the greatest applause.

The first person who introduced this style of audience was Largius Licinus, yet only to the extent of bringing people together to hear him, by simple invitation: so, certainly, I remember to have heard from my tutor, Quintilian. He used to tell this story: "I was in the habit of attending on Domitus Afer. As he was once pleading before the Centumviri, slowly and impressively (for this was his style of speaking), he heard from a neighbouring court an extraordinary and unusual noise. He paused in astonishment. When silence was restored, he resumed where he had broken off. Once more the noise, once more a pause on his part. After a fresh silence, he continued his speech for the third time. At last, he inquired who was speaking, and the reply was "Licinus." Upon this, he threw up his brief, with the observation, "Judges, my profession is at an end!" And indeed in other ways it was coming to an end at the time when Afer thought it ended: now, of a truth it is well-nigh utterly extinguished and destroyed. I am ashamed to allude to the mincing falsetto in which the speeches are uttered, and the offensive character of the cheering which greets them. Clapping of hands only, or rather cymbals and drums alone, are wanting to these sing-song performances; yells, however (there is indeed no other word to express a kind of applause which would be indecent even in a theatre), are in great superfluity. For myself, however, I am still kept in these courts, and prevented from leaving them by the requirements of my friends and a consideration of my own age;¹ for I fear people might perhaps think I was not so much turning my back on these discreditable scenes as shirking hard work. However, I go there more rarely than my habit was, and this is a commencement of gradually retiring from them.

¹ *i.e.*, he was still too young to think retirement proper.

TO VOCONIUS ROMANUS [I. 5]

REGULUS, A RASCAL LAWYER

HAVE you ever seen any one more cowed and abject than Marcus Regulus, since the death of Domitian, under whom he perpetrated infamies as great as under Nero, though with more concealment? He began to fear that I was angry with him; and he was not mistaken, for I was angry. He had fostered the perils which threatened Rusticus Arulenus, and had rejoiced in his death to such an extent as to recite and publish a book in which he insulted Rusticus, and even called him "that ape of the Stoics." He added that he was "branded with a Vitellian scar."¹ You recognise the eloquence of Regulus! He mangled Herennius Senecio, and with such violence as to cause Mettius Carus to say to him, "What business have you with my dead? Do I trouble Crassus or Camerinus?"—men whom Regulus had accused under Nero. Regulus believed that I took all this to heart, and, consequently, when he recited his book, did not invite me. Moreover, he remembered in what a deadly manner he had challenged me in the Court of the Centumviri. I was counsel for Arrionilla, the wife of Timon, at the request of Arulenus Rusticus. Regulus was on the other side. In a certain part of the cause we were relying on a decision of Mettius Modestus, a distinguished man; he was at that time exiled by Domitian. Just see what Regulus did. "I ask you," says he, "Secundus, what is your opinion of Modestus?" You observe what would have been the danger of giving a favourable opinion, and what the disgrace of giving an unfavourable one. I cannot but think that the Gods themselves, and none else came to my aid at that moment. "I will answer," said I, "if it is upon this point that the Judges are to decide." He returned to the charge, "I ask you, what is your opinion of Modestus?" I spoke a second time. "It used to be the custom to summon witnesses against persons on trial, not against those convicted." A third time he said, "I don't

¹ A wound he had received while taking the part of Vitellius.

now ask what you think of Modestus, but what of the loyalty of Modestus?" "You ask," I replied, "what I think; but I apprehend that it is not lawful even to put an inquiry in reference to a matter which has been judicially decided." He was silenced. I received praise and congratulations for not having injured my reputation by an answer which might have been of advantage to me, but would have been dishonourable, and for having at the same time escaped involving myself in the snares of such an insidious query.

So it was that, just now, with a terrified conscience, he laid hold of Cæcilius Celer, and next of Fabius Justus, with a request that they would restore him to my good graces. Not satisfied with this, he made his way to Spurinna; to him he says in a suppliant tone, most abject as he always is when he is frightened, "Pray do see Pliny at his house in the morning—oh, but very early in the morning—for I can't bear this anxiety any longer; and contrive by any means whatever to avert his anger!" I was awake when a message arrived from Spurinna: "I am coming to see you." I sent back word that I would rather go to him. We met in the Portico of Livia on our way to each other. He set forth what Regulus had charged him with, to which he added his own prayers to the same effect, though sparingly, as became a man of such excellence when pleading for one of a very opposite character. I replied, "You shall yourself judge as to the message which you think should be taken back to Regulus. It would be wrong in me to deceive you. I am expecting Mauricus (he had not yet returned from exile), so I am not able to answer you anything either way, proposing to do what he shall decide. For in a resolution of this kind it is proper that he should lead, and that I should follow."

A few days afterwards, Regulus in person met me in the course of my attendance at the Prætor's. After pursuing me thither, he sought for a private interview. "He was afraid," he said, "that I harboured a recollection of an observation once made by him in the course of a trial before the Centumviri, when replying to Satrius Rufus and myself: 'Satrius Rufus, who does not try to emulate Cicero and who is satisfied with the eloquence of our epoch.'" I answered that

I understood now, upon his own confession, that this was said ill-naturedly, otherwise it might have been taken in a complimentary sense. "I do, indeed," said I, "try to emulate Cicero, nor am I satisfied with the eloquence of our epoch. For I look on it as the height of folly not to propose to one's self in every case the best models for imitation. But you, who remember this trial, how is it you have forgotten that in which you asked me what I thought of the loyalty of Mettius Modestus?" His extreme pallor was noticeable, though he is naturally pale, and he stammered out, "I asked the question not with the view of harming you, but Modestus." Observe the barbarity of the fellow, who does not conceal that he wished to harm an exile! He appended a most admirable reason. "He wrote," says he, "in a certain letter which was read aloud in Domitian's presence, 'Regulus, the greatest scoundrel that walks on two legs;'" which, to be sure, Modestus had written, with the most perfect truth.

This was about the end of our discourse; and, indeed, I did not wish to go any further, that I might preserve complete freedom of action till the arrival of Mauricus. It does not escape me that Regulus is hard to upset. He is rich, has a party, is courted by many, and feared by still more: and fear is commonly stronger than love. Yet it may so happen that the whole fabric will be broken up and fall to ruin: for the favour of bad men is as unstable as are the men themselves. However, to keep on repeating the same thing, I am waiting for Mauricus. He is a man of solidity and judgment, informed by a large experience, and competent to take measure of the future by his knowledge of the past. Whether I make a move or remain quiet, I shall be acting with good reason, if under his guidance. This much I have written to you, because it was right that, on account of our mutual regard, you should be made acquainted not only with all my actions and words, but my plans as well.

TO CALVISIUS [II. 20]

REGULUS—CONTINUED

GET ready your copper, and here is a golden little story for you; stories rather—for this new one has reminded me of some older ones, nor does it matter which I choose to start with. Verania, the wife of Piso—I mean the Piso whom Galba adopted—lay seriously ill. Regulus called upon her. Consider, first, the impudence of the fellow in calling on a sick woman, when he had been the greatest enemy to her husband, and was extremely odious to herself. However, this might pass, if he had called merely. What did he do but actually seat himself close to her bed and interrogate her on the day and hour of her birth! As soon as he had been informed, he makes up his face, stares out of his eyes, wags his lips, sets his fingers in motion, calculates; no result! After keeping the poor lady a long while on the tenter-hooks of expectation, “You are,” says he, “in a critical period; however, you will escape, and to make you more sure of this, I will consult a soothsayer whom I have frequently employed.” No sooner said than done; he goes and offers a sacrifice, and declares that the entrails tally with the prognostics of the stars. With the usual credulity of persons who are in danger, she calls for her tablets and writes down a legacy for Regulus. Before long she grows worse, crying out with her dying breath upon the roguery and perfidy of the fellow, and his worse than perjury, since he had forsworn himself to her by the life of his own son. Regulus does this frequently, and no less wickedly, since he is invoking the anger of the gods, whom he himself deceives daily, on the vicarious head of his unfortunate boy.

Velleius Blæsus, the wealthy man of consular rank, being at the point of death, was desirous of altering his will. Regulus, who had lately taken to toady him, hoped for something from a new disposition of property, so he began to exhort and to entreat the doctors to prolong by all means in their power the good gentleman’s life. As soon as the will was

executed, he changed his *rôle*, and reversing his tone, called out to the same doctors, "How long are you going on tormenting the poor man? Why grudge an easy death to one on whom you cannot bestow life?" Blæsus died, and, as though he had heard everything, left not a rap to Regulus.

Will these two stories do for you, or, after the fashion of the schools, do you call for a third?¹ Well, I have the materials. Aurelia, a lady of distinction, being about to execute her will, had clothed herself in her handsomest attire.² Regulus having come to attest it, said, "I beg you will leave me those clothes of yours." Aurelia thought the man was jesting, but he insisted seriously. To make a long story short, he compelled the lady to open her will and to bequeath to him the clothes she had on; he watched her as she was writing, and looked to see whether she had written the bequest. Aurelia, to be sure, is still alive, though he compelled her to do this, just as though she had been at the point of death. And he gets made heir at one time and receives legacies at another, just as if he deserved it all!

But why put myself to trouble in the case of a city in which, long since, roguery and dishonesty receive no less rewards, indeed greater ones, than honour and virtue? Look at Regulus, who from a poor and humble condition has advanced to such great wealth by his misdeeds, that he himself informed me of his consulting the omens as to how soon he should get up to sixty millions of sesterces,³ and finding double entrails, which portended that he would become possessed of one hundred and twenty millions. And he will possess that sum too, if only he goes on as he has begun, dictating wills not really their own—the worst kind of fraud—to the very persons who make them.

¹ This alludes to some practice in the schools with which we are unacquainted. Either discourses were commonly divided into three heads, or these were supported by three examples, or something analogous.

² The usual Roman practice on these occasions.

³ About \$2,400,000.

TO ATTIUS CLEMENS [iv. 2]

REGULUS—CONTINUED

REGULUS has lost his son; it was the only misfortune that he did not deserve, and I doubt whether he thinks it a misfortune. He was a boy of quick parts, but uncertain character, yet one who might have pursued a right course provided he did not resemble his father. Regulus had set the lad free from parental control, in order that he might be constituted heir to his mother, and having thus "sold"¹ him (so it was styled in common talk derived from the character of the man) proceeded to toady him under a disgusting and unparental pretence of indulging him. The thing seems incredible, but then remember Regulus! However, he mourns his son's loss like a madman. The boy had a number of ponies for harness and saddle; he had dogs large and small, nightingales, parrots, and blackbirds, all of which Regulus slaughtered at the funeral pile. This was not grief, but the ostentation of grief. He is visited by a wonderful number of people, by all of whom he is abominated and detested; yet just as though they esteemed and had a regard for him, they hurry to attend on him, and, to state shortly my opinion, in gaining the good graces of Regulus, they make themselves like him. He keeps to his gardens on the other side of the Tiber, where he has covered a large space of ground with vast colonnades, as also the bank of the river with statues of himself. So lavish is he, with all his consummate avarice, and so vainglorious in the midst of his consummate infamy. Thus, he is a nuisance² to the city at this most unhealthy season, and his being a nuisance is a source of consolation to him. He gives out that he wishes to marry: this too, like

¹ There is a play on the words *emancipare* and *mancipare* in the text which cannot be rendered. In appearance Regulus had "emancipated" his son, but the world spoke of the act as a "sale" for a consideration.

² By obliging his flatterers to remain at Rome in order to pay court to him.

everything else, in his perverse way. You will soon hear of the wedding of this mourner, of this old man—a wedding in one point of view too early, in another too late. You ask whence I augur this. Not because he affirms it himself, for there does not exist a greater liar; but because it is certain that Regulus will do whatever he ought not to do.

TO CATIUS LEPIDUS [iv. 7]

REGULUS—CONTINUED

I OFTEN tell you that there is energy¹ in Regulus. It is wonderful how he accomplishes whatever he has applied himself to. He was pleased to mourn for his son. Well, he mourns for him as no other man could. He was pleased to have as many statues and likenesses made of him as possible. Well, he sets to work in all the studios, and turns out the boy in colours, ditto in wax, ditto in brass, ditto in silver, ditto in gold, in ivory, in marble. Then, for his own account, he lately invited a huge audience, and read out to them a book all about his life—the life of a boy! However, he read it out; and this same book, after it had been transcribed into a thousand copies, he distributed throughout the whole of Italy and the provinces, with public instructions in writing, to the effect that the Decurions² should choose one out of their own number, with the best voice, to read it to the people. This was done accordingly. If he had only directed to better purposes this energy of his (or by whatever other name we are to call the determination to obtain all one's ends), how much good he might have effected! Though, to be sure, there is less energy in good than in bad men, and just as "resolution is engendered by ignorance and hesitation by reflection,"³ so honest natures are enfeebled by their modesty, while perverse

¹ Vim, "go," would exactly give the sense here.

² The members of a local senate, something like our town-councillors.

³ Thucyd. i. 40. "The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought" of Shakespeare is somewhat to the same effect.

ones are encouraged by their effrontery. Regulus is an example of this. He has weak lungs, a confused utterance, a faltering delivery, the slowest faculty of imagination, no memory at all; nothing, in short, beyond his wild capacity, and yet through his impudence and this very frantic power of his he has got to the point of being esteemed an orator. Hence Herennius Senecio applied to him admirably the converse of Cato's well-known saying about the orator. "An orator is a *bad* man, *unskilled* in the art of speaking." And, by Hercules, Cato himself has not so well described the true orator as Senecio has described Regulus.

Have you the means of making an equivalent return for such a letter as this? Yes, you have, if you will write word whether any of my friends in your town, whether you yourself, perhaps, have read out, like a cheap-jack in the forum, this doleful production of Regulus; "raising your voice," to wit, as Demosthenes has it, "and full of glee, and straining your windpipe." Indeed, it is so silly that it is calculated to excite laughter more than lamentation. You would imagine it was written not *about* a boy, but *by* a boy.

TO ARRIANUS [VI. 2]

REGULUS—CONCLUDED

It happens to me not unfrequently, in our law courts, to miss M. Regulus: I would not say, to regret him. Why, then, to miss him? Because he held our profession in honour, and used to be solicitous, and wan with study, and to write out his speeches, though he never could learn them by heart. The very fact that he used to paint round, sometimes his right, sometimes his left eye, the right one if he was going to speak for a plaintiff, and the left if for a defendant; that he used to transfer a white plaster from one eyebrow to another; that he always consulted the soothsayers on the result of his pleadings: all this originated, it is true, in excessive superstition, and yet at the same time in a great regard for the profession. This, to begin with, was particularly pleasant to those who were engaged in the same causes, that he always

asked for unlimited time, and got together an audience by invitation; for what can be more pleasant than to speak as long as you like, while the annoyance is laid to another's charge, and to speak at your ease, yet with an appearance of being surprised by an audience which others have got together. But, however all this may be, Regulus did well to die, and he would have done better if he had died sooner. Now, certainly, he might have lived without injury to the public, under a Prince in whose reign he could have done no mischief. So it is allowable to miss him sometimes. For since his death a custom has extensively and increasingly prevailed of demanding, as well as allotting, two water-clocks per speaker, or even one, sometimes as little as half a one; since the bar want to have done with their speeches rather than to speak, and the bench to have finished their business rather than to judge. Such is the negligence, the apathy, and in short the irreverence, with which our profession and its perils are regarded. Pray, are we wiser than our ancestors? Are we more just than the laws themselves, which freely accord so many hours, so many days, so many adjournments? Were those ancestors of ours dullards and beyond measure slow, and do we speak more clearly, understand more rapidly, and decide more conscientiously, because we hurry through our causes with a smaller number of water-clocks than they used to take days to settle them in? O Regulus, you used to obtain from all the judges by your artifices that which extremely few of them accord to integrity! I at all events, whenever I sit as judge (which is my place even more often than at the bar), allow as much water as any one asks for; inasmuch as I deem it an act of temerity to predict the length of a cause still unheard, and to place a limit of time on a matter whose proportions are unknown, particularly since the first thing which a judge owes to the faithful discharge of his duty is patience, which indeed is a large ingredient in justice. But a good deal that is superfluous is spoken! Be it so: yet it is better that even this should be spoken, than that what is essential should be unspoken. Besides you cannot possibly know whether it is superfluous or not, till you have heard what it is. However it will be better to talk of

this, and of many other public abuses, when we meet. For you too, with your regard for the common interests, are in general desirous that matters which it would now be difficult to set straight may be at any rate amended.

Now, let us cast a glance at our households. Pray, is all well in yours? In mine, there is nothing new; and for me, the blessings I enjoy are rendered more grateful by their continuance, while incommunities are lightened by habit.

TO SURA [VII. 27]

A GHOST STORY

OUR leisure furnishes me with the opportunity of learning from you, and you with that of instructing me. Accordingly, I particularly wish to know whether you think there exist such things as phantoms, possessing an appearance peculiar to themselves, and a certain supernatural power, or that mere empty delusions receive a shape from our fears. For my part, I am led to believe in their existence, especially by what I hear happened to Curtius Rufus. While still in humble circumstances and obscure, he was a hanger-on in the suite of the governor of Africa. While pacing the colonnade one afternoon, there appeared to him a female form of superhuman size and beauty. She informed the terrified man that she was "Africa," and had come to foretell future events; for that he would go to Rome, would fill offices of state there, and would even return to that same province with the highest powers, and die in it. All which things were fulfilled. Moreover, as he touched at Carthage, and was disembarking from his ship, the same form is said to have presented itself to him on the shore. It is certain that, being seized with illness, and auguring the future from the past, and misfortune from his previous prosperity, he himself abandoned all hope of life, though none of those about him despaired.

Is not the following story again still more appalling and not less marvellous? I will relate it as it was received by me:—

There was at Athens a mansion, spacious and commodious,

but of evil repute and dangerous to health. In the dead of night there was a noise as of iron, and, if you listened more closely, a clanking of chains was heard, first of all from a distance, and afterwards hard by. Presently a spectre used to appear, an ancient man sinking with emaciation and squalor, with a long beard and bristly hair, wearing shackles on his legs and fetters on his hands, and shaking them. Hence the inmates, by reason of their fears, passed miserable and horrible nights in sleeplessness. This want of sleep was followed by disease, and, their terrors increasing, by death. For in the daytime as well, though the apparition had departed, yet a reminiscence of it flitted before their eyes, and their dread outlived its cause. The mansion was accordingly deserted, and, condemned to solitude, was entirely abandoned to the dreadful ghost. However, it was advertised, on the chance of some one, ignorant of the fearful curse attached to it, being willing to buy or to rent it. Athenodorus, the philosopher, came to Athens and read the advertisement. When he had been informed of the terms, which were so low as to appear suspicious, he made inquiries, and learnt the whole of the particulars. Yet none the less on that account, nay, all the more readily, did he rent the house. As evening began to draw on, he ordered a sofa to be set for himself in the front part of the house, and called for his note-books, writing implements, and a light. The whole of his servants he dismissed to the interior apartments, and for himself applied his soul, eyes, and hand to composition, that his mind might not, from want of occupation, picture to itself the phantoms of which he had heard, or any empty terrors. At the commencement there was the universal silence of night. Soon the shaking of irons and the clanking of chains was heard, yet he never raised his eyes nor slackened his pen, but hardened his soul and deadened his ears by its help. The noise grew and approached: now it seemed to be heard at the door, and next inside the door. He looked round, beheld and recognised the figure he had been told of. It was standing and signalling to him with its finger, as though inviting him. He, in reply, made a sign with his hand that it should wait a moment, and applied himself afresh to his tablets and pen.

Upon this the figure kept rattling its chains over his head as he wrote. On looking round again, he saw it making the same signal as before, and without delay took up a light and followed it. It moved with a slow step, as though oppressed by its chains, and, after turning into the courtyard of the house, vanished suddenly and left his company. On being thus left to himself, he marked the spot with some grass and leaves which he plucked. Next day he applied to the magistrates, and urged them to have the spot in question dug up. There were found there some bones attached to and intermingled with fetters; the body to which they had belonged, rotted away by time and the soil, had abandoned them thus naked and corroded to the chains. They were collected and interred at the public expense, and the house was ever afterwards free from the spirit, which had obtained due sepulture.

The above story I believe on the strength of those who affirm it. What follows I am myself in a position to affirm to others. I have a freedman, who is not without some knowledge of letters. A younger brother of his was sleeping with him in the same bed. The latter dreamt he saw some one sitting on the couch, who approached a pair of scissors to his head, and even cut the hair from the crown of it. When day dawned he was found to be cropped round the crown, and his locks were discovered lying about. A very short time afterwards a fresh occurrence of the same kind confirmed the truth of the former one. A lad of mine was sleeping, in company with several others, in the pages' apartment. There came through the windows (so he tells the story) two figures in white tunics, who cut his hair as he lay, and departed the way they came. In his case, too, daylight exhibited him shorn, and his locks scattered around. Nothing remarkable followed, except, perhaps, this, that I was not brought under accusation, as I should have been, if Domitian (in whose reign these events happened) had lived longer. For in his desk was found an information against me which had been presented by Carus; from which circumstance it may be conjectured—inasmuch as it is the custom of accused persons to let their hair grow—that the cutting off of my slaves' hair was a sign of the danger which threatened me being averted.

I beg, then, that you will apply your great learning to this subject. The matter is one which deserves long and deep consideration on your part; nor am I, for my part, undeserving of having the fruits of your wisdom imparted to me. You may even argue on both sides (as your way is), provided you argue more forcibly on one side than the other, so as not to dismiss me in suspense and anxiety, when the very cause of my consulting you has been to have my doubts put an end to.

TO PRISCUS [VII. 19]

A NOBLE WOMAN

THE illness of Fannia¹ torments me. She contracted it while nursing Junia the vestal virgin, originally of her own accord (indeed they are related), and subsequently being further commissioned to do so by the Pontifices; for the virgins, when compelled by violent disease to remove from the court of Vesta's temple, are handed over to the care and custody of married ladies. While Fannia was carefully discharging the office in question, she became involved in this peril. The attacks of fever stick to her, her cough grows upon her, she is in the highest degree emaciated and enfeebled. Only her great soul and spirit—in every way worthy of her husband Helvidius and her father Thrasea—retain their vigour; all else is breaking up in such a way as to prostrate me not merely with apprehension, but with grief as well. Indeed, I do grieve that such an illustrious woman should be snatched from the gaze of the country, which may perhaps never look upon her like again. Oh, what purity was hers! what holiness of life! what nobility of character! what intrepidity of soul! Twice she followed her husband into exile, and a third time was herself banished on her husband's account; for when Senecio was accused of having written certain publications on the life of Helvidius, and had said, in the course of his defence, that he had been requested to do so by Fannia, upon Mettius Carus asking her, in a menacing

¹ The daughter of a victim of Nero's tyranny (Pætus Thrasea), and the wife of a victim of Galba's (Priscus Helvidius).

tone, "whether she had so requested him," she replied, "*I did* make the request." "Had she furnished him with memoranda for the composition?" "I did furnish him." "Was this with the knowledge of her mother?" "Without her knowledge." In short, not a word did she utter that quailed before the peril. Moreover, she preserved copies of these very publications after the confiscation of her property (though through the exigencies and the terror of that epoch they had been suppressed by a decree of the Senate), kept them, and carried into her exile the cause of her exile.

At the same time she is so pleasant, she is so friendly, and, in short—the privilege of but few—as lovable as she is venerable. Will there be any woman left whom we may hereafter point out to our wives? Will there be any one from whom we may take an example even of manly fortitude? whom, while we still see her and hear her, we may admire as we do the women one reads about? For my part, it seems to me as though her very house were tottering and about to fall torn from its foundations—and this though she still has descendants. For how great must be their virtues and how great their deeds in order to make it clear that she has not perished the last of her race! And there is this additional cause of affliction and torment for me, that I seem to be losing her mother over again—that mother of such a woman; what more illustrious name can I give her?—whom Fannia, as she resembles and recalls to us, so she will take away with her, afflicting me at one and the same time with a fresh and a reopened wound. I frequented them both and cherished them both; which of them in a greater degree I know not, nor did they desire that a difference should be made. They had my services in prosperity and they had them in adversity. I was their consoler when they were banished and their avenger when they returned. Yet I did not fully acquit my debt to them, and for this reason am all the more anxious that Fannia should be spared in order that time may be left me for payment. Such are the cares amidst which I have written to you, and if any god shall turn them to joy, I will not complain of my fright.

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